

Harry and the Stubborn Old Headmaster by teddylonglong

Information: You can find a story graphic as well as several chapter graphics on my newsgroup page.

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## 1 – ON A SATURDAY MORNING

It was the first Saturday morning of the summer holidays. Minerva McGonagall had come to visit her friend, Arabella Figg, a Squib, who loved cats as much as Minerva did. They had known each other for a very long time, and they were both members of the Order of the Phoenix.

“Would you like some more tea?” Arabella enquired, and Minerva gratefully accepted another cup, quickly conjuring a plate of her favourite biscuits. She had been so busy recently and was glad to be able to just sit and rest on this quiet morning.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and Arabella left the room to head for the door. “Ah, Mrs. Figg, could we leave the freak with you over the weekend? We’d like to take Dudley to the seaside until tomorrow evening, and you know what a nuisance the boy here is,” Minerva could hear a woman’s voice and straightened in her seat, curious as to what the woman’s remarks meant.

A moment later, Arabella re-entered the living room with a boy of perhaps three years in tow. “Hello,” Minerva greeted kindly, giving the small boy a piercing look before she let out a huge gasp. “Arabella!” she exclaimed, “Is that...”

“Yes, Minerva, that’s Harry,” her friend confirmed. “Harry, that’s Minerva McGonagall, a very good friend of mine.”

Harry gave the woman a shy smile, before he tried to hide behind Arabella.

“Hello Harry, how are you?” Minerva quietly addressed the small boy, confused because Harry Potter already had to be six years old and the boy here looked as if he was about three.

Unfortunately, Harry didn’t show any reaction, and Arabella explained solemnly, “Minerva, Harry doesn’t speak.”

“He doesn’t speak? What do you mean, Bella? I mean, he’s not deaf, is he? You know, I knew him very well before his parents died, and he spoke a lot for his age,” Minerva said, getting upset. She turned to Harry once more. “Harry, please come here and look at me for a moment. You know, I was very good friends with your parents. Has your aunt told you about your parents?”

Harry shyly threw the unknown woman a glance. ‘She knew my parents? And she knew me before? She sounds so nice! Why couldn’t I live with someone so kind!’ he thought longingly, and a small smile played on his lips.

Minerva reached out instinctively intending to pull Harry over, flabbergasted that he flinched back forcefully. She gave Arabella a horrified glance before she said, “Oh, Harry, I won’t hurt you, sweetie. Come, sit on my lap, and we can have a nice talk. Would you like a biscuit?”

Harry gave her a frightened glance. ‘Doesn’t she know that I’m not ‘loud things like biscuits? They are only for proper people, not for freaks like me.’ However, he slowly set one step in front of the other until he stood in front of Minerva, ready to run away any second.

Minerva smiled at the small boy, giving him a piercing look at the same time. “How old are you, Harry? Six?” she asked in spite of knowing the answer exactly.

Harry gave her a small nod. ‘Yes, I’m six but as a freak I’m not ‘loud to go to school like Dudley,’ he thought sadly.

“So you’re already attending Primary school?” Minerva continued to ask but this time, Harry shook his head.

"Only Dudley attends school, Harry doesn't," Arabella quickly explained.

"Is that true, Harry?" Minerva enquired, frowning when Harry nodded his head again. "Would you like to go to school too?" Minerva went on, and Harry gave her an eager nod.

"Then why does only Dudley attend school?"

"Minerva, the Dursleys obviously think that Harry is stupid, especially as he doesn't talk at all," Arabella replied quietly, and Harry blushed profoundly.

"I'm sure that Harry is not stupid at all," Minerva countered. "His parents were two of my best students, and as I said I knew Harry well when he was a baby. He was very alert. He is definitely not stupid. I think I'm going to have a nice talk with Harry's aunt when they return."

Harry gave her a nervous glance. Never before had anyone stood up for him. But the lady had just done that, hadn't she, telling Mrs. Figg that he wasn't stupid? He smiled gratefully at the kind woman.

Minerva smiled back and noticed for the first time what kind of clothes Harry was wearing. "Your clothes are much too big, aren't they? Shall I transform them into something nicer?" she asked the child.

Harry frowned and gave her a confused look. 'Transform? What is she going to do?' He carefully threw a searching glance at Arabella, who gave him an encouraging nod before she explained to Minerva, "I don't think he knows about Magic, Minerva."

Minerva gave Harry a thoughtful glance. "Harry, do you know that you are a wizard?" Ignoring the disbelieving look that appeared on the child's face, she continued, "Your father was a wizard too, and your mother was a witch, and I am a witch too."

Harry's expression became terrified, and he seemed as if he was on the verge of running away. Minerva smiled gently and said softly,

“Harry, that’s a very good thing. Haven’t you done any strange things, noticing that you’re different from your non-magical relatives?”

‘Magic is real? I am magical? That’s what is different between me and my relatives?’ Harry’s facial features slowly changed to a hopeful expression, and he gazed at Minerva with wide eyes.

Minerva laughed. “Do you know that you have exactly the same eyes as your mother? They are beautiful.”

Harry felt his face getting red and quickly averted his eyes to the floor, eagerly watching the pattern on the carpet until Minerva’s voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

“Now, Harry, let me show you what Magic can do, all right?”

Harry nodded eagerly. Slowly as not to frighten the child, Minerva pulled her wand out of her robe pocket and pointed it at Harry, quickly transforming his too large and holey jeans and sweatshirt into a nice blue summer outfit with green dragons all over the short sleeved shirt. Unsure about Harry’s reaction she left the dragons unmoving for the time being. Harry let out a huge gasp and glanced down at himself in awe before he looked at Minerva and carefully mouthed a silent ‘Thank you!’

Minerva and Arabella looked at Harry, horrified. His arms and legs that had been hidden under his long sleeved shirt and jeans showed countless bruises and welts, which they hadn’t seen before. “Harry, what happened to your arms and legs?” Minerva asked flabbergasted and reached out again for Harry.

The child flinched back once more, feeling very bad about his own reaction. The lady was so nice and had given him such great clothes. He quickly sent an apologizing look to her, trying to hide his arms behind his back at the same time.

“Minerva,” Arabella began slowly, “I have often thought that the Dursleys weren’t treating Harry very well and I’ve told Albus about it several times. -

But he always told me that it couldn't be so bad and that Harry had to stay there because of the blood wards." She sighed.

Minerva shook her head, completely annoyed. "No, Arabella. I will not let Harry stay there. He deserves better than staying with a family who abuses him and prevents him from speaking and learning." She remained pensive for a moment before she asked, "Did I hear correctly that he is supposed to stay here until tomorrow evening, Arabella?"

Her friend nodded her head, curiously glancing at the teacher, who turned to Harry at the same time. "Harry, I'd like to suggest something to you. The Dursleys won't return until tomorrow evening. Would you like to come with me for a day? I live in a huge magical school, where I am a teacher. At the moment, we have holidays, so there won't be any students, only a few other teachers. But they are all wizards and witches, and most of them if not all knew your parents.

Harry gave the old lady a hopeful glance and his eyes started to twinkle happily when he eagerly nodded his head. Minerva thought for a moment. How could they travel together? The easiest would be the Floo Network but as Harry probably didn't know how to use it she'd have to travel close together with him. They could also Apparate but in that case she would have to touch the child too. Another possibility was the Knight bus, but was the effort really necessary? Maybe she could try to Apparate first.

Minerva looked at Harry determinedly. "Harry, there are several possibilities of wizarding travelling. However, the most convenient ways would involve that I pull you close to my side before we can travel. Would that be all right with you? You know that I won't hurt you, don't you?"

Harry couldn't explain why but he felt a huge wave of comfort coming from the nice lady. He somehow knew that she wouldn't hurt him and that he would be all right letting himself be touched by her. He hesitantly took one step after the other, slowly walking over until he stood just in front of the nice lady. "Very well, Harry," Minerva commended the child. "Now, we will Apparate, Harry. It won't hurt, but it might make you a bit dizzy until you're used to it. It would be the

best if you put both hands firmly on my arms. You may not take your hands away; if you do, you might get lost. So be sure to hold on tightly.”

Harry gave Minerva a tentative smile and hesitantly touched her arms, slightly relaxing when nothing strange happened at the touch. “All right, Harry, hold on closely, we’ll leave now. Bye Arabella and thanks!” Minerva said and Apparated away, straight to the gates of Hogwarts.

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Harry felt as if the world wouldn’t stop spinning around. The next thing he knew was that he was standing on a road in Minerva’s arms, clinging onto her robes as if his life depended on it. He blushed deeply and quickly took a step back, still feeling a bit dizzy like the lady had predicted. Harry gave her a grateful smile. He knew he should speak to her but he just couldn’t get himself to speak.

“Are you feeling all right?” Minerva asked, careful to speak in a soft, light tone to the child.

Harry gave her a nod, and for the first time in his life as far as he remembered he felt just a little inclined to break his self-imposed silence. ‘Maybe sometime,’ he thought and gave the woman an expectant look.

“All right, we have to walk up to the school, Harry. Look, do you see the huge castle over there?” When Harry nodded, she continued, “Let’s go then and we’ll just arrive in time for lunch.”

‘Lunch?’ Harry wondered. Obviously, the lady hadn’t been told that he wasn’t supposed to have lunch. He only had a piece of bread and one slice of cheese along with water if he was lucky and if Uncle Vernon wasn’t in an overly foul mood. He was pulled out of his thoughts when Minerva started to stride along the road towards the castle, and Harry hurried to keep up with her fast pace.

“Am I walking too fast, sweetie?” Minerva suddenly asked. “I’m sorry, Harry, I was just thinking about what everyone will say when they see

you. I can imagine that they will be very happy to meet you. You won't remember but you were at Hogwarts several times when you were a baby. I sometimes babysat you when your parents had to go away for a day, and everyone was very fond of you."

In the meantime, they had reached the huge Entrance doors, and Minerva noticed that Harry looked around in awe. 'He's not the slightest bit stupid; how dare the Dursleys...' she thought before she asked, "Are you all right, Harry? We will now enter the Great Hall, where we will have lunch together with the other teachers. Okay?"

Harry gave her a short nod, a very nervous expression on his face. Minerva sighed, noticing the frightened look. "Harry, may I touch you?" she asked softly, and when Harry looked straight into her eyes and nodded slightly, she carefully pulled him into a hug, noticing that Harry tried hard not to flinch away. "Everything will be all right, Harry; the people here are all very nice," she told him calmly and proceeded to open the door to the Great Hall.

Entering the Great Hall, Harry was so frightened that he didn't even notice how beautiful the room was. He only concentrated on keeping himself close to Minerva, hiding his face in her robes. Therefore, the other teachers didn't even notice that Minerva wasn't alone on her way to the Head table. When they approached the Head table, Minerva asked Harry quietly, "Will you give me your hand, Harry?"

Harry hesitantly put his small hand into the lady's larger one, now walking next to her. Minerva stopped behind her chair next to Albus and softly asked the lady, who was sitting on the other side to move to the next chair, so that Harry could sit between Minerva and the other lady. Then Minerva introduced him as Harry Potter and motioned him to sit down before she started to tell him who the people around the table were. Harry liked the people immediately although he felt a bit afraid of the old man with the long, white beard and the menacing looking man next to him. The lady to his left side was called Madam Pomfrey, but she had told him he could call her 'Aunt Poppy'. The man with the beard was 'Uncle Albus', but Harry couldn't remember all the other names.

When Minerva was finished with the introductions, food appeared on the table, and Minerva and Poppy filled his plate with several things that looked and smelled too good. Harry didn't know what to do; he knew that he wasn't supposed to have any of these things but these people told him to eat. He was still pondering what to do when he suddenly heard the man sitting on the other side of Uncle Albus say, "Maybe he thinks he's too good for our food as he is a Potter and as such, is obviously a pampered little brat."

Harry's fork fell back onto the plate with a 'cling', and his face turned white. "Severus!" Minerva scolded the man sternly. "What do you think you're doing, frightening an innocent child. He's nothing like his father, and he's not pampered either. On the contrary, he was abused and obviously neglected by his relatives. Now shut up, Severus Snape!"

"It's all right, Harry. Have your relatives not allowed you to eat at the table?" Poppy asked carefully, taking in the child's shaking hands and his frightened expression.

Harry gave his nice neighbour a slight nod, and she continued, "Now, Harry, here you're allowed to eat as much as you like. We even want you to eat as much as possible as you're much too small and too skinny for your age."

Feeling very consoled, Harry slowly started to eat. It was delicious, and Harry was sure that never in his life had he eaten anything so tasty. He could only eat a quarter of the delicacies on his plate before he felt completely full. Slightly regretful of leaving such nice food on his plate, he pushed it away tentatively and gave Poppy and Minerva grateful smiles.

"Can't you eat more?" Poppy asked concerned, and Harry slightly shook his head. "That's all right then, otherwise your belly might hurt later if you're not used to eating much," the nice lady Poppy told him, and Harry gave her a thankful smile.

When dinner was finished, Minerva turned to Harry. "Harry, Aunt Poppy is our Healer. She always helps the students when they are hurt or sick. Now, I would like you to go with her for an hour until I



come and take you to my quarters as I have to speak with my colleagues about something.” When Harry gave her an obedient nod, she continued, “I also want Aunt Poppy to have a look at your many bruises and welts on your arms and legs. She will give you a salve, which will make them go away immediately. Can you show me that you’re a big boy and let Aunt Poppy check on you and heal your arms and legs?”

Harry looked very unsure but nevertheless nodded his head. Of course he was a big boy and the two ladies were really nice. He knew that they wouldn’t hurt him. He slowly trailed after Poppy through the empty castle to the Hospital wing. Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks. The pictures on both sides of the hall... they were moving, and the people in the pictures even talked to them. He threw Aunt Poppy an enquiring glance and she laughed and told him that pictures in the wizarding world normally moved around.

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In the meantime, Minerva had told the others what she had found out about Harry’s treatment at the Dursleys. Everyone agreed with her that it would be irresponsible to leave the boy with his relatives and that he should be brought up at Hogwarts – everyone except for one Albus Dumbledore.

“Yes, yes, it is unfortunate, but you have to think about the blood wards. We can’t have them here as Harry doesn’t have any family here. Therefore, he has to go back to the Dursleys I’m afraid,” the old man told his colleagues.

“No!” Minerva shouted at the Headmaster. “He’s not only mistreated, he doesn’t even speak. He has no education whatsoever. How do you think he’ll be able to attend Hogwarts in merely four years? He won’t be ready at all!”

“Albus, I believe Minerva is right. As much as I despise an offspring of James Potter, we cannot let an innocent child be abused and neglected because of blood wards. We will well be able to protect the boy here at Hogwarts.”

Minerva gave Severus a grateful look. She wouldn't have expected him to speak in favour of little Harry. "Thank you, Severus," she said thankfully.

"Maybe we can allow the child to visit here during the weekend, but he still has to live with his relatives most of the time," the old Headmaster insisted.

"Albus, that's utter nonsense," Filius Flitwick threw in. Voldemort is gone, so what is the problem? Merely the remaining Death Eaters? How are we going to teach a deaf child that has been abused and mistreated all his life knowing that we had the chance to change the conditions for him?"

Suddenly, the fireplace flared green and Poppy's commanding voice could be heard. "Albus, I need you here in the Hospital wing. Now please!"

Albus hurriedly left the Great Hall, and Minerva gave her colleagues an exasperated look. "What are we going to do? How can we change Albus' mind? Harry is such a cute boy, and I have always loved him as if he were my grandson..." She slowly trailed off, trying to keep the tears off her eyes.

"Don't worry, Minerva. We are all on your side, and we will think of something," Pomona Sprout said calmly.

"If Poppy assesses that his relatives have abused him, she is obliged to contact the Ministry and report the child abuse. Then the Dursleys would end up in Azkaban and wouldn't be able to raise the child," Flitwick threw in.

"Maybe she should refrain from reporting if she values her position..." Severus started to voice his opinion.

"Ah, let him throw her out. We will all go with her. Without teachers, the old man can just close Hogwarts, and we can open our own school together," Rolanda Hooch laughed.

“However, we can tell Albus we brought the child back, but in fact keep him here all the time or at least most of the time, hiding him from Albus,” Severus suggested.

“But what if he asks the Dursleys about Harry?” Hooch asked curiously.

“I will accompany Minerva tomorrow to bring Potter back and I will plant a memory into their minds that the boy came back and was living with them but that he just gone to play with a friend,” Severus said firmly. “However, don’t expect me to care for the child, you know that I despise any Potter, the son as well as the father!” he added sternly.

“Thanks for your help anyway, Severus,” Minerva told him, smiling at the young man, thinking that he resembled Harry a lot. Then she sat back and thought about Flitwick’s suggestion. No, it wouldn’t help to have a process against the Dursleys; she’d have to accuse Albus of placing Harry in such danger in spite of knowing the consequences, which meant abuse, neglect, no education and probably no future if he wouldn’t start to speak soon. Fortunately, her colleagues all seemed to be on her side, and the Minister of Magic was a childhood friend of hers, who had always despised Albus and would be glad to have a trial against the man, ridding him of his position as Headmaster of Hogwarts.

Minerva thanked her colleagues and determinedly strode off to the Hospital wing to look after her small child and start her fight against the Headmaster.

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## 2 – DURING THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Minerva hurried up the huge staircase to the hospital wing, eager to find out why Poppy had felt inclined to call Albus while she was looking after the small boy. Entering the Hospital wing, she saw Harry lying on a bed. Poppy was sitting on the edge of his bed, smearing cream on the many bruises on his left arm. Albus had taken a seat on a chair on the other side of the bed and was just explaining to Harry about the blood wards.

‘As if a six-year-old boy, who doesn’t even know who his parents were, could understand anything about blood wards,’ Minerva thought angrily, noticing that Harry was leaning as far away from the Headmaster as he possibly could. Seeing that Harry was trying to hide his obviously shaking hands under the bed’s cover, she gave him a huge smile asking, “Now, is Aunt Poppy making you all better, Harry?”

The small boy slowly averted his eyes to Minerva and after a flash of recognition passed through his eyes a small smile played on his lips. “Is everything else all right, Poppy?” Minerva enquired, giving her friend a look of concern when she slightly shook her head.

“Unfortunately not, Minerva; apart from the bruises and welts that are probably covering his whole body he has many bones that have obviously been broken before and haven’t healed properly.”

Seeing her friend’s face turn white, Poppy continued, “However, I will not heal everything today but for now I will put the bruising cream on his arms and legs. As soon as Harry is comfortable enough to let me see and touch other parts of his body, I will apply the cream there as well. Sometime in the near future, we have to break some of his bones again so that they can heal properly but then he has to stay here overnight and I can imagine that he doesn’t want to stay here on his first day at Hogwarts.”

“I think you are completely right, Poppy; thanks for your consideration,” Minerva agreed, slightly relieved noticing the grateful glance Harry threw at the Healer.

Harry thought, 'I really like her, she made my arms feel better. I wonder how long I can stay here.'

Dumbledore, who had stayed quiet so far, spoke up, "I will speak to the Dursleys when I take Harry back there as soon as Poppy is finished."

Noticing that Harry's face held a horrified expression, Minerva protested vehemently. "But Albus, you said he can stay here on the weekends. Apart from that, as it was me to take him away, I insist that I am the one to take him back."

"Yes, Minerva, but I changed my mind. It's better for him not to know anything about the wizarding world yet. You have to obliviate him when you take him back," Albus countered firmly.

"I cannot take him back today anyway. The Dursleys have left their house until tomorrow evening, and I can tell you now that he won't be obliviated," Minerva stated, sounding very angry.

"Then he can stay until tomorrow, but my order stands, Minerva," the Headmaster demanded, ignoring the last part of her sentence for the time being.

"Albus, do you really intend to send the child back to his abusive family?" Poppy asked terrified, thinking of the results her check-up had revealed.

"I'm sorry Poppy, but it's best for him to return," Dumbledore replied, popping a lemon drop into his mouth before he stood, said good-bye to Harry, and left the hospital wing.

Harry just looked at the old man leaving with a frightened look on his face, while thinking, 'He acts like Uncle Vernon. I really don't like him, he's scary.'

"Oh my," Minerva sighed. "Tell me, Poppy, when did Albus turn to such a stubborn, old fool?"

Poppy snorted and turned to Harry, who still looked terrified. "Don't worry, Harry, we will all work together to help you. We will fight the Headmaster. Now, sweetie, are your arms and legs feeling better?"

Harry gave her a slightly consoled nod, fighting back the tears that had welled up in his eyes with Dumbledore's unkind words. 'Thank you,' he mouthed in his mind.

"All right, what do you think, Harry? May I have a look under your T-shirt to see if there are more places that hurt so that I can put some Healing cream on them?" Poppy enquired softly.

Harry threw a frightened glance at Minerva, who had proceeded to sit down on the other side of the bed, and gave Harry an encouraging nod. "It's all right, Harry; you know that Aunt Poppy will not hurt you, and you will feel much better afterwards."

Harry gave Poppy a hesitant nod, and the Healer helped him to carefully take off his T-shirt, trying hard not to gasp at the sight. "Relax, Harry, I won't hurt you," she said while she carefully applied the cream with her proficient hands. Noticing that Harry was getting tired, Poppy decided to continue with Harry's back and legs the next day, and Harry agreed immediately, giving her a thankful nod.

"All right, Harry, shall we go for a walk through the castle and then head to my quarters until dinner, or do you want to take a nap?" Minerva asked softly.

Harry quickly shook his head, scrambling out of the bed immediately. 'No I don't want a nap. I want to look at this strange place some more it's so different.' Harry excitedly thought.

Poppy, who had quickly walked into her office, returned with a potions phial that she handed to Harry, explaining that it was a nutrient potion.

Harry had obediently downed the potion, slightly grimacing at the foul taste, 'Yuck that taste really bad.'

After he finished downing the potion, Poppy held a chocolate frog out to the child. "Here, Harry, this is for you being a very good and brave boy today."

Harry gave the kind lady an anxious look. 'I cannot take a present. Doesn't she know that I'm not worth presents? Not even Santa brings me a present.'

"It's all right to take the chocolate frog from Aunt Poppy, Harry," Minerva carefully explained. "It's a present for you because you were such a good boy for Aunt Poppy."

Harry hesitantly opened his hand, allowing Poppy to put the present into his hand, before he threw her a delighted smile that broadened even more when the soft taste of chocolate met his tongue.

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Minerva led the small boy to the library first, which apart from her quarters and her office was her favourite place at the castle. When they entered the library, Harry looked in awe at the many old books in the gorgeous room. It was like something he had seen in his dreams before but he hadn't known that such a place really existed. Minerva smiled happily, seeing that the child's eyes had started to twinkle happily.

"Do you like it here, Harry?" she enquired, glad when the boy gave her an eager nod. She quickly went over to a bookshelf at the far left side of the room, fetching a book called, "A Basic Guide to Magical Animals". She opened the book, watching Harry eagerly looking at the book while she turned the pages. "Shall we take the book with us and look at it later?" she asked softly, receiving an expected eager nod in return.

'Wow, I really will get to look at a book! This is almost too good to be true.' Harry thought.

From the library, Minerva led the child to the Astronomy Tower, watching how the boy looked over the lake and the Forbidden Forest in awe. On the way up to Gryffindor tower, from where they could

enter her private quarters, she told Harry about the four Houses at Hogwarts and that his parents had both been in Gryffindor, which she was Head of House.

When they finally arrived at the teacher's quarters, Harry was knackered. At the Dursleys, he was never let out or taken for a walk so that he was not used to walking more than the short way over to Mrs. Figg's House. The walk through the huge castle had been like a marathon for the small child, and when Minerva motioned him to sit next to her on the sofa to look at the book, it didn't take him a minute until his eyes closed and he slid to the side, unconsciously resting his head on Minerva's side. He didn't even have time enough to acknowledge the comfortable living room. It was a bright room with a beige carpet and white walls of which the largest part was covered with light brown bookshelves filled up to the ceiling. A huge window granted a view of the lake.

The teacher put the sleeping child into a comfortable position on the sofa, summoned a blanket, which she carefully draped around the small boy, and used the unexpected free time to call her colleagues apart from the Headmaster, inviting everyone for a discussion into her private quarters an hour after dinner.

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After dinner in the Great Hall during which everyone except for Albus and Severus animatedly talked to a quiet Harry, Minerva and Harry walked slowly back to Gryffindor tower. To Harry's amazement, the teacher transfigured a tissue into very comfortable looking set of yellow pyjamas with small green dragons moving around and letting out small roaring sounds from time to time. "All right, Harry, let's get you into the bath, and afterwards you can out try the nice pyjamas, hmm?"

Hearing the word 'bath' made Harry give the woman a terrified look, flinching back badly. 'Oh no, what did I do wrong. I thought I had been a good boy!'



Minerva took in the boy's reaction, flabbergasted. "Look, Harry, let's clean you up nicely before you go to bed. What would you like to play with? Do you want to have a dragon to play in the water?"

Harry's face slightly changed from horrified to a confused expression. 'Play in the water? No one would want to play with the hot water hurting his body. What does the lady mean?' he thought bewildered, giving her an enquiring look but hesitantly followed Minerva into the bathroom, which was decorated in white and a light red colour. Seeing that Minerva pointed her wand at two of the tabs in the wall, allowing water and soap to spread into the bathtub, mixing into bubbles, Harry silently started to cry. For the first time that he could remember, except for his back his body was completely free from pain, and now he should take a bath so that his whole body would be sore again? He threw himself onto the floor, trying to hide on a shelf with towels.

"I'll be back immediately," Minerva said softly, before she hurriedly left the room only to return a minute later with Poppy in tow.

"Hey, Harry," Poppy addressed the child. "What do I hear? You don't want to take a bath?"

Harry gave her a frightened nod. 'Baths always hurt.'

"Why Harry? Have you ever been hurt taking a bath?" the nice lady enquired softly, her eyes widening at Harry's shy nod.

"Was the water too cold or too hot, sweetie?" Minerva asked, slowly getting an idea of what could be wrong, and were confirmed when Harry nodded again.

"Oh, Harry, I'm sure Aunt Minerva would never let you bathe in too hot or too cold water," Poppy tried to coax the child into taking his clothes off and stepping into the bathtub.

As soon as Harry hesitantly put a foot into the tub he noticed that the water was comfortably warm. He carefully climbed in and sat down, while Minerva conjured a few animals for Harry to play with, noticing

relieved that the child's eyes were twinkling happily when he engrossed himself in his play.

'WOW. I get to play with toys that Dudley hasn't broken!' Harry thought as he continued to play happily.

Minerva threw Poppy a flabbergasted look, who in return gave her a calming smile in return and proceeded to carefully wash Harry's hair saying, "I will bathe Harry, Minerva. You know that I'm used to bathing children. Is everything prepared for him for the night?"

Minerva quickly excused herself and went over to her office to fetch a book "Children's Stories for the Little Wizard", which she kept in her office for the Muggle born first year students to read. In the meantime, Poppy had wrapped Harry in a fluffy towel and proceeded to dry him off carefully. Harry was very relaxed after the warm and comfortable bath and allowed himself to be led into Minerva's guest room and be put into an extremely comfortable bed.

Everything was so comfortable and felt like in a dream. 'This is the softest bed I have ever been in.' When Minerva started to read a story to the boy, he gave the two women at his side an enthusiastic smile and listened intently until his eyes closed and his breathing evened out.

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"Albus is clearly losing it," Minerva shouted angrily.

"Obviously, but can you prove it?" Severus drawled.

"Anyway, we cannot let him systematically destroy the boy," Poppy threw in. "What are we going to do, Minerva?"

"I believe that we have to carefully make a plan, which needs to be thought out properly. Albus is not stupid, so we need a good plan," Minerva replied thoughtfully. "Therefore, we shouldn't just decide anything today but take our time to make a decision, but we need to make one before the holidays end. Maybe I should tell Harry to come over to Arabella's every Saturday morning, and I'll take him to

McGonagall Manor for the weekend and take him back on Sunday evening. I can tell Albus that my sister is sick and I have to care for her on the weekends, at least for the duration of the holidays. You are all invited and I even hope that you'll come visit us whenever you have time."

"That's very good, Minerva," Pomona Sprout agreed immediately.

"That gives us time to come up with a good plan," Severus agreed, his face void of any emotions.

"Can't you just take Harry with you to your Manor for the holidays?" Filius Flitwick threw in.

"No, unfortunately not; he would get used to living together with me, and then I'd have to take him back to the Dursleys in two months' time. That would be too horrible for the child. It's better to have him getting used to being able to escape every weekend, and maybe until the school starts we manage to either come up with a good plan or convince Albus to let Harry stay at least on the weekends."

Deciding on Minerva's plan, the teachers adjourned their meeting and returned to their own quarters, and Minerva went to Harry's room to check on the boy once more before retiring for the night. When she entered the guest room, she saw that Harry was thrashing around in his sleep and that silent tears were running down his cheeks.

"Harry," she softly tried to wake the boy up, who stirred and then flinched back badly, when Minerva carefully touched his arm. "Harry, it's all right, I won't hurt you. Wake up, sweetie, you had a bad dream."

Harry slowly opened his eyes, relaxing when he saw Minerva sitting on the edge of his bed. Slightly shivering at the thought of his nightmare he nestled deeper in the soft bed covers and drifted back to sleep within minutes.

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In the morning, Minerva, Rolanda, and Poppy had breakfast together with Harry in Minerva's quarters. Afterwards, Minerva ushered Harry to sit on the sofa, taking the seat next to him, and softly explained what the teachers had decided the evening before. Harry couldn't understand everything he was told, especially as he couldn't ask questions, but he understood that he had to go to Mrs. Figg every Saturday morning, and then the nice lady would come and take him with her over the weekend.

Harry couldn't believe his luck. 'How could someone care enough to take me, the freak, for a whole weekend, and every weekend at that?' At least until the end of the holidays the lady had said, and then they would think about what to do with him. Harry was very happy; in fact he hadn't ever been so happy before in his life.

"Harry," Minerva interrupted his thoughts. "Shall we go out to the lake for a while?"

Harry gave Minerva a delighted look. 'Have I heard that correctly? A lake, perhaps the one that he could see there through the window?' he thought amazed and gave the lady an eager nod.

The day passed much too fast for Harry's liking. Minerva and Harry spent the afternoon in Minerva's quarters talking about his parents, Hogwarts, and the wizarding world in general. "Harry, are you able to read?" Minerva asked suddenly; happy when Harry gave her a shy nod. "Have you learned to read by yourself?" she continued, and again Harry answered positively. "Have the Dursleys ever given you books, then?"

This time, Harry sadly shook his head. No, he had learned to read with a book that he had found in the dustbin. Unable to explain, he hesitantly averted his eyes to the floor. "Would you like to borrow a book?" Minerva asked softly, glad to see Harry's eager nod again. While she pondered about what book to choose for Harry, the child darted away into the room, where he had spent the night, coming back with the book that Minerva had read to him in the evening. "Do you want to take that?" she asked and seeing his happy smile she added, "All right, try to read it then. If you have questions, you can

ask me this weekend, sweetie. And when you bring it back you can borrow another book.” Harry’s eyes started to twinkle happily.

Too soon for Harry’s liking it was time for Minerva to take Harry back to the Dursleys. After dinner, Minerva and Harry left the castle and headed to Hogsmeade, where Severus caught up with them. “Albus didn’t notice that you followed us, right, Severus?” Minerva asked worriedly.

“Of course not,” Severus sneered. “How stupid do you think I am? I took the Floo to the Three Broomsticks and walked up from there,” he added in a voice that to Harry’s astonishment was soft and silky. He was very afraid of the menacing looking teacher, who had always said mean things to him so far.

“All right, Harry,” Minerva spoke up. “We are going to Apparate back to Mrs. Figg’s home. Hold tight onto my arms, sweetie, all right?”

Harry gave the lady an anxious look and put his small hands on the older woman’s arms, gripping her pretty, green robes tightly. An instant later, the dizzy feeling returned and he found himself back in Mrs. Figg’s living room.

“Hello Harry, are you back? Did you enjoy your stay in the huge castle?” Mrs. Figg asked friendly, and Harry gave her a shy nod, blushing because he felt everyone’s eyes on him.

“Thank you, Arabella. Now, we’re going to take Harry back to the Dursleys. We will talk to you when we return,” Minerva promised, quickly transformed her green robes into a summer dress, and walked to the entrance door, followed by the menacing looking teacher, who had changed his black robes into black jeans with a black T-shirt. Harry slowly trailed after them.

“All right, Harry, we’ll see you on Saturday morning,” Minerva whispered to Harry while they were waiting for the Dursleys to answer the door.

Finally, Petunia Dursley opened the door, letting out a gasp at the sight of the two wizards, whom she had seen before when her sister was still alive. "What is the meaning of this?" she asked, getting upset.

"You could let us in if you don't want the whole neighbourhood to listen in on what we have to say," Severus drawled, and Petunia quickly ushered them in with a horrified expression on her face.

While Harry remained in the Hall, the two wizards followed Petunia into the living room, where they met her husband and her whale of a son for a stern talking to about one small precious boy, who was listening in on their conversation. Finally, Severus put a wandless spell around the Dursleys, having them know that the boy disappeared every weekend but not able to talk about it to anyone. Before the two wizards left the house, Minerva quickly conjured a green, stuffed dragon, matching Harry's exact eye colour. "Here Harry, take good care of him," she said softly, placing a kiss on his forehead.

Harry mouthed a silent 'Thank you,' cuddling the dragon close, and the two teachers noticed that his eyes were twinkling happily.

On their way back to Mrs. Figg's house, Minerva and Severus heard angry shouting, which was not loud enough for them to understand a word of, as well as several rambling sounds and the echo of a slammed door. Minerva threw Severus a terrified look while they entered the Squib's house to fill her in on their plan concerning the poor little boy on the other side of the small street.

A few days later, Minerva informed Albus that her sister had fallen ill and that she had to care for her on weekends at least until the beginning of the new school year, and the Headmaster had no reason not to believe his Deputy Headmistress and nodded agreeably. Minerva, Poppy, Pomona, and Rolanda made plans for the weekend, agreeing that the three women should come and visit Minerva and Harry on Sunday.

On Saturday morning, Minerva took the Floo from her office straight to Mrs. Figg's house, where she had tea together with her friend,

waiting for the small boy to show up. However, she became worried when there was no sign of Harry.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

### 3 – A SMALL BOY CAME TO HOGWARTS

"I wonder what the Dursleys did to him," Minerva said angrily and transformed into a cat, quickly dashing out of the house before Mrs. Figg could even react. Minerva strode around the Dursley residence in her tabby cat form, noticing that the house seemed to be empty. She quickly let herself in through the slightly open kitchen window before she transformed back into her human form. Pulling out her wand she mumbled an incantation following the tip of her wand until she stopped in front of a cupboard door, secured by several locks. A quick 'Alohomora' spell made the cupboard door open, revealing a little boy, sitting in the dark with a book in his hands.

"Harry!" Minerva called the child, careful as not to frighten him.

Harry glanced up, seeing the nice lady at the door of his cupboard, and threw her a huge smile. 'I can't believe it. She came to rescue me because the Dursleys locked me in so that I couldn't get away.' Suddenly a very warm and comfortable feeling spread through his body. 'Someone cares about me!' He quickly scrambled to his feet and stepped out of the cupboard door, shyly holding out a hand to the nice lady.

Minerva noticed sadly that the child again was clothed in rags. She carefully took the boy's hand and bent down until she was at eye level with Harry. "You couldn't come to Mrs. Figg's house because you were locked in, right?" she asked softly, and Harry nodded his head, an apologizing expression on his face. "All right, shall we go then?" When Harry nodded enthusiastically again, Minerva told him that she would apparate them from where they were, and Harry gave his silent nod of agreement.

'She is so nice to me, I really should speak to her,' Harry thought, feeling very bad, but he couldn't help it at the moment. He noticed the slightly dizzy feeling again but an instant later, they stood in front of a huge Manor. 'Is that a castle too?' Harry wondered, throwing Minerva an enquiring look.

"That, Harry, is McGonagall Manor. This is my home," Minerva explained, giving the child a comforting look, before she let him to the



huge entrance door. "Now, we have to adjust you to the wards so that the wards will recognize you and let you in at any time," she said and told Harry to put his hand against the door while she mumbled a long incantation Harry couldn't properly understand.

Harry felt a tingle run his body up and down until it ceased and finally the door opened. 'Wow that felt funny.' They took a few steps forward only to find themselves in a huge entrance hall. Harry looked around in awe until he shrank back vehemently, trying to hide in Minerva's robes when two strange looking creatures appeared with a 'Pop'.

"Oh, Harry, you don't have to be afraid," Minerva assured him, a smile softening her strict feature. "These are my House elves, Malcolm and Margaret. Hello Malcolm and Margaret, this is Harry, and he's going to stay here with me on the weekends during the holidays," she turned to the two elves.

"Hello Master Harry," Malcolm greeted Harry friendly, and Margaret added, "We is glad to have yous here, Master Harry."

'They look a bit strange but they seem nice,' Harry thought, giving the two elves a hesitant smile.

"Malcolm, Margaret, could you please prepare the room adjacent to the Master's bedroom as a children's room for Harry? It will be his room from now on."

"Yes, of course, Mistress Minerva, we does it immediately," Malcolm promised, and the two elves disappeared with a double 'Pop'.

Harry glanced at the spot where they had been standing in awe. "They are already quite old; they watched over me when I was a child," Minerva explained while she led Harry into a huge living room. "If you need something or have problems and I'm not nearby, you only have to say one of their names and they will come and help you. On the other hand, if they ask you to do something you will obey to them, all right?"

Harry gave Minerva an anxious nod and obediently sat down on the sofa, looking in awe at the huge fireplace before he took in the large

room that was held in the same colours as the teacher's living room in her quarters at Hogwarts. 'The only thing that is missing here are the large bookshelves,' Harry thought, slightly disappointed. Large pictures, one of them of Hogwarts, decorated the walls here. 'This place is really nice. I just wish there were more books.'

"Are you wondering why there aren't any bookshelves?" Minerva laughed, who had followed the child's eyes examining the room.

Harry gave her an enquiring look, a small smile playing on his lips. "I will show you to the library in a few minutes, Harry," Minerva explained.

Harry thought excitedly, causing his eyes to twinkle in anticipation. 'A whole library, this place is great. I can't wait to see it and find another book to read.'

"Harry, what happened to your nice clothes?" Minerva asked softly, sighing in despair when Harry flinched back anxiously.

'I cannot tell the nice lady that Aunt Petunia burned everything I brought back with, except for the book I was able to save, can I?' Harry thought desperately, tears welling in his eyes.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" Minerva asked softly. "Did your relatives take your things from you?"

Harry gave her a frightened nod and pulled the book out of the large pocket of Dudley's much too large trousers. He had fought for the book and managed to hide it from his angry aunt and uncle. He placed the book in front of him on the table, and his hand hesitantly found its way back into the pocket. 'Shall I let the nice lady in on my secret?' he pondered for a moment before he pulled out something and with a smile on his face showed it to Minerva. It was part of a broken blue crayon.

"Oh, a crayon," Minerva acknowledged. "Would you like to draw something?"

On Harry's enthusiastic nod Minerva conjured a parchment, putting it in front of Harry. Then she hesitantly conjured a few more crayons in different colours for the child to draw. Harry stopped dead in his tracks and looked in awe at the beautiful crayons. 'Are they really for me to draw? Or is it a trick like Uncle Vernon often does so that I'll be punished afterwards?' he thought frightened.

Noticing Harry's hesitation Minerva sighed inwardly and told the child, "Harry, they are for you, and you may keep them. When you go back to your relatives tomorrow, I will give you a bag that is invisible for everyone except for you so that you can hide everything you bring with you from your relatives. Would that be all right with you?"

Harry listened intently but couldn't really understand what the nice lady said, 'I wonder what she means by invisible to everyone but me?', and so he gave her a questioning look. Minerva explained her suggestion once more, this time receiving an enthusiastic nod from the small boy. 'That's great I'll be able to keep my book and crayons hidden from Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, and Dudley.' He occupied himself painting a picture for the lady, trying to explain what had happened to his beloved dragon she had given to him. He drew a scary looking person, wrote 'Ant Tunia' under it, a fireplace like the one in front of him, and a small boy watching the scene, writing 'Hari' underneath the boy. Finally, he drew the dragon in the adult's hand before he looked closely at the picture causing the dragon to magically move from the hand down into the roaring fire.

"Oh, Harry, is that what happened to your dragon?" Minerva asked, utterly shocked. How could a person be so mean?

Harry nodded, 'I'm Glad she was able to understand my picture. She must be very smart.'

She responded, "Harry, I'm very sorry, I didn't want that to happen. Now, I must tell you, you can draw very well, and you even used magic, and you used it very reasonably and, I'm very proud of you. Well done, sweetie." In fact, Minerva was shocked by the amount of magic Harry had shown, and the excellence of the drawing for him to only be six years old. He didn't do accidental magic but had managed

to apply magic to the picture with purpose and intent to help tell his story.

Harry threw the nice lady a confused glance. 'She really is proud of me for my picture and story. I've never had someone tell me they were proud of me before. I'm a freak and that's why I could do those things.'

"Harry, may I once more transfigure your clothes into something nice that fits?" Minerva pulled him out of his thoughts, and he nodded happily in anticipation. "Do you want dragons or lions?" Minerva asked, and Harry quickly pointed to the green dragon on his picture.

"Very well," Minerva laughed and transfigured his rags into a well fitting jeans and a T-shirt with moving and roaring dragons on it.

'These have to be the coolest clothes ever!' Harry thought happily not trying to hide a giggle when a dragon on his chest spit fire right onto his hand.

"Oh Harry, that sounds so nice when you laugh," Minerva commended the child immediately, causing Harry to throw her an anxious glance. "Harry, have your relatives forbidden you to talk?" she asked flabbergasted, but Harry didn't answer.

'No, they didn't forbid me but Uncle Vernon beats me every time I make a sound,' Harry thought desperately.

"Harry, you know that I'd love to hear you to talk, don't you?" Minerva asked softly, and Harry gave her an apologetic glance.

Until lunch was ready, Minerva conjured a new dragon for the child and showed him how to write his name properly. Harry gave her a delighted smile and cuddled the dragon close before he suddenly held it in front of his eyes and gave it a piercing look. A minute later, the dragon's eyes were twinkling exactly like his own. Happily, he showed the dragon to Minerva.

"Oh, Harry, you did that very well," Minerva commended the child in awe, stunned to see how powerful the boy obviously was.

During the afternoon, they spent some time outside in the huge park playing with a soft red ball before they returned to the living room where Minerva showed Harry a few books she had bought for him in Hogsmeade during the week. On his delighted look, she started to read him a story about a boy called Harry and his dragon. Originally, the boy's name had been Benjamin but she had quickly changed the name to Harry before she opened the book. Again and again Harry motioned her to re-read the story to him until she finally closed the book and said, "Next time, you'll read it to me, all right, Harry?"

Harry gave her an anxious smile, thinking, 'Yes, Aunt Minerva, I know that I should do that. Maybe I will the next time, since I don't think she will hurt me if I talk'

Shortly before dinner, Poppy, Rolanda, and Pomona arrived to join them for the rest of the evening. Knowing that they were all very nice Harry gave them a shy smile. The women were shocked at the little amount Harry managed to eat for dinner but when Minerva gave them a warning look, everyone refrained from commenting on the matter, and Poppy decided to give Harry a few phials of the nutrient potion to take with him for the next week.

'Yuck, I don't want to drink it, but she did say it will help me get bigger, so I guess it will be all right,' Harry thought after she told him about the potion.

When Minerva insisted that Harry take a bath before going to bed, she was already prepared for trouble but Harry solely threw a pointed look at Poppy, who laughed and enquired, "Do you want me to give you your bath, sweetie?"

Harry nodded eagerly, thinking, 'The bath the nice lady gave me last time felt so good, and she used such a soft towel drying me off with, and she put cream on all my hurting spots. Yes, I'd like her to give me a bath and make me feel all better again.'

An hour later, Harry was tucked in his bed in his new room, looking around in awe. The two house-elves had outdone themselves preparing the room. 'This is the best room ever, even better than the

other one.' It was decorated in white and a very light blue with a huge four poster bed surrounded by a dark blue curtain with twinkling golden stars on it. The wardrobe on the opposite wall had the same design, and the huge window opposite the door led to a small balcony from where Harry could oversee the huge park and even the lake. While Rolanda sat next to Harry reading a few stories to him until his eyes drooped and his breathing evened, Poppy spoke with Minerva.

"Minerva, you have to keep an eye on him during the night. I put the Healing cream on all his bruises but one of the bruises on his legs is infected, and it might cause him pain and even a fever. I left you a pain relieving potion and a fever reducer on the shelf in the bathroom. Unfortunately I don't have anything for the infection; I'll have to ask Severus to brew the salve tonight, and I'll bring it with me tomorrow morning." Seeing her friends worried face she laughed. "Don't worry Minerva, you'll both be fine. If you have problems, you can call me anytime."

Minerva sighed, slightly consoled. "Thank you Poppy. Somehow I feel very unsure with such a small child, especially as he's not talking at all."

Poppy laughed. "You have been Head of House for how many years? And Harry is communicating a lot, even if he's not talking. Do you know how to put a spell on him that alerts you in case he is in distress during the night?"

Minerva shook her head, throwing her friend a thankful look as she explained how the spell was cast. Minerva, Poppy, and Rolanda knew each other since their Sorting ceremony at Hogwarts. They also started working at the school together after their graduation. Still feeling unsure, Minerva followed Poppy up into Harry's room, where Rolanda and Pomona were talking quietly next to a sleeping Harry.

Fortunately, Harry didn't have problems during the night, and in the morning, Poppy arrived before breakfast, applying the salve to Harry's leg. On Sunday, Minerva and Harry spent the morning playing in the park together with Poppy and Rolanda and in the afternoon sitting in the living room, where Minerva tried to teach Harry easy

math and other useful things she thought that Harry needed to learn them as soon as possible.

Harry couldn't believe his luck. 'How can these nice ladies bother with me so much? Giving me clothes, such a nice, comfy bed, a bath, play with me, and now even teach me?' He couldn't remember ever feeling so well taken care of before.

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The next two weekends passed in a similar way. Minerva even took Harry to Diagon Alley as well as to Muggle London in order to buy him some clothes and a few children's books. Harry was delighted, especially when Minerva tried to teach him a little magic. Seeing that Harry could willingly do magic without a wand Minerva taught him to open a door with 'Alohomora', hoping that he perhaps would be able to escape from his cupboard whenever he needed it.

'This is so great, I have my own new clothes that have never been worn by Dudley, and now I can get out of my cupboard when they lock me in.'

On a Friday in the middle of July, however, Minerva came down with the Muggle flu. At first she tried to hide how awful she felt in order not to be kept at Hogwarts over the weekend, but Poppy quickly noticed what was wrong and dragged her to the hospital wing, and put her into bed in a small room. "You are in no condition to Apparate not to speak of taking care of a child for the weekend. You have a very high fever, and you won't be going anywhere for a week, especially since you have a Muggle illness which our potions won't help so you just have to wait it out."

"But Harry..." Minerva protested weakly.

"I will send someone else to take care of Harry this weekend," Poppy promised calmly, while she spelled a sleeping draught into her friend's stomach in order not to have to tell the woman that Rolanda and Pomona were ill as well.

Sighing, she went through the Floo, accessing the Potions Master's quarters, telling Severus that he had to take care of the boy this weekend.

"Why would I do such a thing?" Severus sneered at the Mediwitch, who had in fact always been his best friend since the death of his childhood friend Lily Potter.

"Because you vowed to Lily to help keep Harry safe maybe, and because Minerva, Pomona, and Rolanda are all ill and cannot do anything for him the next few days," Poppy replied in a voice that didn't allow anything but a positive answer. "You can bring him to Hogwarts if you want so that I can help you in case you have any problems. However, you know that the Headmaster must not see the child."

"All right," Severus agreed, sighing. In the morning, he left the castle after having breakfast in the Great Hall in order not to be missed too soon by the Headmaster.

At the same time, Harry woke up, feeling very excited. He still didn't know the week days but he had counted that he had slept six times since Minerva had brought him back. Cuddling his stuffed dragon close, he pointed his right hand towards the cupboard's door, and feeling the tingling sensation running down his arm he thought the spell the nice lady had taught him. 'Alohomora.' As soon as the door opened, he quickly stepped out, silently closing the door behind him. He left the house and ran over to Mrs. Figg's house in anticipation of a happy weekend with his Aunt Minerva as he had been allowed to call the nice lady.

'I can't wait. We are going to go to the park, and read more books. Malcolm and Margaret make the best food!' Harry thought excitedly as he waited for Mrs. Figg to let him in after pushing the button for the doorbell. A happy smile played on his lips when he rushed into the living room until he stopped dead in his tracks, seeing the menacing looking teacher sitting on the sofa. Harry turned round and gave Mrs. Figg a horrified look. 'Why is he here? Where is my Aunt Minerva?' was written in his widened face.



“Harry, sweetie, Minerva is ill and cannot look after you this weekend. Therefore, Severus will take you to Hogwarts today,” Mrs. Figg explained in a calming voice.

“Now, Potter, are you coming or would you prefer to return to your caring relatives?” the menacing professor sneered, and Harry gave him a frightened glance but nodded shyly, trying to keep the tears off his eyes.

‘He seems evil, but he cannot be worse than Uncle Vernon and Aunt Tunia,’ Harry thought, trying to calm himself.

The professor pulled him close and before Harry could even flinch back, he felt the dizzying sensation that Apparition made him feel every time. Soon he found himself on the street that led from Hogsmeade up to Hogwarts. The professor waved his wand at the child, placing an Illusion Charm on him so that nobody would be able to see him. ‘Maybe I can find Aunt Minerva or Aunt Poppy in the castle,’ Harry thought hopefully, running after the professor as he couldn’t keep up with his fast pace. When they finally arrived in the dungeons Harry was knackered. Never in his life had he run over such a distance, and he didn’t feel very strong anyway as the Dursleys had hardly fed him since he started to spend the weekends with Minerva. Harry entered Severus’ quarters after the professor, still trying to catch his breath, blushing profoundly when he noticed that the menacing professor raised an eyebrow watching him.

Remembering that Poppy had instructed him to be nice to the boy, Severus bit back the evil comment that had been on his lips and just enquired dryly what the boy intended to do until lunch. Not knowing what was expected from him, Harry shrugged unsurely, cuddling his stuffed dragon before he took his crayons out of his invisible backpack, giving the teacher an enquiring glance. Severus motioned the child to sit down and placed a few pieces of parchment in front of him, so that the boy could occupy himself for a few hours while he sat down on the opposite side of the table and starting grading the papers he had been neglecting.

Harry had just finished painting the last parchment when Severus ordered him to get ready for lunch. Unsure about what he was

expected to do; Harry stood up and remained standing next to the chair waiting for instructions. 'Do I have to cook lunch?' he thought frantically, trying to hide his shaking hands in the pockets of his jeans. 'But I cannot see a kitchen here. What am I supposed to do? And where is Aunt Minerva?' He slowly went into panic mode, slowly feeling his stomach churn.

"Potter, go and wash your hands," Severus growled impatiently, pointing at the bathroom door, carefully inspecting the child's hands when he came back. "Now, sit down and eat," he told Harry.

The child noticed astonished that lunch had popped up at the table. Harry looked under the table thinking it may have come from there. 'Wow, where did it come from?' after he didn't see anything he obediently sat down and ate a few bites, trying to calm his upset stomach.

"Do you think that food is not good enough for you?" the professor suddenly shouted, and Harry couldn't help feeling himself getting sick with fear. He quickly turned away from the intimidating black eyes only to feel his stomach churn before he got sick all over himself.

'Oh no, what have I done now? Is he going to hit me now?' Harry thought panicking feeling his whole body starting to shake.

The teacher quickly waved his wand at the child, cleaning everything up in a blink of the eye before he took in the boy's panicked expression. He quickly summoned a calming draught and forced the child to drink it. Harry slowly calmed down with the help of the potion. When the teacher urged him to eat a little more, Harry only shook his head and waited until the house-elves cleared the table before he went back to painting parchments. The afternoon passed relatively quietly as both wizards tried to ignore each other as much as possible.

The whole time Harry was thinking, 'I wish Aunt Minerva was here.'

At dinner Harry managed to eat a few more bites than at lunch, and Severus, who obviously didn't want a repetition of the earlier scene, bit back any menacing comment he had on the tip of his tongue. However, as soon as the teacher insisted that Harry should take a

bath and led the boy into the bathroom, Harry felt himself shake all over again.

“What’s wrong?” the teacher asked impatiently. “I’m not going to drown you, so get a grip on yourself, boy.”

‘He’s so like Uncle Vernon,’ Harry thought flabbergasted but due to the absence of a choice succumbed to his fate and hesitantly entered the bathtub, amazed to notice that the water was a comfortable temperature. Not daring to ask the teacher for something to play with, Harry just sat there trying not to fall asleep in the tub.

Finally, Severus lifted the boy out of the tub and tossed him a bath towel. “Now dry yourself and get into bed,” he ordered the child, his voice void of any emotion, and showed the child to the sofa in the living room that he had transfigured into a bed while Harry had taken the bath.

Harry obediently lay down, waiting to be tucked in or be read a story, but the teacher merely said, ‘Good night’ and retreated to his lab in order to brew some potions Poppy had asked for.

‘This is still better than at the Dursleys, but I like Aunt Minerva or Aunt Poppy more,’ the child thought while silent tears started to run down his cheeks. He had been looking forward to showing Aunt Minerva how much he had practised on his writing during the week, hoping that she would be pleased with his efforts. Shivering in the cold, he tucked himself in under the covers and one hand busily cuddling his dragon, the thumb of his other hand safely tucked into his mouth, the small boy tried to fall asleep in the unfamiliar surroundings.

Severus just finished a potion he had started the night before and reduced the flame to let the potion simmer until morning, when an alarm told him that the wards to his quarters had been magically breached. He quickly returned to his living room, noticing to his horror that the boy was gone.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic made by my son Fabi on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

#### 4 – To MEET THE OLD HEADMASTER

Harry just couldn't sleep. Finally, he made a decision. 'I'll just go and find Aunt Minerva or Aunt Poppy. It can't be that hard to find them.' Quietly scrambling out of the bed he rushed to the door, it wouldn't budge, so he finally opened it with a thought of 'Alohomora', like he did with his cupboard, and then he stepped out into the cold dungeons. He remembered that the old man with the white beard should not see him, so he was very careful not to be seen by anyone. 'Maybe if I see someone I should ask where I can find them,' he thought, getting very tired after running around for so long, but unfortunately, there wasn't anyone he could ask.

While Severus was searching the dungeons, Harry ran around Gryffindor tower. He even found the door of Minerva's private quarters where he had spent a weekend last month. However, the wizard in the portrait told him that Minerva was in the hospital wing.

The portrait asked Harry, after seeing the tears in the young boy's eyes, "Would you like me to tell you how to get there?" On Harry's tearful nod he gave him directions to find the hospital wing.

Severus had just passed in front of the hospital wing that normally lay quiet at this time of the year and headed towards the Astronomy tower.

Meanwhile, Harry fell over Mrs. Norris that had lazily been sleeping in the middle of the hall. Totally frightened, Harry scrambled back onto his feet and ran as fast as his small legs could carry him. Completely knackered he soon opened the door to the hospital wing, frantically searching for Minerva. He was just about to give up when he spotted the person he was looking for lying in a bed in a small room.

Harry climbed onto the bed and lay down next to his aunt trying to get under the warm cover, noticing that Minerva didn't wake up but brought her arm around him cuddling him close. Harry happily snuggled deeper into her arm, his dragon safely tucked under his arm and his thumb in his mouth. -

‘Oh, thanks God I’ve found her, and this bed is so warm. I’m so tired,’ was all he could think before he fell in an exhausted sleep.

When Poppy entered the room the next morning to check on her friend she was horrified to see the little boy in her friend’s arms. She carefully pulled Harry out of Minerva’s strong embrace, ignoring the child’s whimpering, and scooped him up onto her arms, taking him over into her private quarters, where she put the obvious worn out child onto her own bed. Then she contacted Severus through the Floo, who told her that he had spent half the night looking for Harry until he had given up at four o’clock in the morning. Poppy promised to take care of Harry for the rest of the day and ordered Severus to come to fetch Harry after dinner in time to take him back to his relatives.

Harry slept until lunchtime. Minerva told her friend, “Oh Poppy, I had such a nice dream. Harry came in the middle of the night to cuddle with me and sleep in my arms until the morning. Can you imagine how much I miss him? It’s strange how much I have gotten used to him being around during the past few weeks. I love him as if he was my own child.” Seeing her friend smirk, she added, “I know it was only was a fevered dream but it felt so real. Where is Harry, Poppy, is he all right? Is he with Rolanda?”

Poppy sighed. “No, Minerva, Rolanda is sick as well. Harry was with Severus.”

Minerva’s eyes widened in a mixture of surprise and horror, and she crawled out of bed, mumbling, “I must...”

“The only thing you must do is lie down there and rest so that you can take care of Harry again next weekend. Harry is fine, and at the moment he’s asleep in my bed,” Poppy interrupted her firmly.

Harry was glad that he could spend the afternoon together with Poppy. He showed Poppy how good he had learned to write during the week and was commended very much. However, Poppy also had a very stern talk with Harry. “Harry, what you did was not nice. You ran away from Uncle Severus’ quarters, and he spent nearly the

whole night searching all over the castle for you. Don't you think he was very worried that something very bad happened to you, hmm?"

Harry shook his head. 'No, Uncle Sevvus doesn't like me. He said I don't eat cause I'm a pampered brat although I only couldn't eat cause my stomach felt ill cause I was scared of him,' he reasoned silently, well knowing that he should just speak the words aloud.

Poppy sighed at Harry's silence. "Harry, Uncle Severus is not one of the nicest people, but he is a very good person and he'd do everything he could to keep you safe. Give him a bit of time, give him a chance to get to know you, and you'll become quite fond of him as he will of you because the two of you have very similar traits." Seeing that Harry hung on her every word, she smiled at the boy and suggested, "How about you draw a picture for him and write 'sorry' on it to apologize for your behaviour, hmm?"

Harry gave her a short nod and a shy smile before engrossing himself in drawing a detailed picture divided into four single pictures about what had happened during the night. In the first picture, Severus was towering, over a small and frightened Harry. In the second picture, Harry was alone in his bed with wide-open eyes. In the next picture, Harry was roaming the freezing halls, tripping over the cat, and in the last picture, Harry climbed into Minerva's bed, smiling happily. Finally, he wrote 'I'M SORY' on top of his drawing and held the picture out for Poppy to see.

"Oh, sweetie, that's drawn very well. Do you want to give that to Severus when he comes to pick you up?"

Harry nodded hesitantly. 'He will probably tear it up and throw it away in front of my eyes like Aunt Petunia does every time I give her one,' he thought sadly.

"Harry, you can draw so well. How about drawing a picture for Aunt Minerva? She told me that she was very happy having you there during the night and that she misses you a lot because she loves you so much. I believe that she would be very happy to have one of your nice pictures."

“REALY?” Harry wrote on a parchment.

“Yes, of course, sweetie, you know that she cares about you a lot, don’t you?” Poppy answered with a smile.

Harry thought for a moment before he gave the nice lady a nod, a happy smile gracing his face. Harry spent the time remaining before dinner drawing a picture of Minerva lying in bed and Harry visiting her with a bunch of flowers in his hand, which he made float over to Minerva. Finally, Harry wrote, ‘HARRY LOFS ANT MINERVA’ and made the letters twinkle.

“Oh, Harry, that’s such a sweet picture; Aunt Minerva will be very happy,” Poppy commended the child and held out her hand to take the picture.

Harry however kept the picture close, shaking his head. ‘I want to give it to Aunt Minerva,’ he pleaded silently, giving Poppy a persuasive look.

“You want to see Aunt Minerva, I know that, Harry, but she is still contagious, nobody is allowed to visit her. Let me think about it for a moment; anyway, we have to put a Charm on your picture so that nobody except for Aunt Minerva can see what is on it. We don’t want anyone to know that you’ve been here, right?”

‘Ah, yes, of course, the Headmaster cannot know about it.’ Harry could understand that and immediately handed the picture over.

Knowing that the Headmaster knew better than to enter the hospital wing against Poppy’s orders, she decided it would be safe enough for Harry to see Minerva long enough to hand over the picture, especially as he had spent half the night at her side anyway. Harry was overjoyed to see Minerva. He ran over to her side, handed her the picture, and when she gave him a huge smile, he hesitantly leaned over and placed a sloppy kiss on her cheek just like she always put kisses on his forehead. Then he felt himself being pulled back by Poppy, who patiently explained to him that he couldn’t stay any longer because they didn’t want him to get sick too.



“Thank you, sweetie, I love you too,” Minerva told Harry, happily glancing at the beautiful picture before Poppy led the child back to her quarters.

When Harry hesitantly handed his picture over to Severus, the man looked at the picture interestedly before the edges of his mouth slightly pulled upwards. “Thank you, Potter,” was the only comment Harry received, and the child sighed in relief.

Too soon it was time for Harry to return to the Dursleys. To Harry’s great astonishment, Severus accompanied him to the Dursleys and exchanged a few words about how much little boys were supposed to eat. Aunt Petunia snapped at him, “And why does that concern you?”

Severus replied, “It very much concerns me as Harry is the son of my best friend,” before he turned on his heels and Apparated away.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

During the week in his cupboard, Harry spent much of his time practising to write small letters. He also drew very nice pictures for Aunt Poppy, Aunt Minerva, and Uncle Severus. The Dursleys did indeed feed him more than the week before, and it was only because Harry didn’t feel very well during the week that he couldn’t eat any more than before. However, Harry felt very grateful towards Severus for speaking up for him against the Dursleys. ‘Maybe Aunt Poppy is right and he only seems so mean but is really very nice,’ he thought, looking forward to the weekend.

On Saturday, Harry dressed in some of his nice clothes, which Minerva had bought for him before he put one of Dudley’s old jumpers over the T-shirt, sensing that it was fairly cold on this morning. He quickly opened his door and slowly walked over to Mrs. Figg’s house, feeling absolutely awful. Knowing better than to complain about not feeling well, he ran over to Minerva, happy to have her back for the weekend.

“All right, Harry, are you ready to Apparate?” Minerva asked, eager to return -

home as she still wasn't completely recovered, and Harry gave her a slight nod before he placed both hands firmly on the teacher's arms and immediately afterwards felt the Apparition.

Arriving at McGonagall Manor, Harry immediately sat down at the table, placing his paintings for Minerva, Poppy, and Severus on the table. Minerva sat down opposite of him, glancing at the pictures. "Oh, Harry, they are wonderful. You drew one for Uncle Severus too?" she asked astonished.

Harry gave her a short nod, took a crayon and gave a pleading glance at Minerva that made her conjure a few parchments. Then he wrote, "Unkel Severus takd to Ant Tunia last week. He was nice."

Minerva gave him an astonished glance and corrected Harry's mistakes. "Now, shall we practise writing a bit today?"

Harry gave her a small nod and tried to do his best in spite of feeling awful. Noticing that Harry was not his usual cheerful self, Minerva gave him a piercing look taking in his flushed cheeks and glassy eyes. "Harry, are you feeling all right?" she asked concerned and in spite of the boy's nod walked over to the child to feel his forehead. "You seem a bit warm but not overly so," she stated, forgetting that her own skin was still warmer than normal. Advising the child, "If you feel ill, please tell me, Harry," she returned to her seat.

'If I'm going to look after Harry in the future, maybe I should ask Poppy to give me a simple Healing course. It would be useful at Hogwarts anyway as I wouldn't have to call her to Gryffindor just to take a student's temperature every now and then,' she thought, regretting she had disregarded her friend's advice over the years.

At lunch, Harry only played with his food, eating only two or three bites. "Don't you like it, Harry?" Minerva asked worried but Harry only gave her an apologetic smile that didn't really reach his eyes. Coming to the conclusion that the child obviously was ill, Minerva ushered Harry up into his room, made him lie down on his bed, and noticed that he sighed contentedly when his head touched the pillow.

Harry let out a relieved sigh. His whole body was sore, and he felt hot and cold at the same time. But the Dursleys had always told him that he was not allowed to complain and that he earned what he got. Therefore he didn't dare ask if he could lie down during the morning. He gave Aunt Minerva a grateful smile that turned into an anxious frown when she suddenly put a long thing into his mouth. Shivering even more when he felt the cold thing in his mouth, he gave the teacher a frightened look, hoping she would take it out immediately.

"Shush, now, Harry, that's only a thermometer. I want to take your temperature as you seem to be ill, sweetie. Relax, it won't hurt you, but you have to wait a few minutes. Unfortunately, I'm not able to do it with a wand like Aunt Poppy does."

Harry slightly relaxed trying not to think about how awful he felt but about how lucky he was. 'Aunt Minerva is so nice,' he thought. 'Even if she normally is nice to me, now at least she will notice that I'm a good for nothing burden,' he thought, uncomfortably fighting against the thing in his mouth.

"No, Harry, please stop it," Minerva admonished him sternly.

After what seemed to be an endless time, Minerva took the thing out and let out a huge gasp. "40.5 (105) degrees, Harry, that's a very high fever. Didn't you notice that you're so ill?" She quickly conjured a cool cloth and put it on Harry's forehead before she told him, "Harry, stay put, I'll be back in a minute. I'm going to call Aunt Poppy, so that she can check on you."

Poppy sat down on the edge of Harry's bed and carefully stroked his hot cheeks, frowning that the boy obviously felt too bad to even slightly flinch. "Hey, sweetie, are you feeling ill?" she asked in a quiet voice.

Harry looked at her with half-closed eyes and gave her a short nod, closing his eyes when he saw that Poppy waved her wand at him. 'It's all right, she won't hurt me,' he tried to calm himself. 'Aunt Poppy probably came to make me feel better,' he thought, still feeling horrible but also very happy as he hadn't felt so cared for in his whole life.

"The Muggle flu," Poppy diagnosed two minutes later. "I will have Severus brew a fever reducer for children. In the mean time, I can give him a sip of the normal pain relieving potion but that's all I can do for him. He will have to stay in bed for a week, which means," she gave Minerva a pointed look, "that we will have to take him to Hogwarts tomorrow evening." She left for the fireplace to call Severus before she returned two minutes later and sat down next to Harry again.

"Harry," she softly spoke to the sick child, watching as his eyes opened slightly. "Are you in pain?"

Not wanting to move his sore head, Harry let out a small groan. "Can you tell me what hurts most, Harry? Is it your head? Is your throat sore too?"

'I can't answer that question without speaking aloud now can I?' Harry thought confused, but he felt ill enough and had enough confidence in Poppy that he just wanted her to understand and thought, 'my eyes,' noticing that tears welled in his eyes.

"That's because of the fever," Poppy said calmly. "It makes your eyes sore. Now I have a pain relieving potion here, and I want you to take a sip from the phial. Can you do that for me, sweetie? Just a sip will be enough."

Harry obediently took a sip, noticing the effect immediately. Looking at Poppy, he thought, 'Thanks.'

"You're welcome, Harry; now try to sleep for a while. Uncle Severus is just brewing a fever reducing potion for you, and I'll give it to you as soon as it is finished." Seeing that Harry closed his eyes again, Poppy turned to Minerva, who had been watching confused how Poppy had communicated with Harry.

"That was a good opportunity," she said, looking very pleased.

"What are you talking about, Poppy?" Minerva asked curiously.

“Harry. He spoke to me, didn't he?” Poppy asked impatiently.

“No Poppy. I didn't hear a word,” Minerva insisted. “Poppy, are you feeling all right?” she asked worriedly, giving her friend a piercing glance.

“Yes, of course, Minerva. Then maybe... Do you think it could be possible that he has telepathic abilities? That he thought his answer to me? At first he told me that his eyes were sore, and the second time he said ‘thanks’.”

“That would be very unique,” Minerva replied thoughtfully.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

During the rest of the weekend, Poppy spent most of her time with Minerva and Harry, helping her friend to look after the sick child. On Sunday evening, Minerva had to return to Hogwarts, and as Harry was too ill to be sent back to the Dursleys Poppy took him through the Floo to the hospital wing at Hogwarts. The two women had thought of a made up story for the Headmaster telling him that Arabella Figg had known of Harry's illness and contacted Poppy and that Minerva had brought the child to Poppy on her orders. Poppy had already Floo-called Arabella, and she had agreed to the story and had promised to tell the Dursleys that Harry wouldn't return for a week.

Harry didn't care what was happening at all. His condition was still worsening, and he was barely conscious between his fevered dreams. Poppy and Minerva hardly ever left his side, and even Severus had agreed to take his turns staying with the sick child during the nights. So far, Poppy didn't have an opportunity to coax Harry into speaking or giving her thoughts once more, and Minerva and she were still wondering what had occurred the other day. Harry couldn't remember ever having felt so awful before. His fever stayed dangerously high, and he felt like he was dying.

One day, Harry sensed thoughts in his mind that were not his own. ‘Don't worry, you'll feel better in a few days.’

‘Who is speaking to me? Is that one of the fever dreams? Am I going to die?’ Harry thought desperately.

‘I’m Tom, and I could feel your thoughts. And No, you won’t die. I know that you feel awful, but you’ll be all right. In a few days you’ll feel better,’ a nice, soft voice replied, making Harry feel slightly better.

Poppy was relieved to notice that Harry’s fever broke. However, the way to recovery didn’t continue for more than a few hours.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Later the same day, Dumbledore entered the hospital wing, enraged because Severus had told him about Harry being in the hospital wing, when Albus asked where he had been earlier in the morning when he had been looking for him in his quarters.

Dumbledore angrily turned to Minerva and Poppy, who were talking to Harry, glad that the boy had overcome the dangerous fever. “Minerva, you are going to take Harry back to his relatives immediately!”

“No, Albus,” Poppy replied sternly. “He is very ill, and he won’t get the necessary care he needs at the Dursleys. He would have died if we had left him in his cupboard.”

“Minerva, you know what you have to do, otherwise from September first on you will no longer be a teacher at Hogwarts,” Dumbledore threatened, leaving the room without even looking at the sick child.

Minerva immediately went into Poppy’s office to call Severus, Pomona, Filius, and Rolanda into the hospital wing, while Poppy noticed sadly that Harry’s fever was spiking again.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Dumbledore entered his office in the morning, six school owls were waiting outside his window. Each of them brought a letter of resignation from one of his teachers.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic made by my son Fabi on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murg31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 5 – FOR THE FIRST TIME

Dumbledore opened the window, letting the seven owls in, only to watch in horror when they were followed by more owls that dropped red envelopes on his desk.

‘Albus Dumbledore! Leave poor Harry in peace. You can’t send him to his relatives if they’re abusing him, especially not when he is dangerously ill. We would love to take Harry in, Albus. So you better think about it,’ Molly Weasley’s voice echoed through his office.

‘Albus Dumbledore! Do not even think about hurting little Harry any further! He is my daughter-in-law’s godson and as she is in no condition to watch over him, I strongly suggest that you let Minerva McGonagall care for the little boy. You would do well not anger me any further!’ Augusta Longbottom’s voice was the next.

‘Professor Dumbledore!’ Xenophilius Lovegood, the editor of ‘The Quibbler’, spoke. ‘Do you want to see a headline, “Harry Potter killed by the hands of Muggle relatives and Albus Dumbledore”? If not, I advise you strongly to let Harry grow up in the wizarding world with people who care about him!’

#They are completely right, you know, Albus# Fawkes, the old man’s familiar spoke up. #You’re a real bastard when it comes to Harry Potter and I cannot understand why. #

Dumbledore sighed and proceeded to open the letters, popping a lemon drop into his mouth at the same time. He nearly choked on the drop though, realizing that seven of his best teachers had handed in their resignations. Without McGonagall, Sprout, Flitwick, Hooch, Pomfrey, the Care of Magical Creatures teacher and the Ancient Runes teacher he couldn’t keep the school open, especially since three of them were Heads of a House.

The Headmaster leaned back in his seat, unconsciously rubbing his forehead. “Oh, Fawkes, I really messed up this time, didn’t I?” On his familiar’s nod he continued, “I need Harry to grow up as a helpless boy with his relatives, who hate him. It has to be me that will rescue him when it’s time to come to Hogwarts and it must be me that helps



him vanquish Voldemort later. Minerva should be the one able to understand that.”

#Are all teachers against you now?# Fawkes trilled calmly.

“No, Fawkes, you’re right, I have to speak to Severus.” He called his Potions professor, who elegantly climbed off the fireplace a mere minute later. “Thank you for coming, Severus,” he greeted the young man, offering a lemon drop, knowing that it wouldn’t be accepted, before he explained what had happened.

Severus listened to the old man hiding his own thoughts proficiently behind a blank mask. “Albus, I believe it would be wise to make a compromise with them as we’ll be on the losing side if they all quit their positions. If they left, they would be able to open their own school, starting with seven skilled staff members that we are lacking, which would cause an enormous uproar in the wizarding world. As much as I detest everything that has to do with the name ‘Potter’ – he spat the name – might I suggest letting the Potter brat stay at Hogwarts on weekends, but he has to return home during the week?”

Dumbledore gave his spy and friend a thoughtful look before he replied. “Yes Severus, I do believe you’re right. I don’t like it but we will have to agree on your suggestion. Can you please call everyone together for a staff meeting, here in my office, in an hour?”

“Yes, I will do so. Do you need me to be here as well, Albus? Otherwise I can offer to stay with the brat, as Poppy will not leave him alone in his current condition.”

“Very well, Severus, thank you,” the Headmaster dismissed the Slytherin, not noticing the smirk on his lips as he headed towards the hospital wing, knowing that his seven colleagues were in Poppy’s office drinking tea.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

“It worked,” he stated, entering Poppy’s office. “The old coot expects all of you in an hour, and I will stay with the boy,” he promised, turning to Poppy.

For the next hour, the eight teachers made plans on how to hide Harry in Hogwarts throughout the week. Even if he could live in Minerva's quarters, the child couldn't stay there all on his own while Minerva was teaching classes.

"I could ask my house elves Malcolm and Margaret to come to Hogwarts and stay in my quarters, at least while I'm teaching," Minerva suggested hesitantly.

"Harry could also stay with me," Poppy said thoughtfully. "He could stay in my private quarters, we would only need to take a few precautions so that Albus wouldn't be able to see and hear him."

"In the worst case scenario," Severus spoke up, "we could disguise him to look like me so that I could tell Albus he was my nephew and was staying with me for a while. Then I could just take him to the classroom with me."

"Fortunately, we still have a month to think everything over," Poppy replied. "We should leave for the meeting with Dumbledore now."

After a few instructions from Poppy, on what to do when Harry woke up, Severus headed out to watch over the child while the others left for their meeting.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry was captured in fever dreams about old men with long white beards, who came to catch him and throw him into cupboards or handed him over to his Uncle Vernon, who beat him so that his whole body was hurt. He started shivering so badly that he woke up. Hesitantly opening his eyes just a little bit he saw Uncle Severus sitting on a chair next to his bed engrossed in a book. Noticing that it had been a dream but that he was really sore Harry groaned inwardly, snuggling deeper into his covers. He slowly began to panic again. 'I felt so much better yesterday, why is it so bad again? Did the man with the white beard do something to me and now I'm dying?' he wondered silently, pressing a hand against his hurting head.

‘You’re not dying, you just have to be patient,’ the friendly voice in his head spoke to Harry again. ‘Why are you so upset today? What happened? Who is the old man with the white beard? Dumbledore?’

‘Yes, he told Aunt Minerva she had to take me back to my relatives even though I’m still ill, but they’d just throw me back into my cupboard,’ Harry thought back, noticing that it felt good to speak with someone. ‘Why can I suddenly speak to you?’ he suddenly remembered.

‘I’m not sure,’ the voice said pensively. ‘Maybe you had a boost of magic a few days or weeks ago. I’ve been able to sense your feelings now for a few weeks. Now try not to get so upset otherwise you’ll make yourself worse again. And beware of Dumbledore, he’s an old coot.’

‘He is an old coot, whatever that is.’ The friendly voice chuckled. ‘Thanks for your help,’ Harry thought, ending the conversation with his new friend.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Suddenly, Harry felt that something cold was placed on his forehead and opened his eyes in shock. Feeling very thirsty, he reached for the water that Poppy had placed on his night table. “I’m sorry, it was not my intention to wake you,” he heard a soft, silky voice and gave the professor an astonished glance.

‘Was that him? Can he speak so nicely? But he hates me; he said that, didn’t he?’ he thought with a confused look on his face.

“I don’t hate you child. I despised your father but you don’t seem to be at all like him. But the Headmaster has to believe that I hate you, so when he’s around, I might say very mean things to you,” the teacher kindly told Harry and handed him the water followed by a potions phial.

Harry gratefully noticed that he felt much better and hesitantly thought to the man, ‘Thank you, Professor.’

Severus threw Harry a shocked glance before he thought back, 'So you're able to mind talk? That's very convenient in case we have to communicate in front of the Headmaster.'

'Won't he be able to understand?' Harry thought back.

"No, he won't. You just need to focus your thoughts towards the person you wish to receive your thoughts." the professor confirmed aloud before he warned the child, "You shouldn't use it too much when you're ill though; mind talking is very exhausting in both directions. Therefore, I'll answer you aloud, especially if nobody is around. Are you hungry?"

'No.'

"Then try to sleep some more. Everything is all right, you'll be able to stay here at Hogwarts at least on weekends," Severus promised, as he brushed the child's sweaty bangs away from his forehead, and Harry closed his eyes, a hopeful smile playing on his lips.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Sunday afternoon, Dumbledore entered Harry's room in the hospital wing, and he made himself comfortable in a chair next to the bed and offered the boy a lemon drop, which he declined.

"Now, my boy, are you feeling better?" he asked friendly.

Harry gave him a slight nod, trying not to let the man see how frightened he was. 'Why did he come to see me? What's he going to do? Where is Aunt Minerva or Aunt Poppy?'

Not aware of the child's distress, the Headmaster explained that his relatives were worried about him and that Harry had to return home that evening. "If you really want to, you may come back on weekends, although I don't think that's a good idea," the Headmaster continued.

'Yeah they're worried I won't be there to clean after them.' Harry thought as the old coot talked. 'Yeah, I want to come back here on weekends.'

Harry gave the old man a frightened glance, trying to fight back the tears that were welling in his eyes, while the Headmaster added, "Your relatives took you in selflessly when you were a baby, and I believe you should be grateful that they brought you up in such a loving home."

With that, Harry went into panic mode. His whole body started to shake and he felt his headache returning full force. Fortunately, a few seconds later, Poppy rushed into the room.

"Headmaster, how dare you come in here and distress my patient in such a way? Harry is still ill and needs rest," she admonished the Headmaster sharply, and Harry threw her a grateful smile.

"Ah, but Harry and I have just decided that he will return to his relatives tonight after dinner," Dumbledore explained, sending a fake smile in Harry's direction.

Knowing that they wouldn't bring back the child anyway, Poppy didn't protest against the Headmaster's order but threw the man out of the room before she turned to Harry, seeing that tears were pouring down his cheeks. She sat down on the edge of Harry's bed and spoke to the child in a very soft voice. "Harry, you need to calm down and stop crying, it's not good for your condition. You know that we won't take you back to your relatives but are going to hide you here in the castle, don't you?"

'Really?' Harry thought to Poppy, giving the nice lady a hopeful glance.

"Yes, Harry, either Aunt Minerva or I will take you through the Floo to Aunt Minerva's quarters. You have stayed there once before, haven't you? I will come to see you every day, even several times a day as long as you're ill."

'Thank you, Aunt Poppy,' Harry thought gratefully before he lazily closed his eyes and his breathing evened out.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the evening, Minerva and Harry took the Floo together, arriving in the living room of Minerva's quarters. 'I really like this room. It has so many bookshelves with books to look at,' he thought happily. Not knowing if he was allowed to sit down in the living room or if he was supposed to go to his room to leave Minerva in peace, he threw the teacher a hesitant glance.

Minerva sighed. "I'm sorry, sweetie, but Aunt Poppy wants you to stay in bed as long as you have a fever, but we can ask her later if you can rest on the sofa for a while tomorrow, all right?"

'I'm fine,' Harry protested weakly, causing Minerva to give him a disapproving glance, but obediently he let himself be tucked into his bed and be read his favourite story of Harry and the dragon.

Later, Minerva told Harry that she intended to go to the Ministry the next day in order to get guardianship over him and even adopt him if he wanted her to do so, and Harry showed the exact reaction that she had expected. His eyes started to twinkle happily, and when Minerva asked him if he was sure that he wanted to be adopted by her, he voiced a very small, "Yes."

To Minerva, the small word spoken in an even tinier voice had sounded like a whole orchestra.

"Harry!" she shouted, absolutely delighted.

Harry was astonished to see the tears of joy creep out of the teacher's eyes.

'Since talking made Aunt Minerva so happy maybe I'll try to talk more.'

As soon as Harry was asleep, Minerva called Poppy and Severus into her quarters for a talk. "I'd like to go to the Ministry tomorrow in order to gain the guardianship over Harry," she told her friends, asking at the same time if one of them could stay with Harry while she was absent.

“I will stay with him, Minerva,” Poppy replied immediately and continued, “In fact I’m very worried about Harry. He should have recovered more than he has. Dumbledore talked to Harry twice during the week and each time Harry’s had a relapse. I’m not sure if it is just the fear of having to return to his relatives or what triggered that. Today, he panicked so badly that the distress spell I put on him earlier activated.”

“A few days ago, he spoke to me through mind-talking for the first time,” Severus told his colleagues.

“Yes, he has been doing that quite often, but only to the three of us I suppose. Albus told me that Harry didn’t communicate with him at all and Pomona said the same after she visited Harry yesterday,” Minerva added before she told Poppy and Severus about Harry’s spoken little word.

“Oh, Minerva, that’s brilliant. I’m very happy for both of you,” Poppy smiled at her friend.

“I told Potter not to let Albus know about his ability so that I would be able to communicate with Harry even in Albus’ presence. I need to keep up appearances,” Severus reminded the women.

“Severus, you have experience with abused kids, don’t you?” At his nod of agreement she suggested to him, “Maybe you could try to talk with Harry about the abuse he suffer from his relatives?”

“I can do that, however, Mind talking is very tiring, so it will have to wait until he is better; otherwise it will aggravate his condition even more.”

“I believe that, especially since I don’t know anyone who is able to do mind talking, except for the two of you,” Poppy mumbled dryly.

“By the way, Friday is Harry’s birthday,” Minerva said pensively. “As I don’t believe that he ever had a party or received anything for his birthday, maybe we should do something for him.”

“That’s a good idea,” Poppy replied warmly. “Let’s tell the others too, and we can all meet here in your quarters.”

“Just be sure you have warded them against the Headmaster,” Severus threw in smirking.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the morning, Minerva left Hogwarts early, taking the Floo to her friend Arabella Figg’s house first, in order to pay the Dursleys a visit. Having received the guardianship papers from the Ministry a few days earlier, she had already prepared everything so that Petunia only had to put her signature on the bottom of the parchment in order to transfer the guardianship of Harry over to Minerva. Minerva had to try hard to keep herself from Transfiguring Petunia into a toad or something equally unpleasant, but ultimately decided to only obliviate the woman of the transfer of guardianship before Apparating straight to the Ministry.

At the Ministry, Minerva handed the parchments in to the Minister, Millicent Bagnold, whom she knew from her days as a student at Hogwarts, in order to ask for privacy concerning the guardianship transfer, knowing that it wouldn’t do any good to have Albus know from the Daily Prophet that she would soon be adopting Harry.

“All right, Minerva, everything will be all right, and we will file everything immediately so that nobody will know about the guardianship transfer. However, in adoption cases it is inevitable that Ms. Hamilton from the Family service will visit you at your home in order to have a small conversation with you and your ward. If she deems everything all right, you will receive the adoption papers within twenty-four hours.”

Minerva sighed. “There is no way around it, I suppose?”

“I’m sorry Minerva. I can help you hide it from Dumbledore, but I cannot override everything. What exactly is the problem?”

“There are two problems. Harry has been ill with a very bad case of the flu for more than a week now, as well as, he doesn’t speak to



anyone. We're sure that it is because of the treatment of his relatives but we, so far, have not been able to help him overcome that particular problem. Recently he has started – but I insist that you don't tell anyone about it – to mind talk to Poppy, Severus, and me. However, so far we are the only ones he has been communicating with."

"I see, and I will inform Ms. Hamilton, Minerva. Don't worry, everything will be all right. Shall I ask her to visit you tomorrow morning?"

"That would be nice, Millicent. Thank you so much."

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On the next day, when Harry had just sat up in his bed and started to draw a picture, Ms. Hamilton stepped through the Floo. Minerva led her into Harry's room and introduced her before the lady voiced she would like to speak to Minerva alone before talking to Harry privately.

The two women left the room to talk in the living room, and it was making Harry nervous. 'What does the woman want? Aunt Minerva has already told them that she wants to adopt me, and I would be so glad to have such a nice guardian and home. What if she says Aunt Minerva can't adopt me because I'm a freak and I'll be a burden and unworthy of her?' Not able to draw anymore, Harry lay down, inefficiently trying to calm down.

'Hey, what are you panicking about now?' he suddenly heard Tom's kind voice ask. Without further questioning Harry blurted out everything that was bothering him to his friend. 'I'm sure everything will be fine. Just try to rest a little bit while you wait and time will go by faster.' After hearing his friend tell him everything would be fine he did indeed fall into an exhausted sleep.

Harry woke up to a cold hand on his forehead and Minerva's concerned voice, "Harry, what's wrong? Are you all right?"

'What is she going to do to me? Can't you stay with me?' Harry whined in his thoughts to Minerva.

“I don’t think Harry is feeling well, so...” Minerva started to apologize to Ms. Hamilton.

“It’s all right, Harry, it will only take two minutes. Professor, if you would excuse us for a minute,” the lady said friendly and continued as soon as Minerva had left the room, “Harry, do you want Professor McGonagall to become your guardian?”

Harry sat up, took the parchment he had been drawing on before and a crayon and wrote, ‘I want Profesor Magonagal to becom my gadian and to adopt me.’

Ms. Hamilton gave him an acknowledging glance and said, “All right, I see. Then I will see to it that she can adopt you. I’m impressed by your writing, young man; that was very good.” Harry gave her a shy grin in return, and again lay back down and fell asleep once again.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

A few hours later, a Ministry owl found its way into Minerva’s private quarters. Feeling her own hands starting to shake with excitement, Minerva quickly unrolled the attached parchment and let out a huge sigh of relief.

“Harry, everything went well, you’re my son now and nobody will be able to take you away from me anymore,” she said excitedly, pulling Harry in a slight hug. She was happy to notice that he didn’t flinch too badly and had slightly leaned into the embrace, mumbling a very silent but satisfied ‘good.’

Harry was very happy. ‘Now I can always stay with the nice lady and don’t have to go back to the Dursleys; this is great,’ he thought delighted.

A huge smile spread over his face when he heard Tom’s voice, ‘Congratulations!’

‘Thank you; I’m the luckiest boy in the wide world,’ Harry thought back excitedly.

“Harry, are you all right?” Minerva asked worriedly, noticing that he had been lost in thought for a moment.

‘Yes, Aunt Minerva, I’m fine,’ Harry replied smiling. ‘Shall I tell her about Tom?’ he wondered but decided to leave it for the moment. ‘Maybe if I tell her she will finally notice that I’m a freak and not want me anymore,’ he thought worriedly.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

That evening, Poppy and Severus joined Minerva for tea after spending some time with Harry. “Today, I received an owl from the Ministry concerning the guardianship of Harry,” Minerva explained hesitantly, before she handed Poppy a parchment.

“What?” Poppy asked, an incredulous expression on her face, handing the parchment over to Severus.

“What does that mean?” Severus sneered, hardly being able to keep his face void of emotions.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 6 – FORCED INTO HIDING

Minerva laughed, trying to sound more confident than she really was. “Is that so difficult to understand?” She took the parchment back and read its content aloud.

Name: Harry James Potter-McGonagall  
Father: James Potter  
Mother: Lily Potter  
Date of Birth: July 31, 1980  
Adopted Parents: Minerva McGonagall  
Date of Adoption: July 28, 1987  
Godfather: Severus Snape  
Godmother: Poppy Pomfrey

Seeing her best friend and her former student glare at her, she added, “Whom could I have asked to be his godparents if it was not you two? You are the ones he chose to speak with apart from me.”

“The problem, Minerva, is not that we didn’t want to be Harry’s godparents but the fact that you didn’t even ask us. Have you at least asked Harry?” Poppy asked incredulously.

“Normally, you decide on the godparents before a child is born, so you don’t ask them,” Minerva answered stubbornly. “Moreover, Harry adores you; of course he wants you to be his godparents.”

She hesitated a moment before she continued, “By the way, I’m sorry to bother you again, but could one of you watch Harry for two hours tomorrow? I have to go and buy birthday presents for him.”

“Oh, Minerva, I’d like to come with you. You’re going to Diagon Alley I suppose? Severus, could you perhaps look after Harry for two hours, after all you’re his godfather.”

Severus raised an eyebrow and sighed. “All right, I’ll take him. Does he still have to be in bed, or can I take him with me to my private lab so that I can teach him a bit about potions to see if he likes it?”

Ignoring Minerva's snort, Poppy glared at the young teacher. "Severus, Harry is better but he has not completely recovered. He may get up for a short time but he still needs a lot of rest. You can ask him if he feels up to learning something, but watch him closely because he won't tell you when he feels bad."

"Believe me, I will take care of him," Severus promised, smirking.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Minerva and Harry had breakfast together in Harry's room, Minerva told Harry that he would be spending the morning with Severus, frowning when the child threw her an anxious glance. 'He hates me and I don't know how to behave around him. What if he tells the Headmaster about me?' he thought frightened.

"Harry, calm down please. Uncle Severus doesn't hate you; in fact, he has agreed to be your godfather, while Aunt Poppy is your godmother. Aunt Poppy is allowing you to get up for a while today, and Uncle Severus has offered to teach you a bit about potions. You know that he is the Potions professor here at Hogwarts, don't you?"

Harry gave his guardian an unsure nod and sent her a calming thought, 'Yes, Aunt Minerva.'

Minerva laughed. "Oh, Harry, it's still strange to hear you talking in my head, sweetie, but you're doing that really well."

'Aunt Minerva, sorry to bother you asking, but...um...what's a dogfather and a dogmother?' he thought hesitantly, hoping that his new guardian wouldn't punish him for asking.

"Godparents, Harry, are people, who are willing to look after you if your parents, or in your case I, cannot look after you for some reason," Minerva simply explained, receiving an understanding nod from Harry.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Severus stepped through the Floo into Minerva's living room, where Harry was lying on the sofa, his head on Minerva's lap, who was reading to him from... Severus gasped. "You're reading 'Hogwarts – A History' to the boy, Minerva? Is that interesting for a six-year-old?" The man raised an eyebrow instead of the traditional sneer he normally used when it came to Harry.

'Oh, what am I going to do? I love Aunt Minnie reading to me, and it's so interesting, and now she will probably stop reading because he told her that I'm not worth it...'

"Harry!" Minerva managed to pull Harry out of his thoughts and told him once more that Uncle Severus didn't mean everything he said. Then she gave Harry a kiss on his forehead and made him promise that he wouldn't run away, while she watched the child concerned.

Harry gave her a comforting smile and hesitantly placed a sloppy kiss on her cheek before he stood up and anxiously walked over to Severus, who was waiting in front of the fireplace.

"Are you ready, Potter?" Severus asked, trying not to be too impatient with the child. "I will have to take you into my arms in order for us to go through the Floo Network together, all right?"

'All right,' Harry thought to the teacher anxiously and stepped into the fireplace after the man, trying not to flinch back too badly when his godfather pulled him close.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In Severus quarters, Severus made Harry lie down on the sofa and carefully tucked him in under a cover as it was much colder in the dungeons than in Minerva's quarters, before he asked the child if he felt well enough to listen to him for a while.

'Yes, of course, sir,' Harry thought back immediately. 'What will he be telling me? Will he rant on how I'm a freak? Will he tell me something interesting?' he mused in hopeful anticipation.

“In that case, I’m going to teach you some things about potions today,” Severus stated dryly and started a monologue that felt very long and difficult to Harry. Noticing that Harry wrinkled his forehead, Severus finally stopped to ask, “Do you understand me so far?”

‘I’m sorry sir, I have understood most I think but I haven’t understood how you recognise if an herb is magical or non magical and why it has to be prepared differently,’ Harry thought back.

“Normally, you can’t recognise it, you just have to learn if a plant is magical or not. The preparation doesn’t depend on if it is magical or not but on the kind of plant and on the potion you intend to brew,” Severus explained patiently, giving the child a piercing look. “Now I believe that’s enough for today; do you feel up to accompanying me into my private lab in order to brew an easy potion together or would you prefer to rest for a while?”

‘I’d like to do that very much, brew a potion I mean,’ Harry replied without hesitating.

“All right, then let’s go to the lab. I have to brew a lot of potions for Poppy for the hospital wing, and we can start with a simple pain relieving potion, which is the easiest to brew. The students learn how to brew it at the beginning of their first year.”

‘Oh, that would be so great, it sounds so interesting!’ Harry thought delighted and answered, ‘Thank you, Professor, I’d like that very much,’ before he got up and followed Severus into his private lab, which was warded so heavily that not even the Headmaster could access the room.

Severus, who in spite of all anticipations enjoyed the child’s company more than he could have ever believed to be true, carefully explained to Harry all he had to know about the ingredients and how to prepare them, noticing how much Harry engrossed himself in the work. Finally, he set up a cauldron and let Harry help insert the ingredients at the right time.

“Let me touch your hand to show you how to stir the potion properly,” Severus addressed the child, giving the child a piercing look.

‘It’s all right, he’s not going to hurt me, he wants to help me,’ Harry tried to comfort himself in order not to flinch back too badly, when Severus took his hand and explained about stirring clockwise and counter-clockwise.

When Harry looked in awe at the finished potion, Severus asked, “Now, that wasn’t too difficult, was it?”

‘No,’ Harry replied happily. ‘Can we brew something that tastes nice? The potions Aunt Poppy gives me are always so yucky,’ he thought to the teacher.

The edges of Severus’ mouth pulled slightly up when he replied, “If you would like, next time we can brew fruit drops together. You have done enough today, so we will return to the living room where you can rest until lunch, otherwise Minerva and Poppy will skin me alive.”

Only now Harry noticed that he was knackered. ‘Ah, that was really interesting but tiring too. I’d love to do it again soon though. Maybe I can ask him, he really seems friendly today,’ he thought before he hesitantly addressed the teacher’s mind once more. ‘All right, thank you, Uncle Severus, can we brew again tomorrow then?’

Severus threw the child an amused look, promising “If that’s what you want and if Minerva and Poppy let you, we can make fruit drops tomorrow.” He led Harry back to the sofa and tucked him in before Harry fell into an exhausted sleep.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

One morning, Harry woke up to Minerva sitting on the edge of his bed. “Good morning, sweetie,” she said smilingly, “good that you’re awake because I want us to take the Floo home in time for breakfast!”

‘Home?’ Harry thought alerted. ‘Is she going to take me back to the Dursleys? I had thought this was my home now.’



“Calm down, Harry,” Minerva, noticing the child’s distress softly tried to calm him down. “I meant McGonagall Manor, that’s our home, even if we will be living here most of the year, all right?”

Harry let out the air that he hadn’t even noticed he had been holding and relaxed visibly. ‘Sorry, Aunt Minerva,’ he thought to his guardian.

“That’s all right, Harry, now let’s get you dressed, and then we can leave.”

Twenty minutes later, they stepped out of the fireplace in the living room of McGonagall Manor, and Harry was in for a huge surprise. All the teachers he knew except for the old Headmaster were standing around the fireplace and started to sing a song. Harry wrinkled his forehead. ‘I have heard that song before but where? Ah, yes, I know, I’ve heard it at the Dursleys when I was in my cupboard and Dudley had a birthday party last year. But why would the teachers sing such a song?’ he thought confused.

He flinched back badly in surprise when Minerva pulled him into an embrace saying, “Happy birthday, sweetie.”

‘Birthday?’ Harry thought confused. ‘Do I have a birthday too? I thought only Dudley had that sometimes.’

“Harry,” Minerva explained patiently, “today is your birthday. You were born exactly seven years ago, and that’s why everyone came here today. We are going to have a birthday party just for you.”

Noticing that the child gave her a confused glance, Minerva led Harry over to the dining room, where an enormous birthday breakfast was waiting. A huge cake sat in the middle of the table, and the seven candles on top of the cake lit as soon as everyone had taken a seat around the table.

‘I wonder why that cake’s of fire.’ Harry thought as he looked at the cake.

“Come here, sweetie, climb onto my lap and then you can reach the candles.” Poppy instructed the boy softly.

Harry looked at her with a look of horror. 'I don't want to reach that cake. It'll hurt.'

Poppy saw the look on his face and understood, even though she did not have the thoughts sent to her. "It's okay sweetie, the cake is for you and the candles are for you to blow out and make a wish."

'Is that cake for me and I get to make a wish too? And the seven candles, are they there because I'm going to be seven today?' Harry tried to organize his thoughts. Knowing that Poppy would never hurt him, he hesitantly let his godmother pull him up onto her lap, watching Severus, who showed him how to blow the candles out.

A huge smile played on Harry's face when he managed to blow the seven candles out, while thinking that his wish had already come true because his Aunt Minerva adopted him. As soon as everyone applauded, he hurriedly hid his face in his godmother's robe. "It's all right, Harry, you did that very well," Poppy commended the child and motioned him to sit down on the chair between her and Minerva to eat his breakfast.

After breakfast, Harry was led into the living room, where he saw many colourful parcels piled on the table. 'What are they?' he thought curiously. 'They were not here the last time Aunt Minerva and I were here, but they look pretty.'

"Harry, these presents are all for you," Minerva explained softly.

'Presents for me? But who would bother giving me a present?' Harry mused astonished. 'Am I supposed to tear up the pretty boxes?' He threw his guardian a questioning glance, glad that she motioned him to sit down on the sofa and held a present out for him. Harry carefully opened the colourful paper and nearly jumped in excitement. Inside was a children's edition of his favourite book 'Hogwarts – A History'. 'Oh, this is great! Thank you so much, Aunt Minerva,' he sent to his guardian.

"You are very welcome," Minerva replied, giving him an encouraging smile.

Each of the teachers took turns and stepped over to Harry as he finished examining a newly opened present and handed him another from them. 'I can't believe it. So many presents! And I cannot understand why they would do that since Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon always said I was a good for nothing freak and nobody would ever like me. But they really seem to care about me.'

From Minerva he also received a pile of funny T-shirts and from Severus a 'Child's First Potions Kit', 'Wow,' thought Harry, 'Me and Uncle Severus can have fun with this!' Poppy gave him a set of Lego blocks, while the other teachers had bought books for Harry, except for Rolanda. He received a children's broom, which immediately caught his interest. 'Why does she give me a broom? Do they expect me to clean my room with it? I know how to do that, did it often enough for Aunt Petunia, but I thought Aunt Minerva had said I didn't have to clean anywhere as the house-elves would do that.' He threw his guardian an enquiring glance.

"Harry, do you know what the broom is for?" Minerva asked in a soft voice, noticing the child's confusion, and when Harry shook his head slightly, she continued, "Let's head out into the park, and we will show you how to use it."

Ten minutes later, all the teachers were convinced that Harry had a natural talent for flying, and Harry just loved it. 'Oh, this is so great! I've never had so much fun before,' he thought absolutely delighted. Harry then wondered, 'Does a bird feel like this when its flying, like it's free?'

After a huge birthday lunch, everyone except for Minerva, Poppy, and Harry headed back to Hogwarts, and Minerva told Harry to go upstairs to his room and take a nap. 'Oh no, I don't want to take a nap, I want to read my books and want to play with my presents, I'm not ill anymore. But I have to obey, I don't want Aunt Minerva to take me back to the Dursleys because I'm a freak,' Harry thought upset and gave his guardian a sad glance through the tears that were waiting to pour down before he took one step after another slowly up the stairs.

Minerva quietly followed the child into his room. "Harry, you are still weak from your illness, and you had a very exhausting morning," she explained softly, sitting down on the edge of Harry's bed. "Also, in two hours a friend of mine is coming to visit us together with her grandson. Neville is exactly the same age as you, he turned seven yesterday, and as far as I know he is a very quiet and nice boy, so I can imagine that the two of you can become good friends. Try to sleep for a while, and when you are still awake when Aunt Poppy or I come to check in on you the next time, you may get up again."

When Poppy snuck into Harry's room five minutes later, the child was fast asleep. "I don't like it," she said to Minerva back in the living room. "He was so upset and was nearly crying, but he still doesn't feel safe enough to throw a temper tantrum although he definitely wanted to throw one."

"Am I doing something wrong, Poppy?" Minerva asked worriedly.

"Now, Min, you're doing a great job. We just have to be patient and need to encourage him as much as we can," Poppy replied calmly.

When Neville and his grandmother arrived two hours later, Poppy had to go and rouse a very sleepy Harry. As soon as they entered the living room, seeing an unknown woman and a boy sitting on the sofa, he anxiously tried to hide in Poppy's robe. 'Aunt Minerva said they are nice, but the woman looks so strict, almost like Uncle Severus used to be, what if she tells Aunt Minerva that I'm not worth living with her and...'

"Harry, come here, you don't have to hide, sweetie. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Longbottom and Neville," Minerva called him in a soft voice and Harry hesitantly came out of his hiding spot and obediently stood in front of Mrs. Longbottom, anxiously holding out a shaking hand.

Mrs. Longbottom took his hand and said friendly, "Hello Harry, we're glad to meet you. We have already heard so much about you, and Neville couldn't wait to get to meet you."

Harry threw the boy next to the old woman an anxious smile. 'He looks nice, not so mean like Dudley, maybe I could really be friends with him,' he thought excitedly and hesitantly extended a hand to the boy.

Neville took Harry's hand and shyly said, "Hello Harry," before he handed him a present, wrapped in colourful paper with small lions that started to roar as soon as Harry carefully tried to open the paper in order not to destroy the beautiful paper.

Harry found a violet triple-decker bus in the package. He gave it a curious look while he threw Neville a huge smile. Harry liked cars very much and had always envied Dudley, who owned a huge assortment of cars to play with while Harry didn't have one single toy. "That, Harry, is the Knight Bus, a magical bus," Minerva explained to the child. "Shall we take a ride on it this weekend?"

Harry nodded eagerly before he returned his attention to his precious present. 'That's so great, these people are so nice, giving me such a great present,' he thought happily. Suddenly, however, his expression darkened visibly, and Poppy asked worriedly, "What's wrong, Harry?"

Harry let out a small sigh before he sent his thoughts to his godmother, 'It's just, it's such a great present, and I really should say thank you to them, but I just... I can't.'

Poppy thoughtfully turned to Neville and his grandmother. "I would like to ask you both to keep this a secret, but Harry is able to do mind talking. So far, however, he's only able to do it with Minerva, Severus Snape and me." Ignoring the surprised faces of their visitors, she continued, "Anyway, Harry just told me that your present is great and that he likes it very much. He is sorry that he can't talk to you. However, I believe that it's only a matter of time before he will."

Even if Harry could only answer with yes or no if Neville asked something, the two boys obviously got along very well – to the great pleasure of Augusta Longbottom, Minerva and Poppy, who were all friends from their own time at Hogwarts. Before Neville and his grandmother returned home, Neville begged his grandmother to let him play with Harry again soon, and Harry nodded eagerly. 'Please

let me play with Neville soon,' Harry thought to Minerva, who laughed and told her friend what Harry said. The three ladies decided to meet again on Sunday afternoon in Minerva's quarters at Hogwarts.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Later when Harry was in his bed, he thought of the day's happenings and felt very, very happy. Minerva sat on the edge of his bed and talked to her child for a long time, slightly disappointed that Harry had yet to speak again, but was glad that he was able to mind talk to her though.

Suddenly, Harry's expression changed from an overly happy one to a completely distressed expression, and Minerva noticed that the child was getting very upset. "What's wrong, Harry?" she asked worried, but Harry seemed to be completely absent.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic made by my son Fabi on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 7 – BY THE STUPID OLD MAN

Harry was listening to Tom, who suddenly seemed to be very distressed. 'Oh, for God's sake – who can help me? I need a body, otherwise I can't do anything. I hate it, why couldn't I have died instead of leading such a life?'

'Tom? Can you hear me? Tom, what's wrong?' Harry thought back anxiously, not sure if Tom was speaking to him at all and if he would be able to talk to his friend as he had never started a conversation so far but had only answered when Tom had spoke to him.

'Harry? I'm sorry for rambling like that. I just got your happy feelings and as happy as I am for you I started thinking about my own situation. Something happened to me, and I'm only a spirit now. I need a new body, and I don't know where to get one.'

Harry couldn't understand what Tom meant. 'A spirit? Are you like one of the ghosts at Hogwarts?' he asked curiously, thinking about Peeves and Nearly-Headless Nick.

'No Harry, they have bodies, right? You can see them. I'm only a spirit; if you wanted to see me I'd be like a white mist. I will tell you the truth but it's sad. Can you promise not to hate me afterwards? I'm good now, and it was the purity of your heart that rid me of the evil I once had in me, that I didn't want in the first place.'

'Tom, I'm sorry, I don't really understand. Did you do something bad before? And now you won't do bad things anymore? I promise you're my friend now, and I won't hate you.' Harry slightly flinched as his head had begun to hurt badly. 'Strange, it always hurts when I talk to Tom; is he doing something to me?' he wondered.

Tom began to tell his story. 'I grew up in a children's home because I didn't have parents, who loved me, just like you don't have parents. I hated it there, and Hogwarts was my first real home. But the Headmaster forced me to return to the children's home every year during the summer holidays just like Dumbledore wants you to go back to your relatives.' He paused a moment. 'Are you still listening, Harry?'

‘Yes,’ Harry thought back, gripping his head in pain.

‘Anyway, I turned evil; I became very bad and did bad things...’

‘What kind of things?’ Harry asked worriedly, thinking about how Dudley had chased him around the house, causing him to fall down the stairs more than once.

‘I killed people, Harry, I’m so sorry,’ Tom began to sob, ‘I even killed your parents. Wait, Harry, let me explain! Dumbledore made up a prophecy; at least I now believe he made it up, that you were the only one, who could kill me. I was very powerful, and Dumbledore was afraid of me because he wanted to remain the most powerful wizard in the world. The prophecy is what made me decide to go after your parents and you. I gave you the scar that’s on your forehead, and it’s why we can communicate like this. Please believe me that I’m very sorry now. I didn’t know love, only hate – but you! You gave me lots of love through our link, and you brought out the good in me and rid me of the evil I had in me. I promise I’m not evil anymore.’

When Harry didn’t react, Tom asked concerned, ‘Harry, are you still my friend? Please!’

‘I’m sorry, Tom, yes, it’s just that I have such a bad headache, like I always get when I talk to you, but I think it gets worse the more we talk. I’ll try to forgive you if you’re really good now. Can I help you somehow?’

‘Then let’s finish our talk at a later time, I don’t want you to feel bad because you’re speaking with me. Just call me in the morning when you feel better. You only have to think of me and speak in your mind like you are now, and I’ll be able to hear you.’

‘All right, night Tom,’ Harry replied hesitantly. ‘I have so many questions but it just hurts too much right now,’ he thought and unintentionally let out a small groan before he suddenly became aware of Minerva calling his name.



“Harry, what’s wrong, sweetie? Are you in pain?” his guardian asked, worriedly watching his scrunched face.

Harry slightly shook his head, wincing at the pain the movement caused. Minerva carefully put a hand on his forehead, which was slightly warm. “Harry, are you feeling ill again? Shall I call Poppy to check on you?”

‘No Aunt Minerva, I’m fine, but thanks. I’m just very tired,’ Harry told her, closing his eyes.

“All right, Harry, good night then, and tell me if you need anything. I love you, sweetie.”

“Love you too,” Harry mumbled back, a small smile appearing on his distressed face.

Minerva stayed by his side for a long time and watched her new son in awe, thinking that again he had taken a huge step in the right direction of becoming a normal child. She was glad that he had obviously become friends with Neville, and she was over the moon with joy that he spoke to her, telling her that he loved her. Before she left the room, she placed a kiss on Harry’s forehead, noticing that it felt much cooler, and put the Charm on the child that Poppy had taught her the previous week.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the morning, Harry was sitting in the living room drawing pictures while Minerva was working in her office. Harry glanced through the open door of his guardian’s office. ‘This is probably the best time to try to speak with Tom. I can’t have Aunt Minerva see me each time I’m mind talking otherwise she’ll think I’m crazy, and I don’t want her to know that I feel sick afterwards.’ He thought about what Tom had told him the evening before. ‘He has killed my parents and tried to kill me? But then he should be my enemy! But somehow I can’t help that I like him, and I want him to be my friend. He said I changed him even if I didn’t know it. So, maybe he really is good now and can be my friend. Anyway, I’ll talk to him,’ he decided determinedly.

Harry put his crayon down and concentrated on Tom. 'Tom, can you hear me?'

'Hey, Harry, of course I can hear you. Do you feel better?'

'Yes Tom, thanks. So, is there a way I can help you to get your body back?' Harry thought quickly, hoping to be able to keep the conversation relatively short before his head started hurting again.

Tom sighed. 'Harry, I don't know how. Are you already able to read? If so, perhaps you could go to the library and look for something about spirits and how to return them to their bodies.'

'All right Tom, I'll try to do that,' Harry promised. He threw another glance at his guardian, who seemed to be very engrossed in her work. She had told him before that she had to put together the time table for each student in Gryffindor House. 'She'll probably be busy for quite some time, so maybe I should go to the library now. It will probably take me a lot of time since I have no idea where to look or what to look for,' Harry thought as he silently scurried to the door.

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Contrary to Severus, Minerva didn't have an alarm on the door to her quarters, so Harry was able to get away without anyone knowing about it, especially as the portrait at the entrance door was just vacated like so often at that time of the day, when the inhabitants of the portraits within Gryffindor used that time to have a breakfast chitchat in one of the larger portraits in the Gryffindor common room. Aunt Minerva had shown the scene to Harry one morning when he wondered where all the portraits had gone. Harry hurried towards the library, glad he did not meet anyone on his way.

'All right, now, where do I have to search for something about spirits?' Harry thought desperately. He had no idea, so he strolled around the shelves, trying to skim the titles of the books on the shelves he didn't know yet. Minerva had brought him to the library several times on the weekends and had told him where he could find books about Transfiguration, Charms, Potions, and Magical Creatures, but there were many other shelves. 'Maybe I should ask Aunt Minerva or Uncle

Severus to help me – perhaps Uncle Severus would be better. But can I tell him about Tom? Will they know that it was him who killed my parents? Will they understand that he's sorry for what he did and that he's not evil anymore?' Harry thought, getting frustrated.

Suddenly, a voice penetrated his ear. "Oh, what are you doing here, my boy?"

Harry groaned. He knew that voice all too well. It was the old Headmaster. Harry threw the old man an anxious glance. 'What am I going to do? I should have stayed at home and asked them for help in order to do something for Tom. What will Dumbledore do to me?' He started to panic and had to try hard to hide his shaking hands behind the book he was holding. Suddenly, Harry saw a blue light surrounding the Headmaster, and while he was staring at the strange light, Dumbledore stepped towards the child and touched his arm, ignoring the boy's flinch.

An instant later, Harry felt a strange pull behind his navel and before he could even wonder what it was, he saw himself standing next to the Headmaster in front of his relatives' house. 'No, I don't want to be here. Aunt Minerva is my guardian now, and she told me I could stay with her and nobody could take me away,' Harry thought frantically.

"Now, my boy, I've already told you that you cannot stay at Hogwarts all the time, and that your relatives are very worried about you. You may not run away from here again, do you understand me?" the old man spoke in a very stern voice before he stepped in front of the door and rang the bell.

As soon as Petunia opened the door, Dumbledore vanished from Harry's side with a faint 'Pop'. Petunia quickly looked to the left and to the right to confirm that nobody was watching and pulled Harry into the house before she hissed, "Oh, have they already noticed how much of a burden you are, you ungrateful little freak? Now, at least make yourself useful and go clean the bathroom. After that you can cook lunch, Vernon will be home in an hour."

'This can't be happening,' Harry thought flabbergasted. 'Will Aunt Minerva come and rescue me from here? But she doesn't even know

that I left her quarters, nor does she know what happened to me and where I am!’ Harry just started to panic, when Petunia’s unfriendly voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

“Now hurry up freak! Don’t stand there doing nothing.”

Harry felt himself being pushed towards the stairs and quickly ran upwards to clean the bathroom. He was so engrossed in his work that he didn’t hear his aunt coming up the stairs a while later, and when the bathroom door opened with a ‘bang,’ he flinched so badly that a large amount of the cleaning agent splashed over his left hand, which immediately began to hurt immensely. ‘Owie, that hurts! What’s happening to my skin? It’s getting all red, and it feels like it’s on fire,’ he thought frightened, painfully cradling his left hand close. Knowing better than to complain, Harry quickly put the bottle away under Petunia’s piercing glare and followed his aunt’s order to hurry up and start lunch.

‘Harry, what’s wrong?’ he heard Tom’s voice, and Harry quickly thought back what had happened before he was yelled at to hurry up again.

‘Sorry, Tom, I have to cook lunch and then I’ll talk to you,’ Harry promised and started to cook the menu Petunia had ordered. However, his left hand was very sore and didn’t have the strength to hold the heavy fry pan that he needed both hands to lift. Harry watched in horror when the fry pan fell onto the clean kitchen floor before he felt something hitting his head and himself being pushed into the cupboard. Suddenly, his vision started to fail and he saw colourful stars in front of his eyes. ‘Tom, I need help, I’m hurt,’ he frantically thought.

‘Harry, you know that I don’t have a body, I cannot help you,’ Tom answered hurriedly. ‘You must talk to Severus, he will help you, child.’

‘Oh, yeah, I’ll try to reach him, he will come and rescue me,’ Harry mused and tried to bring his foggy mind to concentrating on his godfather. ‘Uncle Severus, can you hear me, I need help,’ he managed to think before he passed out.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Severus was in the Potions classroom at Hogwarts, brewing potions for the hospital wing. He nearly spilled the potion he was just stirring when he suddenly heard Harry's voice in his head. 'Uncle Severus, can you hear me, I need help.'

He quickly set the potion aside, before he thought back, 'Harry, what's wrong? Where are you? Harry? Harry! Harry, please talk to me! Where are you? What's happened?'

There was no answer, although Severus tried to reach Harry's mind several times. Now very worried, the young teacher stepped to the fireplace and called Minerva. "Minerva, where is Harry, and what's wrong with him?" he asked urgently.

"Harry? I don't know where he is, he was supposed to be here in the living room, but when I came from my office a few minutes ago he wasn't here. Why are you asking? Did he come to your quarters?"

"Unfortunately not, Minerva," Severus answered sternly. "But I received a message from him. He asked me to help him but when I asked what was wrong and where he was he didn't answer me."

Minerva gasped in horror and her face turned completely white. "Do you think Dumbledore got him and has taken him back to the Dursleys?" she asked horrified.

"I don't know, Minerva, but I'll go and check that out. In the meantime, you can call your private house-elves and ask if they can sense Harry at Hogwarts. Contact me through Arabella if you know more. I'll leave immediately."

"Wouldn't it be better if I went? I could transform into my cat form," Minerva asked unsurely.

"I'm going to use your limbs as potions ingredients if you tell anyone, but I'm a snake Animagus and well able to sneak my way into a Muggle house," Severus replied smirking. With that he closed the Floo connection, summoned a few potion phials to take them with him

in case Harry was hurt and stepped into the fireplace. Only mumbling a short apology to Mrs. Figg when he strode through her house, Severus headed for Number four Privet Drive. On his way, he once more tried to speak to Harry. 'Harry, where are you? Are you at the Dursleys?' he asked urgently.

This time, he received a reply.

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Harry's mind slowly turned back to awareness when he suddenly heard Severus' voice in his mind. 'Harry, where are you?'

'At the Dursleys,' Harry thought back, surprised to hear Severus voice reply immediately, 'I'm in front of the Dursley's house. Can you open the door for me?'

'I'll try,' Harry replied, trying to fight the dizziness when he quickly got to his feet, eager to see a face belonging to someone who didn't hate him so much. On the second try, he managed to magically open the door of his cupboard and quickly walked the few steps towards the front door, where he leaned into his godfather and let out a relieved sigh. 'I like wizarding robes more than Muggle clothing; they're great to hide in. But thank God, Uncle Severus will take me back home and make me feel better.'

"Harry, are you all right? Minerva is very worried about you, so we are going to Apparate back immediately, is that okay with you?" Severus asked, trying to get a look at the child's face.

'I already heard that expression once today, but probably Aunt Minerva is really worried about me, she seems to like me a lot,' Harry thought and replied urgently, 'Yes, quickly please, before my uncle comes home.' After a short glance to see if they were alone Severus pulled the child close and headed for Hogsmeade.

As soon as the movement stopped, Harry's stomach was very upset and he quickly turned away from the teacher to empty the content of his stomach on the ground. Severus quickly pulled his wand, cleaned up everything before he looked at the child that was watching him

anxiously. "Harry, that's all right, that can happen, especially after what has happened to you. I'll take you home, and then we'll have a look at your hand, and you'll explain to me what happened. Do you agree?"

Harry slowly nodded his head, inwardly wincing at the pain the movement caused, and slowly trailed after his godfather, who stopped twice to ask him if he was all right. In spite of the child's confirmation that he was okay Severus noticed his walking speed dropping gradually, so he finally scooped up the child in his arms and carried him all the way up to Minerva's quarters. "Harry is obviously knackered and his hand is hurt; therefore, I need to put him in his bed," Severus quickly explained to his ashen-faced colleague, who visibly relaxed when she saw Harry. "I don't suppose you have Essence of Murtlap here?" Severus asked before on a shake of her head he stepped into the fireplace and called out, "Severus Snape's quarters."

A minute later, Severus was back and started taking care of Harry's hands. Harry lay still on the bed, his eyes closed, and Minerva was watching him worriedly, when he suddenly thought to her, 'I'm going to be sick.'

Minerva quickly conjured a bucket and helped Harry sit up and throw up into the bucket. Severus gave the child a piercing look. "Harry, does your head hurt?" he asked concerned when Harry lay down again. Not waiting for an answer, he carefully felt the child's forehead, noticing that Harry uncharacteristically didn't flinch at the touch. Severus turned to Minerva. "You need to call Poppy immediately, he is burning up; maybe he has other injuries that we can't see."

After a quick glance on her child, Minerva left for the fireplace, mumbling to herself, "I swear Albus is going to pay for this. This afternoon, I'm going to the Ministry to speak with Millicent and ask for a trial against Albus. He's as bad as the Dursleys. He's been Headmaster for the longest time, but not anymore."

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their brilliant beta-ing!

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## 8 – GETTING NEW FRIENDS

“Poppy, I need you here immediately,” Minerva shouted into the fireplace, glad that her best friend stepped through the Floo an instant later.

“What happened? Has Severus found Harry?” Poppy asked worriedly, already rushing through into Harry’s room. “He has a concussion,” she told the others after waving her wand over her godson. “Has he told you what happened?”

“No, he didn’t say anything,” Severus answered. “Harry, can you please tell one of us what happened? We need to know what they did to you.”

Harry quickly gulped down the potions Poppy was handing him and shortly explained what had happened to Minerva, who repeated everything aloud for Severus and Poppy. “So your aunt hit you with the hot fry pan?” Minerva asked horrified.

‘I’m not sure,’ Harry thought back. ‘I only noticed something hitting my head, and it hurt so much, and then I began to see stars.’

“Then it obviously was the hot fry pan as the skin on his head is burned at one point,” Poppy said flabbergasted, shaking her head before she handed Harry another potion.

‘Oh no,’ Harry groaned inwardly. ‘They are all absolutely yucky, can’t they just let me rest until the headache goes away?’ Before he could even give Poppy the phial back, he was already asleep.

Minerva let out a relieved sigh. “Will he be all right, Poppy?”

“Yes of course, Minerva. Let him stay in bed as long as he has a fever, and then he’ll probably be fine. I don’t want him to run around, fly or do any magic for two weeks though.”

“Poppy, can you stay with Harry for a few hours, please? I need to go to the Ministry. I will not let Albus hurt Harry anymore. He willingly returned Harry to the Dursleys in spite of knowing that he would be

abused there. Therefore, he is as guilty of child abuse as the Dursleys and as such not an adequate Headmaster of Hogwarts. So I will speak to the Minister about the possibility of removing him as headmaster and maybe even have a trial against him because of child abuse.”

“That’s very good, Minerva, however, I’d like you to wait for a moment. When you brought him to Hogwarts the first time, I took photos of all the bruises and welts that covered his whole body. Moreover, I will prepare an official medical certificate that you can show the Minister. It will take me about half an hour to get everything ready.”

“All right, Poppy, thanks a lot,” Minerva replied, a relieved expression on her face.

“Minerva, I’m going to leave the Essence of Murtlap here; you’ll have to apply it every few hours. I’m going to head back to my potions lab and start brewing my potions once more; just call if you need me,” Severus said in a voice lacking all menace.

“Thank you so much, Severus,” Minerva replied gratefully.

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Nearly an hour later, Minerva was on her way to the Ministry, her robe pocket full of photos and other documentation concerning the abuse of her adopted son. She had a long conversation with the Minister, who was horrified at Minerva’s revelations.

“Minerva, I’m very sorry that the Ministry didn’t know what was happening to the poor boy. However, I promise that we are going to have a trial within a month. Unfortunately, we cannot do anything against Dumbledore until the trial, but I will prepare a document for you and send a copy to Dumbledore that you are the child’s guardian and parent and that Harry of course has the right to stay at Hogwarts with you at all times,” the Minister promised.

“But Millicent,” Minerva objected, “Dumbledore will fire me immediately, as he has already threatened to do.”

“All right, Minerva. From now until the end of the trial, Dumbledore will be granted to stay at Hogwarts but he will be suspended until the trial is completed. Until then you will be the acting Headmistress, and you can choose a Deputy to help with the work, especially as you have to teach your classes and have a child as well. Now, let’s go to Hogwarts together and speak with Dumbledore. My decision will be published in the Daily Prophet tomorrow morning, so that the whole wizarding world will know about it.”

Seeing Minerva’s anxious look, the Minister patted her friend’s shoulder and added, “Don’t worry, Minerva, even if he doesn’t go to Azkaban, he will not be reinstated as the Headmaster following the trial.”

The two women stepped through the Floo into Dumbledore’s office where the Minister explained everything to the old man and told him that he would be allowed to stay in his private quarters at Hogwarts but not be able to use his office for the time being. Dumbledore was granted twenty minutes to grab his personal belongings and leave the office. Minerva threw a Charm on the office, so that all incoming Floo connections, visitors, and owls would be diverted to her own office for the time being as she preferred to work in her own office as it gave her the opportunity to stay near Harry.

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During the next few weeks, Minerva didn’t let Harry out of her sight. Even if Dumbledore wasn’t the Headmaster anymore, he was still in the castle and Minerva was afraid that he would try to harm Harry. She transfigured one of the chairs in her office into a sofa and let Harry rest there while she worked at her desk. When Poppy finally allowed Harry to get up, Minerva provided a small table and a chair for him where he could occupy himself during the morning. In the afternoon, Poppy, Rolanda, Pomona or Severus came and took Harry out onto the grounds to play or fly. Severus also continued teaching Harry potions, which he seemed to enjoy a lot.

One day, Minerva received an owl from the Ministry informing her that the trial against Albus Dumbledore would begin on August 17th, which was still a week away. Minerva, Poppy and Severus used the

week to prepare Harry for the trial as he would be one of the main witnesses and had to participate.

‘How can I be a witness, whatever that is? I can’t speak to them,’ Harry thought to his guardian flabbergasted.

“Harry, they are informed that you aren’t able to speak, and they will either ask you questions that you can just answer with yes or no, or they will ask simple questions of which you can write the answers down on a parchment. Is that all right with you, sweetie?” Minerva asked softly, knowing how uneasy Harry must feel to speak against Dumbledore in front of the court.

‘I will try,’ Harry thought back anxiously.

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On the day of the trial, most of the Hogwarts teachers accompanied Minerva and Harry to the Ministry. The judge explained shortly, “Minerva McGonagall and Poppy Pomfrey accuse Albus Dumbledore of placing and returning Harry Potter-McGonagall to his Muggle relatives in spite of knowing about his being abused by his relatives. Professor McGonagall is the adopted parent of Harry and his guardian in the magical as well as in the Muggle world.”

As main witness Minerva was called first, and she described what she knew about the Dursley’s treatment of Harry as far as Harry’s behaviour was showing the obvious. She also explained how Dumbledore had placed Harry at the Dursleys against her explicit wishes, how he had urged her to take him back when he was very ill, even threatening to fire her if she didn’t comply, and how he had taken Harry back without telling anyone in spite of her being the child’s guardian.

Poppy explained that Harry didn’t speak because his former guardians had punished him for making any noise like speaking, how bruised his body was when they had retrieved him from the Dursleys two months ago, and how they had injured him during the hour he had spent there two weeks ago. She explained that he was malnourished, and that he was much too light and too small for his

age, which was a consequence of the malnourishment. The judge asked a few questions concerning the photos Poppy had let Minerva hand over to the Minister beforehand, before he finally asked Minerva and Poppy how they were communicating with the child.

As Minerva, Poppy and Severus had agreed in advance, Poppy explained that Harry was able to do mind talking, however so far only to his guardian and his godparents. They could have tried to hide Harry's ability but it was too dangerous in case one of them would be questioned under Veritaserum. Minerva added that Harry could write very well in spite of the fact that the Dursleys never had sent him to primary school.

Finally, the judge called Harry. He spoke in a very soft voice to the child and placed a few parchments on the table in front of Harry. "Harry, I'm afraid I have to ask you a few questions. Would it be okay for you to write the answers on the parchment? Or would you prefer and be willing to do mind talking with me?"

'I don't know if I can do that,' Harry wrote on the parchment.

"All right, then you can just write your answers or if possible nod or shake your head," the judge told him in a friendly voice and started to ask about his stay at the Dursleys.

"How is your relationship with your relatives?"

'They hate me, they always call me a freek and a noisance and say that I'm not worth the mony I cost,' Harry carefully wrote on the parchment.

"Did you have your own room, or did you share a room with your cousin?"

'I lifed in the cubord under the stairs,' Harry wrote back.

"Did you eat all meals together with your family?"

Harry shook his head. 'I recieved a piece of bread and chiese and sometimes leftovers from miels I cooked,' he wrote, carefully trying to remember the spellings.

"Have your relatives ever hurt you?"

Harry gave the judge a short nod, averting his eyes to the floor. The judge sighed. It wouldn't do much good to ask the boy further questions about his upbringings, and the abuse was already obvious from his behaviour. He decided to ask about Dumbledore.

"Do you know Professor Dumbledore?"

Harry gave him a nod, and everyone could see his face change to a frightened expression.

"Has he ever hurt you?"

Harry hesitantly shook his head. 'No, he hasn't hurt me, but he has frightened me a lot and brought me back to the Dursleys to let me get hurt,' he thought, starting to write that thought on the parchment.

"Did Professor Dumbledore know that you would be hurt at your relatives' house?"

Harry nodded determinedly. "Why would he know that?"

'Aunt Minerva and Aunt Poppy toled him and beged him to let me stey,' Harry wrote.

"I believe that's enough for the moment. May I ask you again later, Harry, if I have more questions?"

Harry gave the friendly judge a short nod, and a small smile was playing on his lips when the judge announced that they would take a thirty minute break. When everyone returned to the courtroom, which was a large Ministry room as the trial was open to the public, the other teachers were questioned until lunchtime.

After lunch, Dumbledore was questioned under Veritaserum – on the other teachers' request.

"Have you placed the child with his relatives, the Dursleys?"

"Yes, they were his only living relatives."

"Did you know that they hate the boy?"

"No, why should they hate him? Petunia is Lily's only sister, so of course she would adore her only child."

"Why did you take Harry back to his relatives?"

"I have placed blood wards around the house of Petunia and Harry that could keep Harry safe, safer than he would be at Hogwarts or elsewhere."

"Healer Pomfrey showed you Harry's injuries when he was brought to Hogwarts for the first time, didn't she?"

"Yes, but every boy gets into a fight here and there; that's nothing extraordinary."

The questioning continued for more than two hours, and Harry was getting very frustrated. 'Why is he able to tell such lies after taking Veritaserum? Uncle Severus told me that Veritaserum would force everyone to tell the truth,' he thought confused.

Suddenly, a phoenix appeared in a flash of fire in the middle of the court room and a murmur spread around the room. The judge stood and asked, "Could someone tell me why we have a phoenix in our midst? Whom does the phoenix belong to?"

Dumbledore turned to the bird. "It's my familiar, Fawkes, sir."

Fawkes determinedly shook his head and flew over to Severus. Under the watchful eyes of hundreds of wizards and witches, the beautiful phoenix perched himself on Severus Snape's shoulder, letting out a beautiful trill.

The judge addressed Dumbledore. “What does that mean?”

Dumbledore shrugged. “I’m sorry, but I don’t know, I couldn’t understand what he was saying. Fawkes, come here, what’s wrong?”

At that instant, Severus stood up and turned to the judge. “Fawkes just spoke to me, sir, and told me that he chose to be my familiar from now on as a phoenix is a purely good creature and he cannot stay together with a man whose intentions are not pure of heart but partly evil. He also advised me to tell you that Professor Dumbledore took an antidote for the Veritaserum before coming here to testify.”

With that, a huge commotion started throughout the courtroom until the judge shouted, “Silence!”

Harry was very confused. ‘What does that mean? Why did the phoenix suddenly change his owner? I thought he was bonded to Dumbledore. That’s really strange; I have to ask Uncle Severus about it later. I wonder why only Uncle Severus is able to understand the pretty bird. It would be so great if I could also communicate with him; he seems very nice and interesting. And he is beautiful,’ Harry thought, looking at the gorgeous bird in awe.

The judge quickly conferred with his colleagues until he addressed the room again. “I have reasons to believe what the phoenix says. Therefore, we will continue this trial at a different time, Friday next week, August 28th, at nine o’clock in the morning. Professor Dumbledore, you will be expected at the Ministry exactly twenty-four hours earlier, on Thursday, August 27th, at nine o’clock in the morning. This session is adjourned.”

Harry groaned inwardly. ‘So we will have to come here again next week. Will they question me about the Dursleys again? I hope they only ask Dumbledore questions, and hopefully they will find a way to let him say the truth.’

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Back at Hogwarts, Harry remembered that he still didn't have a clue how to help Tom. Due to the excitement about the trial he hadn't give the matter a lot of thought, but now he intended to do something to help his friend. A few days after the trial, Harry sat in Minerva's office, trying to complete a math assignment Minerva had given him in the morning when his thoughts turned to Tom. Seeing that Minerva was busily answering letters, he decided to speak to his friend. 'Tom, can you hear me?'

'Of course, hello Harry,' Tom replied immediately.

Harry sighed. 'Tom, I don't know how to help you, I need help; do you think I can tell Uncle Severus about you and ask him for help? Or would it be better to ask Aunt Minerva or Aunt Poppy?'

Tom's answer, again, came instantly. 'Severus will definitely be better. I hope you can convince him that you managed to rid me of my evil.'

'All right, Tom, I'll try. I will tell you about my talk with Uncle Severus later.' Harry sat back in his chair and relaxed before he took his quill back in his right hand. 'Hmm, should I try to talk to Uncle Severus now?' he mused.

"Is everything all right, sweetie? Are you having problems?" Minerva asked alerted by the absence of the sound of Harry's quill scratching over his parchment.

'No Aunt Minerva, sorry, I was just thinking,' Harry quickly thought to his guardian, who was giving him a concerned glance. He decided to wait until they were eating lunch in the Great Hall. While he picked at his food during lunch, he thought to Severus, 'Uncle Severus, I would like to speak with you about something. Do you have time for me?'

"Minerva, I thought about taking Harry today, so that he could help me brew some potions for the hospital wing," Severus spoke up, raising an eyebrow at Harry, who threw him a grateful smile.

"It's all right with me if Harry wants to," Minerva agreed, and Harry nodded eagerly.

Down in the dungeons, Harry told a very astonished Severus everything about his conversations with Tom. The teacher was very reluctant to believe what Tom had told Harry, but let himself be convinced by Harry to at least try to talk with Tom. After a conversation with Tom, Severus agreed to help Harry find a solution to get a new body for Tom. Severus suggested that he and Harry should go to the library to look for an adequate book to help them. Together with his godfather, Harry skimmed through several books Severus had chosen from one of the shelves in the restricted section.

"This is a very difficult task," Severus sighed, putting another book on the pile of books they had deemed not useful. "Harry, what's wrong?" he asked, noticing that Harry was squirming on his chair.

'I have to go to the toilet,' Harry told him, blushing.

"That's no problem, Harry. There are toilets just outside the library a few steps down the hall. Shall I accompany you?"

'No thank you, I'll be all right,' Harry thought back and hurriedly left the library. Two minutes later, he had just stepped into the hall, when he heard a shout and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Harry Potter! Stay where you are!" Harry turned around to see the old Headmaster heading towards him. Strong hands reached out for him, and the child suddenly vanished from sight.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 9 – HELPING TO OVERCOME

Harry tried hard not to panic. ‘What am I going to do? What will he do to me? I have to make myself invisible somehow, at least so that the old coot cannot see me anymore!’ He didn’t know how it did it, but somehow he simply turned invisible and he fled straight to the library. ‘That went really well, but now I have to make myself visible again. Maybe I could try to make myself look different so that he won’t recognise me,’ he mused. Harry turned visible again, but this time, he looked different than before; in fact he looked like a younger version of his godfather.

‘Uncle Severus, I’m hiding from Dumbledore. Now I look like you; can you tell him I’m your nephew or something?’ he urgently thought to Severus, who threw him a shocked glance but nodded approvingly.

A moment later, Dumbledore entered the library. Seeing Severus, he stepped over to the man. “Severus, I was looking for Harry; have you perhaps seen the boy?”

Severus shook his head before he answered, “No sir, I haven’t seen Potter. May I introduce my nephew Silas to you; he is visiting for the day and might be coming to visit me from time to time as his mother is very ill. It’s all right, Silas, you don’t have to hide,” he said to Harry, who was hiding in his godfather’s robes. “I’m sorry, Albus, Silas is very shy.”

Fortunately, the old man quickly left the library, leaving Severus and Harry alone. “Harry! You’re able to shape shift. Did you know that it’s an extremely rare power? Can you change into any shape you want?”

Harry gave him an anxious look. ‘I’m sorry; I didn’t know that I can do it. I was just so scared of the old coot that it just sort of happened. I have no idea how I did that and if I can do it again.’

“Harry,” Severus replied sternly. “You needn’t be sorry, it’s a great ability, and I’m sure that you will be able to figure out how to use it. The only advice that I can give you is to use it wisely. I can try to help or advise you; however, we will have to finish here for today and head to the Great Hall for dinner, otherwise your Aunt Minerva and Aunt

Poppy will have my head. If you want me to help you, you can come to my quarters in the morning. Provided that Minerva doesn't have other plans; I will speak to her tonight. If she agrees I will collect you after breakfast."

'Thanks a lot, Uncle Severus, I'd appreciate that very much,' Harry replied quickly.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

"Harry is a what?!" Minerva asked flabbergasted. "A shape shifter?"

Severus smirked, seeing his colleague's shocked expression. "Yes, he managed to turn himself into a younger version of myself, telling me he was hiding from Dumbledore as my nephew, which I introduced him as to the old coot."

"What else can that child do? Mind talking, shape shifting..." Minerva started to list Harry's abilities, adjusting her glasses nervously, "what will be next, an Animagus?"

"It could be very useful, Minerva; therefore, I've promised to practise with him tomorrow morning if you approved. I assume you don't have time yourself to help him," Severus stated, raising an eyebrow.

Minerva sighed. "I feel really bad that I can't be there for Harry as much as I would like at the moment, because I have so much work. I've promised him that I won't take the permanent position as Headmistress; they have to look for someone else. Harry doesn't complain, but I'm sure he would prefer that I had more time for him. It will be bad enough when school starts and I have to teach during the day."

"Maybe you should think about hiring a teacher for him?" Severus suggested.

"Do you know someone, who could teach a child that doesn't speak? I mean, Harry is very bright and alert, and he'll be able to learn easily, but it should be someone he feels comfortable with, so that he'd at least mind talk with them." Minerva thoughtfully looked at the picture

Harry had drawn a few days ago, and suddenly made a decision. “I will speak with Augusta Longbottom and ask who is teaching Neville. The two boys have become such good friends, maybe they could learn together as well.”

“I don’t believe it would be in Harry’s best interest to have lessons with other children, at least not until he feels comfortable enough to speak.”

“Hmm, maybe you’re right, Severus,” Minerva sighed before she sat up straight and looked excited. “What about Remus Lupin? I don’t know what he’s doing at the moment, but as it is so difficult for him to find a permanent position, maybe there’ll be a chance that he is available. During the full moon, I can take Harry to class with me,” she added with a look at her colleague’s sceptical expression.

While Minerva sat down and wrote a letter to Remus Lupin, Severus headed to the library in order to collect as much information as possible about shape shifting.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry and Minerva were just eating breakfast, when the school owl Minerva had sent to Remus the evening before returned with a parchment attached to its foot. Harry couldn’t help giggling when the owl made a crash-landing onto the breakfast table, one foot on his plate, and the rest of him in a bowl of porridge. Minerva quickly took the letter off the owl, before she fed it with a piece of bacon. Harry carefully cleaned the mess off the funny owl, as Minerva excitedly opened the letter.

手紙始め

Dear Minerva,

Thank you very much for your letter and for your offer to become Harry’s teacher. The news that Harry doesn’t speak was a huge shock, considering how much he talked as a little tyke. I remember

babysitting him as a one-year-old, and he hardly ever stopped talking about anything and everything under the sun.

I would be glad to accept the position as Harry's teacher starting September 1st onwards. As suggested I will see you in your office today around 4:00 p.m. I'm looking forward to seeing you and Harry once again.

Remus Lupin

手紙終り

Minerva let out a relieved sigh, and noticing that Harry gave her a curious look, explained to the child, "Harry, do you remember Remus? He was a good friend of your parents." When Harry shook his head, she continued, "You know, in two weeks school is going to start and I'll have to teach classes during the day. Therefore, I am considering hiring a teacher for you, who will teach you primary studies during the day. In fact, I have been thinking about this for quite a while, until I had the idea to ask Remus if he would have time to teach you, and he has just agreed."

'Wow, that's too cool. I'm going to learn school stuff just like normal kids,' Harry thought excitedly and threw his guardian a happy smile.

"I see you like the idea," Minerva stated, giving Harry a slightly disappointed look. She had hoped so much that he would start feel comfortable enough to speak in her presence.

'Oh, she wants me to speak; that's why she looks so sad,' Harry thought, busily cuddling the stuffed dragon that was sitting on his lap. 'Yes, Aunt Minerva, I love the idea. I'm very happy. I want to learn everything I can,' Harry thought to her enthusiastically before he stood from his seat and ran around the table only to hesitantly put both arms around his guardian, hugging her carefully. A very faint "Thank you" travelled into Minerva's ears, and she gave her small son a happy glance.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

They had just finished breakfast when Severus stepped through the Floo to pick Harry up. After a short conversation between the two teachers, Severus and Harry left Minerva's quarters to walk to the dungeons to help Harry find his way around the huge castle.

"Now, what do you want to do first, brew a potion or practise shape shifting?" Severus asked, smirking at the child that looked absolutely eager to learn something.

'I don't mind as long as you teach me something,' Harry mused, directing his thoughts to his godfather, while he unconsciously played with a small crayon in his robe pocket.

"All right, in that case we'll start with shape shifting as it will probably take a lot of energy. We can brew a potion later if you feel up to it." He remained pensive for a moment, recalling what he read the evening before, before he continued, "Now, can you try to change your hair colour?"

'Hmm... I want my hair to become pink, but how do I do that?' Harry mused, astonished when Severus gave him an approving look.

"Very good, although I believe we have to give some thought to your choice of colour."

Harry blushed deeply, as it was only with his godfather's words he knew that he had managed the change. 'All right, maybe green is better,' he mused, a small smile playing on his lips.

"That is more agreeable," Severus said immediately, and Harry somehow knew that this expression equalled a huge compliment. "All right Harry, can you transform your whole body again like you did yesterday?"

Harry thought of his godfather's younger form, willing himself to shift into the form he had the day before. He slowly started to shift but then felt his head starting to hurt and fell back into his seat exhaustedly.

“Harry, are you all right?” Severus asked worriedly, giving the child a piercing look.

‘Yes, it’s just very tiring,’ Harry thought back, rubbing his forehead to get rid of the headache.

Severus sighed. “You probably tried to shift your whole body at once and that took out too much of your magic. You have to do it gradually. First you think of changing your eyes, then your nose, hair, and so on until one at a time until you have changed completely. I think that may make it a bit easier.”

Harry gave him an enquiring glance. ‘But yesterday, I changed and became invisible all at once, and very quickly,’ he protested weakly.

“Yes, but at that time you were in full panic mode and that gave you the energy you needed to successfully perform the transformation and not use up so much of your magical reserve,” Severus explained before he summoned a light Pepperup potion and held it to Harry’s lips. “Here, drink a sip of that, it will help. When you get used to transforming, it will probably become easier and faster.”

Five minutes later, a miniature version of Severus was standing in front of the teacher. “Congratulations Harry, you did a great job,” he commended. “Now can you transform into a younger version of your adopted mother?”

Harry very slowly transformed according to the challenge. “All right Harry, that works. Now, change back slowly, and that will be enough for today. We don’t want you to deplete your magic, now do we?” Severus stated and watched the child in awe, careful to keep his face void any emotions, while Harry slowly transformed back to his normal self. “Harry, look at me,” he ordered the child sternly, and when Harry complied he continued, “I don’t want you to try that on your own. You may only practise to shape shift when Aunt Minerva, Aunt Poppy or I are with you. Can you promise me that?”

‘Yes,’ Harry replied hesitantly, not really sure if he would be able to keep the promise as it seemed too tempting to try every now and then.



## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry was just drawing a picture of two lions after Minerva had read a story to him, where a boy called Harry became friends with a lion cub and his mummy, when the fireplace flared and a man stepped out carefully. Harry threw him a curious but anxious look, until he noticed, 'That's Uncle Moo-ey!' Faster than the adults noticed he scrambled onto his feet, happily ran around the table and quickly slung his arms around the man's stomach, whispering, "Uncle Moo-ey!"

Remus picked the child up, holding him so that he could look straight into the green eyes. "Yes Harry, it's me, Uncle Moony! I'm glad you recognised me."

Minerva gave the two young people in front of her an amused look before she ushered Remus to take a seat and called a house-elf to order tea and biscuits. 'That's Remus, so it's Uncle Moony who's going to teach me,' Harry mused, not believing his luck, and gave the man a happy glance while he returned to his painting.

The two adults talked for a while before Minerva turned to Harry. "Now, Harry, would you like Remus to teach you during the school year?"

Harry glanced from one to the other. 'Of course I want Uncle Moony to teach me,' he beamed inwardly while he let out a small "Yes."

Minerva turned to Remus. "Remus, Harry obviously adores you." Then she carefully put a hand on Harry's shoulder and said, "I'm very proud of you, sweetie."

Too soon for Harry's liking, it was time for Remus to return home. Harry threw the man a huge smile and handed him the picture he had been drawing before. "Oh, is that for me?" Remus asked, and Harry gave him a shy smile. He didn't know why but something made him keep close to Aunt Minerva while Remus examined the lions on the picture. "You can draw very well, Harry, and you can also write very well too. Good Job!" Remus commended him, looking in awe at the lions that Harry had named 'Uncle Muney' and 'Harry'.

Harry shifted uncomfortably at the praise and averted his eyes to the floor while the visitor stepped into the fireplace, promising to return on September 1st directly after breakfast.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Over the next few days, Harry spent a lot of time with Severus, practising his shape shifting abilities and brewing potions for the hospital wing. Harry had already learned a lot about potions ingredients, and Severus was proud of his godson, who seemed to be very adept at potions. Of course he would never admit the fact to the boy though. Severus also noticed that he had started to enjoy the child's quiet presence.

Harry loved being together with Severus as well. 'I really like to spend time with Uncle Severus. He teaches me so many cool things about potions.' In spite of his mean appearance, the man was very friendly to him, and 'He always answers all my questions too.' Harry liked helping his godfather to brew potions, and he loved his new found ability to change his appearance.

In the meantime, it took Harry less time and less magical energy to transform into a completely different person. One day, Severus, who had read everything about shape shifting that he could find in the library, suggested, "Harry, it might be difficult, but would you like to try to transform into an animal?"

Harry gave his godfather an anxious look. 'Transform into an animal? Why would I want to do that? It would be cool to be able to change like that. Will that even be possible?' he thought a bit frightened, suddenly noticing that Severus was watching him expectantly. 'Oh, yes, why not? Do you think it's possible?' he sent his thoughts to the man.

"Would I have suggested it if I didn't think it was possible?" Severus asked back, raising an eyebrow.

Harry felt his face getting red. 'Of course, he wouldn't have suggested it if he didn't think so, but what if I won't be able to transform back?

Maybe it will be so tiring that it doesn't work twice,' Harry worried, absentmindedly playing with the freely swinging tail of the dragon on his sweatshirt.

"Harry, what's wrong?" Severus enquired. "Are you worried that you fail and transform into something strange?" He gave his godson a piercing look. "Harry, look at me. You know that you will always be able to transform back into your normal form, don't you?"

'Um... yes, but I thought maybe it'll be too difficult to transform into an animal, and I'm not sure if I can just transform into any animal I want to become? Will I be able to transform back from any form I become? And what if it's so tiring that I don't have enough magic to transform back,' Harry hesitantly shared his thoughts.

"All right, Harry. You've already done a few transformations today, so maybe we should leave it until tomorrow morning when you feel fresh and are well rested. Then it shouldn't be a problem. You can begin to shift like you did when you shifted into other human forms when you began to practice shifting. When you start to practice tomorrow just begin to think of the arms of the animal and change your arms first, then think of the legs and transform your legs and so on, until you're comfortable to transform completely. I will be here and keep an eye on you, and in the worst case scenario, your Aunt Minerva will always be able to transfigure you back, but I'm sure that won't be needed."

Seeing that Harry was still looking anxious, Severus added, "Harry, you don't have to do it if you don't want to. Think about it until tomorrow, child. Now, shall we brew potions or would you prefer to go to the library in order to do some more research on how to help your friend Tom?"

'I'd love to brew potions, but we really have to try to find something to help Tom,' Harry thought back.

The edges of Severus' mouth pulled slightly up when he looked at the child and replied, "If that's so then let's brew potions today, and we can go to the library tomorrow."

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Near midnight, Minerva checked on Harry and went to bed, where she read a few pages in her book before extinguishing the light. She was nearly asleep, when a cry that could only have come from Harry's room could be heard through the open doors. In an instant Minerva was at his side, noticing that the child was thrashing around in his bed, crying silently. She carefully shook his shoulder, calling, "Harry, wake up, sweetie, it's all right, it's only a dream."

'Oh, but it was such a scary dream, and it was so real as if it really happened, and I saw my mummy die,' Harry thought sadly. It took a few minutes until Harry finally opened his tear-stricken eyes, a frightening expression on his face. "Harry, what's wrong? Did you have a nightmare?" Minerva asked softly.

Harry gave her a short nod, while his right hand travelled to his scar that hurt from the dream. 'I saw the night when my mummy died,' he thought to Minerva, feeling very comforted that she sat down on the edge of his bed. "Do you want to talk about what you saw, Harry?" Minerva asked, and Harry shook his head, wincing a little as his scar still hurt. Noticing the small wince, Minerva called a house-elf and asked for a glass of warm milk, laced with a sip of a pain relieving potion that popped up on Harry's night table a minute later.

Harry sat up and drank the milk, while he was busily cuddling his dragon with the other hand. When he had finished the milk, noticing that the pain in his scar had receded completely, he gave Minerva a pleading look and asked, 'Can you read me a story please?'

"Of course, my child," Minerva replied and picked up Harry's favourite book of Harry and his dragon and slowly began reading the story to the child that lay down again and put a thumb into his mouth while his other hand was still cuddling the dragon close. Only two pages into the story, Harry's breathing evened and he was fast asleep.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the morning, Severus once more tried to coax Harry into trying to shift shape into an animal. 'What animal should I try to change into at first?' Harry asked the teacher.

Severus sighed and began to explain, "As far as I know from the books, you should have one animal shape that will feel comfortable and familiar for you just as your normal human form. You should just try to think of being an animal and feeling comfortable, and you should be able to automatically change into that form. Afterwards you can try out other forms of course."

Harry tried to comply and indeed managed to transform into an animal that, 'It's just as Uncle Severus said. It feels comfortable and familiar,' Harry thought. Green eyes gave the teacher a questioning look, while Severus let out an uncharacteristically huge gasp and looked up from the book he was reading, slowly letting the book sink onto his lap. "Harry, I have no idea what kind of animal you are," he said, a confused and shocked expression spreading over his normally blank face.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic made by my son Skippy on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 10 – THE FOOLISH OLD MAN

Severus gave his godson a piercing look. “Harry, are you able to walk in your animal form? If so you should step in front of the mirror and get a good look at yourself in order to know what to look for as I can imagine that we will need to look through a lot of books about magical animals in the library before we’re able to find out what your form truly is. I have never seen such an animal.”

Severus and Harry spent the rest of the day in the library, only interrupted by a quick break to the Great Hall for lunch. Suddenly, Severus gasped, pointing to the page he was just looking at. “Harry, you’re a Chameguise! You’ll possibly be able to help Tom, with this form.” He pointed out the information about a Chameguise, raising an eyebrow at his godson, who gave him an enquiring look. “Listen, Harry,” he continued and started to read aloud from the ‘Encyclopaedia of Rare Magical Creatures’.

辞典始め

### Chameguise

The Chameguise is the magical equivalent to the chameleon in the Muggle world with the additional abilities of the Demiguise, the provider of the invisibility cloak (refer to Demiguise). The Chameguise is said to be able to shift its shape to any other magical or non-magical animal, able to change its colour and form, turn invisible, and to duplicate itself. It is extremely rare and therefore it is not a well-known animal and may have abilities that have yet to be discovered.

辞典終わり

Harry stared in awe at the professor. ‘That’s the description of me when I’m an animal? Impossible,’ he thought. ‘That would be too good to be true. But... Uncle Severus said I could help Tom with the animal. How would I do that? Hmm.’

“Harry?” Severus called the child, slowly getting impatient to know why Harry didn’t show any reaction to the information about the

fabulous animal he was able to transform into. "What's wrong, child? Shouldn't you be dancing around the room with joy?"

'Ah, but do you really believe I have all these abilities?' Harry thought to his godfather doubtfully. 'Plus, you said I could help Tom, but I don't know how.'

"According to the encyclopaedia you should be able to duplicate yourself," Severus answered and explained patiently, "As far as I've understood from what you told me Tom just needs a body. If you duplicated yourself, as the book says it wouldn't take half of you but multiply you so that it wouldn't hurt you to give one of the two parts away. Then Tom could use the second animal."

Noticing that Harry was looking at him in awe and understanding, Severus continued, "As far as I can imagine Tom would have all your abilities as well as your features..."

'Then he would look like me?' Harry interrupted the teacher with a quick thought.

"Yes, but he can shape-shift like you, right? So he could shift himself into his own features at any time." He leaned forward so that his face came very close to Harry's and gave him an intense look. "Harry, you do not need to do that if you don't want to. Also, I have to speak with Tom before you do anything to help him, we have to be sure that you have really cleansed him of the evil he was before."

'Can you talk to him then before we try out any more?' Harry thought back.

"No, Harry, unfortunately I cannot contact him as he is just a soul. He has to contact me," Severus replied, slightly shaking his head.

'Tom, can you hear me?' Harry thought to his friend urgently.

'Hello Harry, yes I can hear you, how are you?' Tom's answer came immediately.

‘We have found a way to help you get your body back but Uncle Severus wants to speak with you first. Can you contact him now?’ Harry’s thoughts were fast and excited.

Tom and Severus both stayed quiet for a few minutes. ‘Ah, they are probably talking to each other,’ Harry thought relieved and tiredly leaned back in his seat. After his nightmare the night before he had slept but it hadn’t been a calm or refreshing sleep, and now he was becoming really tired.

By the time Severus turned back to Harry, the child was already asleep. Severus sighed and carefully shook Harry’s shoulder. “Harry, I need you to wake up now. Are you feeling all right?” he added when Harry startled opened his eyes.

‘Yes, I’m just tired,’ Harry thought back. ‘We don’t have to do that now, do we?’

“No, we can’t. You know that you have to be really fit and well rested to do the transformation. Maybe you can tell Tom that you’re too tired to do it right now and that you will contact him whenever you’re able to help him. Harry, I want you to transform, duplicate yourself and transform back before you call him to come anyway to make sure that you’ll be safe,” Severus replied sternly. “Now let’s head to the Great Hall; it’s time for dinner.”

Harry groaned. ‘Can I just return home? I’m too tired to eat right now,’ he thought back a bit whiny.

Severus threw the child a thoughtful look. Normally, he didn’t sound so cranky and he always attended meals, even if he didn’t eat much. “Harry, are you feeling ill?” he finally asked. “Maybe I should have Aunt Poppy check on you quickly.”

“No!” Harry replied very upset, not caring that he spoke aloud. “I’m fine,” he added in the same way.

Severus smirked and replied sternly, “If you’re fine, then you’ll accompany me to the Great Hall for dinner. Come on, let’s go.” He quickly made a copy of the page about the Chameguise and headed



for the door, making sure that Harry was following him, even if a bit slowly.

ああ大変でした

After dinner, Harry went to bed immediately, and Severus, Poppy, and Minerva sat together for a while talking about Harry and his abilities. Severus showed them the parchment about the Chameguise, shocking his colleagues with the unexpected news.

“At least, it can help Harry hiding from Albus if necessary,” Minerva stated dryly.

“Now, Minerva, he’ll probably be going to Azkaban tomorrow,” Poppy told her friend calmly. “At least he won’t be here in the school any longer.”

As soon as the two ladies had adjusted to the news about Harry’s abilities, Severus told them about Tom, eliciting a huge gasp from the women.

“Tom Riddle AKA Voldemort, You-Know-Who?” Minerva questioned flabbergasted. “Harry is talking to him through the scar? I can’t believe it. Are you sure, Severus?”

“Oh my, just think about what he could do to the child,” Poppy added no less shocked than her friend.

“It’s all right, I’ve talked to him as well, and it seems that Harry although he didn’t know what he was doing somehow by an unknown power managed to cleanse him and talk to him in his mind like to an imaginary friend. Tom was obviously pulled forward to aid Harry by speaking to him when he was so ill and couldn’t talk to anyone. Anyway, Harry seems to have vanquished the evil that possessed Tom, and brought forth all the good that he should have had if the evil had not consumed him.” Severus explained patiently to his now stunned friends.

“Oh, by the way, I have discovered a way to make Harry speak,” Severus continued, smirking. “He fell asleep in the library and was

very whiny, telling me he was tired and didn't want dinner, so I suggested to him to let Poppy check on him because he might be ill. He became so upset that he replied aloud."

"Yes, it's the emotions," Minerva said thoughtfully. "I've noticed before that he spoke when he was expressing his emotions about something."

"Nevertheless, I forbid you to anger the child just to make him speak. Harry is very delicate, and you have to be careful with him," Poppy spoke up sternly, glaring daggers at Severus before she turned to Minerva. "Is something wrong with Harry? I noticed that he looked tired and hardly ate anything at dinner."

Minerva sighed. "I don't think so. Last night, he had a nightmare about the night his parents died. He fell asleep fairly quickly after a glass of warm milk laced with a sip of a pain reliever for the pain in his scar but maybe he didn't sleep well even after that. It could also be that he was too worked up because of his animal form or because he knows that the trial against Albus will take place tomorrow. I think he's all right."

今度こそ頑張りました

In the morning, Harry woke up early. A glance at his clock told him that it was only six o'clock in the morning. 'I feel fresh and well rested, so maybe now is the perfect time to try and help Tom,' Harry thought eagerly, quickly jumping out of his bed. 'Tom, I think we could try it out now,' Harry thought to his friend.

'Are you sure, Harry?' Tom asked back. 'I don't want you to hurt yourself or put yourself into danger just to help me. Is Severus with you now?'

'No, should he be?' Harry questioned in spite of knowing that he shouldn't try to change into his animal form on his own.

'Yes Harry, please only try when Severus is with you,' Tom replied in a very stern voice.

Harry sighed and thinking of his godfather asked, 'Uncle Severus, are you awake? I'd like to try to help Tom now!'

'Now? Where are you, Harry?' he received a sleep-stricken thought in return.

'I'm in my room; should I come to your quarters?'

'I don't know if Tom will be able to enter Hogwarts, so let's meet in the Entrance hall,' Severus answered.

うまく行くと良いなあ

Ten minutes later, Harry met Severus in the Entrance hall. The professor gave him a piercing look. "Are you feeling well enough to try today, Harry?"

Harry gave back an excited, "Yes!" already heading outside before he asked, 'Where are we going, Uncle Severus?'

"Let's go in the direction of Hagrid's hut so that we won't be seen from the castle. I know that hardly anyone is there but nevertheless..."

Five minutes later, Harry had transformed into his Chameguise form. "Harry, are you still feeling fit enough to try to duplicate yourself?" Severus asked, and Harry gave him a small nod. "All right then, do you want to give it a try?"

Harry gave him another nod. 'Hmm, I have no idea how I'm supposed to do that. Do I just have to think about being there twice? All right, I'll just have to try. Uncle Severus is with me, so if something happens he'll be here to help me,' Harry tried to assure himself before he abandoned all other thoughts and tried to duplicate himself. But he was still so unstable on his four small legs that he kept stumbling and it distracted him too much to concentrate on the task ahead. 'Uncle Severus, I can't concentrate. I keep thinking I'm going to fall over.'

Severus smirked and raised an eyebrow at the small but powerful animal in front of him. "Harry, maybe if you lie down and make

yourself comfortable on the ground it might help?" he asked softly, noticing how his godson was obviously struggling to stay on his feet.

'No, that doesn't work. Maybe I have to duplicate one part of my body after the other like before,' Harry thought desperately thinking of himself with a second head. Immediately, his vision became unfocused and he felt very sick. He couldn't even think properly anymore.

Severus looked horrified at the animal with the two heads in front of him. "No, Harry, that doesn't work. You have two heads now. Can you wish one head away?"

'I have to... what's that over there... try to... where's Hagrid going... to vanish... I didn't know that... I'm going to be sick... he can Apparate...' Harry's thoughts were going haywire. He somehow managed to push his heads up from the ground and emptied the contents of his stomach through both mouths onto the ground before he let out two deep sighs and lay back on the ground to rest.

Severus quickly scourgified the mess and sat next to his godson, giving him a worried look. "Harry, can you try to change back into your human form?" he asked softly, feeling slightly uncomfortable as four green eyes were looking at him desperately.

Ten minutes later, Harry's condition hadn't yet changed at all. Severus sighed. "So, I assume that you're not able to change back by yourself at the moment," he said pensively, watching the two heads piercingly in order to notice every possible reaction but nothing happened. "Harry, can you show me which of the heads your normal head is?" Severus tried again, and this time, Harry's left foreleg pointed to the left head.

"Very good, Harry. Now, I'm going to try to stun your right head, so that you can get your thoughts in order and transform back," Severus said pensively, hoping that it would work. When he didn't receive any reaction from Harry, he stood up and raised his wand pointing it at the animal's right head, noticing that the animal was trying to get up but at the same time pushing itself down to the ground and that the right head's green eyes were glaring daggers at him. Not wanting to hurt

his godson he threw a very mild Stunning Spell at the right head, glad to see the head fall onto the ground with a shocked look on its face.

Harry groaned. 'I don't know what happened but I still feel uncomfortable and sick. But at least I'm able to think properly again. So, what was it that I was going to do?' he mused lazily.

"Harry, can you just try to change back into your human form if you cannot get rid of your second head?" his godfather's calm voice penetrated his ear.

'I'll try,' Harry thought back, before he once more tried to concentrate on his shape shifting task.

Ten minutes later, Harry transformed back into his human form, sobbing silently. 'I'm sorry, Uncle Severus, I don't know how to duplicate myself. I've tried so many times, but it just won't work. I'm sorry.'

Severus stepped over to the child and lowered himself onto the ground next to him and carefully pulling him into an embrace. He was glad that the boy only slightly flinched at the touch. "Harry, it's all right. Tom just has to wait, that's no problem. You just need to practise for a while until you'll be able to duplicate yourself. Remember you're the only Chameguise, so nobody is able to teach you. All right now, let me take you back to your quarters, otherwise Aunt Minerva will be very worried when she wakes up and you're not there. We can try again tomorrow morning."

When Harry didn't move, Severus gave him a worried look. "Harry, what's wrong? Are you still feeling sick?"

'Yes. My head also hurts really badly. I'm sorry; it was a stupid thing to just duplicate my head,' Harry replied faintly.

"All right, then let me carry you back to your room, and I'll give you a potion to make you better, all right?" Not waiting for an answer as Harry's eyes were closed he scooped up the child and carried him up to Gryffindor.

Ten minutes and a few potions later, Harry was soundly asleep in his bed, while Severus explained the morning's events to a very upset Minerva. "I'm only glad that you were with him, Severus; thanks for your help," she said finally.

"No problem, Minerva; Harry knows that he can only do such experiments when one of us is with him, and believe me after what happened today he will never try such a thing on his own," Severus assured his friend in his calming, silky voice.-

さあ何が起きるでしょう

Harry slept until Minerva woke him up in time to go to the Ministry for Dumbledore's second trial. The trial took place in the same room where it had been held the week before and was again open to the public. At first, the judge repeated the charges and explained that Dumbledore had to be questioned again as he had obviously been taking an Antidote for the Veritaserum the week before. He also made clear to the audience that Dumbledore had already spent twenty-four hours at the Ministry and had been administered a potion that cleared any Antidote he may have taken from his system. As everyone else had already been questioned, this time only Dumbledore needed to be questioned. After being administered the Veritaserum, the judge asked about the same questions that he had already asked the last time.

"Did you place the child with his relatives, the Dursleys?"

"Yes, they were his only living relatives, and I wanted the boy to grow up in the Muggle world, far away from his fame."

"Did you know that his relatives hate the boy?"

"Not really, I only knew that they hate Magic, and that Lily hated her sister."

"Why did you take Harry back to his relatives?"

"I wanted him to grow up there. I needed Harry to grow up as a helpless boy with his relatives, who hate him. I wanted to rescue him

when it was time for him to come to Hogwarts and I wanted it to be me that helped him vanquish later Voldemort.”

“Healer Pomfrey showed you Harry’s injuries when he was brought to Hogwarts for the first time, didn’t she?”

“Yes, but the Dursleys did just as I told them. I told them they could do whatever they wished as long as it wouldn’t harm his magic that will be necessary later to vanquish Voldemort.”

“Do I understand you correctly? You left the boy with his relatives to be hurt so that you could be the one to rescue him and assure yourself of his trust and help later on?”

“Exactly.”

‘How stupid did he think I was? I’d have surely noticed later on when I’d come to Hogwarts,’ Harry thought, getting very upset.

“What did the Potters’ will say about Harry? Did they want the boy to grow up with his relatives?”

“No, they wanted him to be placed with his godfather Sirius Black. But as nobody knew that he wasn’t the Potters’ Secret Keeper I managed to convince the Ministry to put him into Azkaban, and as his godmother is in St. Mungo’s none of them could take the boy in.”

“Sirius Black is innocent?” the judge asked incredulously.

“Yes. Peter Pettigrew was the Secret Keeper.”

“Who else knows about this?”

“Only I knew that they changed, and of course Voldemort but I didn’t tell anyone because I didn’t want Mr. Black to raise the boy.”

After a thirty-minutes break, the judge announced the verdict. “I hereby sentence Albus Dumbledore to the loss of his position as Headmaster as well as Professor at Hogwarts henceforth, loss of his seats on the Wizengamot and all other magical positions of power, as

well as a ten year stay at the wizarding prison Azkaban. We will fix a date for a proper trial for Sirius Black as soon as possible. You will be informed accordingly.”

The moment the judge finished his sentence, four guards for the Ministry walked over to Dumbledore in order to lead him away from the courtroom. The whole courtroom was flabbergasted when they saw the old man suddenly transform into a phoenix and flash away in a flash of fire just before the Ministry guards were able to take him into custody.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic made by my son Skippy on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.



## 11 – I WILL FOOL YOU

‘What happened to Dumbledore? What did he do? Where is he?’ Harry thought flabbergasted while a huge commotion broke out in the courtroom.

“Now, since we can’t change anything about the situation; shall we go home?” Severus spoke up, and all Hogwarts residents held on to a Portkey that delivered them home in a blink.

‘What did Dumbledore do?’ Harry thought to Minerva when they had lunch together with the other teachers in the Great Hall.

Minerva sighed and explained, “Dumbledore is a phoenix Animagus, Harry. He can transform into a phoenix like Fawkes.” She paused to allow Harry to absorb what she was telling him. “As you know from Fawkes, a phoenix can flash away, and that’s what Dumbledore did today, so that the Aurors couldn’t take him to Azkaban.”

‘So he is still running around free then? Will he come back to get me and take me back to the Dursleys?’ Harry thought horrified of the possibility.

“Don’t panic, Harry; I don’t think he will come and try to hurt you,” Minerva assured him softly.

“You can’t be sure what he’ll be up to though, Minerva,” Severus warned his colleague. “He might want to exact his revenge on all of us because it was our fault that he was denied of his position as Headmaster, as Professor, and even as Head of the Wizengamot.” He paused briefly, choosing his next words carefully. “Moreover he was sentenced to a stay in Azkaban because we arranged for him to be put on trial.”

“Harry should never be alone outside,” Pomona added worriedly.

“No, but that doesn’t make too much sense as Albus will be able to flash anywhere, even within the castle,” Minerva replied with concern.

“Can’t we put up a kind of ward that prohibits a phoenix from entering?” Poppy asked, concernedly watching her godson, whose face had turned white during the discussion going on around him.

“We can put up wards that won’t allow Albus to enter the castle or even the grounds, but I’m not sure if that will work against his phoenix form as well,” Minerva replied, giving Severus a questioning glance.

“Fawkes!” Severus called his familiar and when the phoenix appeared in a flash of flames he repeated Minerva’s question to the beautiful bird.

#No, you cannot prevent a phoenix from flashing anywhere. But if Albus flashes here into the castle, I will know immediately, and I will go to protect Harry or to prevent Albus from doing whatever he plans to do. #

“Thanks Fawkes, that’s very reassuring,” Severus replied and translated Fawkes’ promise to the others.

Harry couldn’t help staring at the phoenix. ‘Why can I understand what he’s saying? Only Uncle Severus should be able to understand because he’s his familiar,’ he wondered.

‘Uncle Severus?’ he asked hesitantly even in his mind-talking, receiving an enquiring look from his godfather. ‘I could understand what Fawkes said to you. Why am I able to understand him?’

‘That’s because of your Chameguise form. You’re able to shape shift into a phoenix as well, and I’d even suggest trying that out as soon as you have managed the prior task ahead,’ Severus replied calmly, giving his godson and encouraging nod.

“Minerva, may I suggest that we – I mean the four Heads of House – work on the wards right now?” Filius Flitwick spoke up.

Minerva sighed and turned to Poppy. “Poppy, would you mind spending the afternoon with Harry?”

“Of course we can spend the afternoon together, can't we, Harry? I was going to organize my potions shelf in preparation for the new school year, and I could use a good helper very much.” She bent down so she was eye level to Harry. “Sweetie, would you be willing to help me with that?”

Harry gave his godmother a small nod and silently followed her up to her office. Over the next three hours, he helped Poppy organizing her shelves, feeling very happy when she thanked him profoundly. ‘Aunt Poppy,’ he thought to his godmother hesitantly, ‘May I transform into the Chameguise and try to duplicate myself? I tried together with Uncle Severus this morning but I couldn't manage yet.’

Poppy gave him a worried look. “Harry, I'm not sure what problems could occur and how I would be able to help you if something happened.”

Harry sighed. ‘This morning, I tried to just duplicate my head and had two heads. I felt very sick and couldn't transform or do anything else because I had two heads thinking different things at the same time. That time Uncle Severus stunned one of my heads so that I could change back into my human form. So I have to try to duplicate my whole body at the same time, which is very difficult. Therefore, I don't think much would happen if I tried now,’ he explained.

“I'm sorry, sweetie, but after what happened this morning I think it would be better for you to rest than to try again today. It won't do you any good to deplete your magic and your energy,” Poppy said firmly and suggested, “Shall we go flying instead for a while?”

Harry's eyes started to twinkle happily and he let out a small, “Oh, yes please,” which sounded like music in Poppy's ears.

“Oh, Harry, it's so nice to hear you talk,” she commended her godson approvingly, receiving a small smile in return.

When Poppy and Harry were flying around the Quidditch pitch, Rolanda Hooch joined them and brought a Snitch with her, which to Harry's great pleasure she released. Even if he was flying on a children's broom that was smaller and a bit slower than the normal

brooms the two women were using, nearly every time he was the first to catch the small, golden ball.

“You’re absolutely brilliant!” Rolanda commended Harry after an hour of flying and catching the Snitch. “I bet you’ll be playing for your House team for at least six years,” she added smilingly.

“Definitely,” Poppy agreed before she added, “and put yourself into the hospital wing every other week.”

Harry shook his head at his godmother, laughing.

飛ぶのが大好き

In the morning, Harry met Severus in his quarters. As Harry hadn’t yet managed to duplicate himself, they had decided that he might as well practise inside the castle. This time however, Harry transformed into his Chameguise form and managed to duplicate himself immediately. He looked stunned at the second animal that was slowly walking around Severus’ living room, thinking, ‘I really managed it although I’ve no clue how I did that,’ before Severus’ voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

“Congratulations, Harry, you’ve managed to duplicate yourself. Now, I suggest you shift back into your human form and tell Tom to come to Hogwarts and meet us behind Hagrid’s hut.”

‘Okay,’ Harry thought to the teacher and changed back into his human form. ‘Tom, can you hear me? Can you come to Hogwarts behind Hagrid’s hut now immediately? Come quickly, I can help you,’ he thought excitedly.

‘Hey Harry, calm down,’ Tom replied immediately. ‘I’m in the Forbidden Forest anyway, so I can be there in two minutes.’

‘Ah all right, I think it will take us about ten minutes, so wait for us behind Hagrid’s hut,’ Harry repeated before he turned to Severus, telling him excitedly, “He’s already waiting for us, let’s go.” He was so excited that he didn’t even notice that he spoke aloud.

Severus scooped the second Chameguise and carried it and they walked up to the Entrance hall and left through the castle's main door. When they arrived behind Hagrid's hut, Severus placed the animal onto the ground, and Harry called Tom, 'Tom, where are you? We're here, and we brought a Chameguise, which is a second version of myself. So if you wish to take his body, you can do it now.'

'Thanks a lot, Harry,' Tom replied, and for an instant Severus and Harry saw a white mist above the Chameguise. They watched in awe as the mist vanished and suddenly the Chameguise shifted into a second version of Harry. A minute later, the second Harry shifted his form again, and a man stood in front of Severus and Harry.

"Hello Harry, hello Severus," he said friendly. "Thank you very much for giving me a new life."

"You seem very young," Severus said smirking.

Tom laughed. "As I was able to choose, I chose to be twenty again. Do you think it's strange?"

"No, of course not. I hope you'll use your second chance for a life wisely."

"I will definitely do that. Now please excuse me, I'd like to retire to Riddle Manor for a few days to get used to having a body again and to get used to my new abilities. Harry, you know how to contact me, right?"

Harry gave the man an anxious nod. "May I?" he asked then before he continued his thought, 'May I still mind talk to you?'

"Of course you may, Harry, we're still friends and always will be, right?"

Harry nodded enthusiastically. "Tom, I have talked with most of the Hogwarts teachers about you, and I believe it would be wise if you came to visit us once; it would help you a lot to have the support of Professor McGonagall and the other teachers. In return for their

support, you could offer to release the curse from the Defence Against the Dark Arts position,” Severus suggested.

“Oh Severus, yes, I will do that. I will contact you or Harry next week,” Tom promised and started walking down to Hogsmeade to Apparate away.

トムは本当に良い人間になったのでしょうか

Three days later was the first of September, and not only did the students come back to Hogwarts but Harry also had his first lesson that day with his Uncle Moony. Remus arrived shortly after Minerva and Harry returned from breakfast in the Great Hall. Although the students would not return to the castle until that evening, Minerva was glad to have Harry occupied as she still had to cover the position of the Headmistress until an adequate successor for Dumbledore could be found and so she was extremely busy with staff meetings and other preparations.

Remus made Harry sit at the table in the sitting room and took the seat opposite of the child. He told him that the first thing he was going to teach Harry would be math, writing, and reading. As soon as Harry managed writing, which he was already very good at, and reading, he would also teach Harry easy Charms that he could do without a wand. Harry listened excitedly. ‘Oh, I will manage writing and reading very fast,’ he decided. ‘I want to start learning Charms straight away.’

Noticing that the teacher was giving him an enquiring glance, Harry thought to the man, ‘Do I have to read aloud?’

Remus cleared his throat and replied, “Harry, I want you to speak to me. I am your teacher during our lessons and you’re my student. Now I cannot teach you properly if you won’t speak with me. So, yes, you have to read aloud. Every day, we will spend some time with each subject.” Remus looked at Harry with determination. “All right Harry; let’s start with writing today as I think that’s what you can already do best.”

Harry gave the teacher an anxious glance and replied in a very small voice, “Yes, Uncle Moony.”

Remus soon noticed that Harry couldn't only write with only a few mistakes but also read flawlessly. Harry often didn't only look at his books, as some of the teachers thought, but read through his books every now and then. Eager to start learning Charms he even complied with Remus' request and read his books aloud to his teacher; other than that however Harry didn't speak. Only when Remus forced him to reply aloud would Harry speak the necessary words but nothing more. Nevertheless, Harry enjoyed his lessons very much, and Remus and he got along very well.

'Learning with Uncle Severus is even more interesting though,' Harry thought but knew that it wouldn't be right to voice that thought at all.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

One morning, a few weeks into the school year, Harry woke up feeling unwell. He felt hot and cold at the same time and he felt nauseous. 'Oh, no, I don't want to be ill again,' he thought desperately. 'I don't want to miss my lessons with Uncle Moony, especially as it is the first time after the full moon,' he mused, trying to behave as normal as possible like the Dursleys had taught him.

When Minerva and Harry headed down to the Great Hall for breakfast, Harry thought, 'I better not sit at the Head table for breakfast, otherwise she'll know immediately that I'm not feeling well and will worry about me.' Therefore he asked, 'May I sit at the Gryffindor table with Bill and Charlie Weasley? They are very nice.'

Knowing that the two Weasley boys were indeed very nice and had even offered her to look after Harry if she was busy and needed someone to watch the child for a while, Minerva agreed. Harry sat between Charlie and Bill and more or less listened to their conversation, which turned to Quidditch. "Harry, have you ever played Quidditch?" Charlie asked him.

"Yes, I play Seeker," Harry replied, feeling his stomach churn as he spoke so many words in front of the students.

“Maybe we can fly together from time to time,” Charlie suggested, and Harry gave him a grateful nod.

‘That would be so great; I absolutely love flying,’ Harry thought but couldn’t bring himself to speak to the students again. Back in their quarters, Minerva headed to her classroom and Harry stayed in the living room waiting for Remus, who normally arrived a few minutes after the first lesson started. Suddenly, he felt his stomach churning again and quickly hurried into the bathroom to empty the content of his stomach into the toilet before he returned to his spot on the sofa just in time to see Remus step out of the fireplace.

Remus was a good teacher, and Harry had the feeling that he learned a lot during his lessons. ‘I love math and Charms the most,’ he thought, enjoying the easy Charms that Remus taught him, which Harry could practise without a wand. Today however, Harry was glad when his lessons were over and Minerva came back from her lessons with a proud smile on her face.

“Harry, Bill and Charlie told me that you spoke to them. I’m very proud of you. You even said a whole sentence in front of the other students,” she commended the boy, who blushed deeply. “Harry, the captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team also spoke to me and asked if you could watch their training and maybe participate a bit. So if you feel up to fly with the students, you may join them, however you’ll have to hurry as they’ll be leaving the common room in a few minutes.”

Harry quickly changed his clothes, took his broom and headed out to the Gryffindor common room. He enjoyed flying together with the big students, whom he adored very much, a lot and was even allowed to play Seeker against the Seeker of the Quidditch team. Harry even managed to catch the Snitch twice before the team Seeker had even spotted the Snitch. After that however, he felt his condition worsen and his stomach churn again, so he returned to the ground and told the captain, “Sorry, I’m tired, may I watch for a while instead?”

“Of course, Harry, you may do as you wish, but you’re really good. We’re going to practise every Monday, Wednesday and Friday after the last afternoon class, and you’re welcome to join us whenever you



want. It'll do our Seeker good having to play against you. I hope you'll be sorted into Gryffindor in a few years so that you can play on our team. Anyway, we have to end practice for today and head to dinner. You can join us at our House table; I don't think your mother would mind."

'My mother?' Harry thought confused, while he trailed after the team into the Great Hall. 'Oh, right, Aunt Minerva is my adopted mother; that's why she sometimes calls me son, and especially in front of others she always speaks of me as 'my son'. But does she expect me to call her 'mum'? Hmm, maybe I should ask Aunt Poppy about that,' he mused until he noticed astonished that dinner had already appeared on the table.

母さんと呼ぶべきなのかなあ

"You better take your bath right now, Harry," Minerva told him, noticing his sweaty face and flushed cheeks. "You look absolutely sweaty and sticky. I assume you had fun flying?"

"Yes," Harry answered aloud before he went back to mind thinking, 'They let me play Seeker against the team Seeker, and I managed to catch the Snitch twice.'

"Oh Harry, that's great, I'm sure the Seeker was very astonished to be beaten by a seven-year-old," Minerva smiled while she prepared Harry's bath.

That night, Minerva woke up to a small figure standing next to her bed, whimpering and shaking. "Harry, what's wrong?" she asked worriedly, pulling the child up onto her bed.

'I don't feel good,' Harry thought to Minerva, lying down in her arm.

Minerva carefully put her other hand on Harry's forehead, frowning at how hot he felt to the touch until Harry suddenly exclaimed, "I'm going to be sick."

Minerva had just time enough to wandlessly conjure a bucket before Harry emptied the content of his stomach into it. "Harry, do you feel better now?" she asked, when Harry lay back and closed his eyes.

"Yes," he said in a very small voice, and Minerva pondered if she should call Poppy but decided against it seeing that it was three o'clock in the morning so that it wasn't too long until it was time to get up anyway. She quickly gathered a stomach calming potion, the only potion she had in her quarters, and roused Harry just enough to drink the potion.

Unfortunately, the potion didn't help at all, and Harry got sick several times during the rest of the night, until Minerva became so worried that she finally called Poppy. "It's probably only the stomach flu but he seems so hot and he obviously feels dreadful," she told her friend apologizing for calling her at five o'clock in the morning.

"That's all right, Minerva, seeing that he has a fever of nearly forty (104) degrees you should have called me even earlier," Poppy replied softly and proceeded to wave her wand over Harry several times. "That's not the normal stomach flu," Poppy finally said, a grave expression on her face. "Harry has been poisoned."

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 12 - AND I ATTACK YOU

“Poisoned?” Minerva shrieked horrified, looking at the child curled up under the blanket, shivering. “But...”

“I have no idea how this happened, Minerva,” Poppy answered, trying to stay calm. “I have to take a blood sample and ask Severus to examine them. Let’s hope that he finds out quickly what poison it is, so that he can brew an antidote.” With a few professional movements she gently, with a well practiced hand magically withdrew few drops of blood from Harry’s right arm into a small potions phial, which she immediately took to the fireplace and shouted, “Severus Snape’s quarters.”

Five minutes later, Poppy returned. “Severus is analyzing the blood sample now. We will probably need to cancel at least his morning classes today. I’m sorry Minerva; I have to take Harry with me since he needs constant monitoring.”

“I’m going with Harry,” Minerva replied determined. “I’ll ask Remus to take my classes. He was very good in Transfiguration, so it shouldn’t be a problem. As soon as I’m dressed I’ll come to the hospital wing.” She turned to Harry. “Sweetie, Aunt Poppy is taking you to the hospital wing and Uncle Severus will brew a potion to help you feel better as soon as he can. I’ll be with you in a minute.”

With an effort, Harry opened his eyes just a little and mumbled, “Okay Mummy,” before his eyes closed again automatically.

The two ladies exchanged a short glance before Poppy scooped up the still too light child in her arms and took him through the Floo to the hospital wing. Minerva followed them ten minutes later and sat down at Harry’s bedside, putting his stuffed dragon into his arms.

Harry felt absolutely awful. ‘What’s wrong with me?’ he thought frightened, cuddling his dragon close. ‘It feels as if my whole inside was on fire while it’s icy cold outside.’ Suddenly he felt an icy hand on his cheek and something cold was pressed against his mouth before he could hear his godmother’s quiet voice, “Please swallow, Harry; this will hopefully help you feel better.” Only seconds later, he felt the

urge to sick up, glad that Poppy still was at his side and helped him to sit up and get rid of the potion.

“Minerva, you have to try to cool him down with a cold cloth; I need to get everything together to get the potion directly into his blood stream the Muggle way,” Poppy told her friend exasperated.

Harry felt something cool on his face when Minerva carefully whipped his face, whispering to him in a soft voice. “Hold on for a bit Harry, sweetie, I know that you don’t feel well. Try to sleep for a while; I’m right here with you.”

‘Oh, that’s good,’ Harry thought and lazily mumbled, “Feels good, thanks Mummy.”

A few minutes later, Poppy came back, “Harry, this might be slightly uncomfortable but I can get the potion directly into your blood stream so that it won’t come out immediately,” she softly explained to the child, and Minerva’s face turned white when she saw Poppy inserting a large needle into Harry’s left arm. Minerva watched as Poppy removed the needle and left small tubing behind that was connected to a bag of fluid that slowly flowed into her son.

‘It doesn’t hurt, it feels cool,’ Harry thought gratefully. A few minutes later, he fell asleep and Minerva and Poppy noticed his breathing evening out. “All right, now we can only wait to see what Severus has found out,” Poppy told her friend and sat down next to her.

“Poppy,” Minerva whispered. “Did you hear what Harry called me earlier?”

“Yes, I heard that, Minerva, and I’m very happy for you, although I could imagine that it might still take him years to call you that if it weren’t for the high fever.”

“I know, Poppy, but I’ll try to be patient. He said it again a few minutes ago.”

Before Poppy could reply, Severus came through the Floo in Poppy's office and joined the two women. "Will he be able to digest a potion?" he asked, turning to Poppy.

"Severus, do you know what it is and have already brewed an antidote?" the Healer enquired, a slight hint of relief spreading over her face.

"It's a fairly simple poison that will be able to be halted with a Bezoar combined with two phoenix tears that Fawkes willingly gave for Harry. If you can get that into him..." he pointed to the phial in his hand, "Harry will be all right. He might still suffer from some effects for a day or two, but he'll be out of immediate danger."

"Oh Severus, thank you," Minerva said relieved, uncharacteristically pulling her younger colleague into a hug, while Poppy quickly placed the potion into an intravenous bag, exchanging it with the one that was already attached to an intravenous line in Harry's arm.

"Does any of you have an idea how Harry could ingest the poison?" Minerva asked worriedly, glancing from one to the other.

"That poison is working at a medium speed," Severus replied thoughtfully. "I assume that he already suffered from the effects for a day at least, possibly even two, so he probably ingested the potion on Sunday or Monday."

"Sunday or Monday," Minerva repeated pensively. "He only drank pumpkin juice or tea in our quarters that the house-elves brought, and of course he attended the meals in the Great Hall. On Sunday afternoon he was with you, Severus. You went to see Hagrid, didn't you?"

Severus sighed. "Yes, we went to show Hagrid Harry's Chameleon form, and we drank a cup of tea during our visit, otherwise Harry didn't eat or drink anything while he was in my care."

"I cannot imagine that Hagrid would do such a thing to Harry; he would give his life for Harry. So it must have been either one of the house-

elves or one of the students at the tables where Harry ate his meals,” Minerva concluded.

“That’s true,” Poppy confirmed.

ハリーが可哀そう

Two days later, Harry was much better, except for the fact that he refused to eat anything that the house-elves brought him to eat. After feeding Harry nutrient potions for a day, Poppy finally made soup herself for Harry, which the child obediently ate with fervour. ‘Thank you, Aunt Poppy, that was delicious,’ he thought to his godmother, while he looked around for some parchment and his crayons.

“Harry, you don’t have to be afraid; it’s true that we still don’t know how you were poisoned and your mother and Uncle Severus are still investigating, but you can’t completely stop eating; otherwise you’ll make yourself very sick again,” Poppy told him, carefully stroking his cheek.

‘But I’m afraid, and it made me feel so horrible,’ Harry whined a little in his thought to Poppy.

“I know, sweetie, but wait until tomorrow, and you’ll be back to your usual self, and everything will be all right again. Now lie down and go to sleep for a while.”

Harry gave her a disappointed look. ‘Can I draw a picture first? See, my dragon is sick too, and a picture will help him feel better.’

A small smile crossed the Healer’s face. She picked up the stuffed dragon and examined it closely. “Ah, all right, Harry, you may draw a picture for your dragon first. Afterwards you can help me give him a potion if he’s not feeling better.” She quickly conjured crayons and a few parchments for the child and left him to his artistic work.

お絵描き大好き

That evening, Poppy, Minerva and Severus sat together in Poppy's office drinking tea and discussing their son and godson. Suddenly Fawkes joined them and trilled something to Severus before he flew over to Harry and sat down on the child's pillow, trilling something to the sleeping boy.

Harry was fast asleep but deep in his consciousness he heard a friendly voice speaking to him. #Don't worry, nestling, I have an idea that will help you!#

The child didn't wake up, but a small smile spread over his face while he slept with one thumb in his mouth and the other cuddling his dragon.

"I'm worried about Harry," Poppy told her friends. "He would be well enough to move back to his own room if it was the weekend so that you were at home to be with him, Minerva, but I have to keep him here since Harry refuses to eat anything that I don't make myself."

"He what?" Minerva gasped.

"Yes, he's obviously afraid that what happened might occur again, and it was only when I made him some soup myself that he ate at all," Poppy explained.

A second later Fawkes returned to Severus. #I have to go on an errand in order to help the little nestling. I'll be back in a day or two.#

Severus quickly translated his familiar's words to the others, while they watched the beautiful bird flash away.

フォークスはどこへ行ったのでしょうか

The next day, Poppy had just tucked in a sick student when a small cry from Harry's bed made her hurry to her godson's side. Harry was sitting there, the children's edition of "Hogwarts – A History" in his hands, and was staring at Fawkes, who stood on the child's chest, a large white egg between his feet.

#That's for you, little nestling, but you must to keep it warm# the bird trilled to the child, and Harry quickly translated for Poppy what Fawkes had told him.

"All right, sweetie, just put the egg next to you, and I'm going to put a Charm on it so that you cannot accidentally crush it when you're asleep. Then I'll give you a blanket so that you can keep it warm. Is that a phoenix egg, Fawkes?"

#Yes, it's one of my friends' nestling, and it's a little girl. She will hatch sometime during the next days# Fawkes trilled happily.

"Oh, Harry, that's wonderful!" Poppy beamed, and Harry gave her a happy smile.

"Yes, it is; thanks a lot, Fawkes," Harry replied happily, carefully wrapping the egg into the blanket Poppy had given him, while Poppy watched him proudly.

Not to expect an answer until she came to visit him after the end of the last lesson, Harry thought to his guardian 'Aunt Minerva, if you have time to go to the library, could you please bring me a book about phoenixes?'

もうすぐかなあ

A day later, during which Harry had spent many hours reading through a small pile of books about phoenixes, the baby phoenix began to hatch. Harry couldn't keep his eyes off the naked form that slowly appeared behind the cracking pieces of egg shell that was slowly being chipped away. 'Oh, she is so beautiful,' he thought, hardly able to believe his luck of having his own phoenix familiar. Suddenly, a thought penetrated his mind. 'What should I name her?' He spent a long time trying to come up with a good name but just couldn't think of anything satisfying.

'Harry, what's wrong?' Tom's voice suddenly penetrated his ear when Harry let out a huge inward sigh.



‘Ah, I can’t think of a name for my baby phoenix,’ Harry thought back to his friend.

‘You have a baby phoenix? Wow, Harry, they are extremely rare. You’re a very lucky boy, do you know that?’

‘Yes, I know,’ Harry replied, a huge smile playing on his lips.

‘As for a name for your phoenix, why don’t you go to the library and look for a book with mythological names? Or you can ask Severus if you don’t know where to search. I’m sure you’ll find a lot of good names.’

‘Oh, that’s a brilliant idea, thanks Tom,’ Harry replied relieved and thought to his godfather, ‘Uncle Severus, could you bring me a book about mythological names from the library please?’

‘Of course, Harry, as soon as classes are over for the day,’ Severus replied promptly.

When Severus entered the hospital wing later that afternoon, he brought two books with him. “Here Harry, that one is the “Encyclopaedia of Mythological Names”, and the other one is the “Magical Dictionary”. According to Fawkes your phoenix baby is an ice phoenix, maybe you could look up the word for ‘ice’ in different languages,” Severus suggested.

A few hours later Harry thought to his godfather, ‘Look here, Uncle Severus. What do you think of ‘Kori’? It means ‘ice’ in Japanese but sounds like a nice girl’s name!’

“I believe that’s an excellent name for your baby phoenix. Has Fawkes told you how to properly care for the phoenix?”

‘Yes he has, and Aunt Minerva has asked her two house elves, Margaret and Malcolm, to come to Hogwarts to make food for Kori and me. Aunt Poppy asked her to call them so that I can go home tonight. I have to feed Kori every now and then.’

忙しくなりそう

Two weeks later, Harry had nearly forgotten about the incident, and Kori had grown to a beautiful phoenix lady. Her feathers were completely white except for a few blue and green feathers on her back.

Due to the teachers' encouragement, Quidditch practice with the students, and Remus' lessons, Harry had gained a lot of confidence, and he began to speak aloud instead of using mind talk.

However, one day, Harry was attacked again. Minerva and Harry were on their way to the Great Hall for dinner, when they saw two students, a Slytherin and a Gryffindor, attacking each other in the halls. Minerva motioned Harry to go ahead while she conducted a stern talk with the two culprits. Harry slowly went ahead, when he saw from the corner of his right eye that Professor Franklin, the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, stepped out of an unused classroom. Suddenly he felt himself being pushed down the large staircase. 'Oh no!' he groaned, helplessly trying to think while he tumbled downwards before he unconsciously shape shifted into his Chameguise form and landed safely on the ground, watching the Defence teacher coming down the stairs, a disappointed look on his face. Harry quickly turned invisible, stepping aside as fast as he could. Only when Minerva approached did he change into his human form and become visible again and told her of what happened.

"Did you get hurt, Harry?" Minerva enquired flabbergasted, as she searched him for any sign of injury.

Harry shook his head. "No, I'm fine."

"Are you sure that it was Professor Franklin that really pushed you down the stairs?" Minerva asked incredulously.

"Yes, Aunt Minerva," Harry replied firmly and without a trace of doubt in his voice.

Together they entered the Great Hall, and Minerva walked over to the Head table. "Professors Snape, Franklin and Flitwick, please accompany me to my office for a few minutes; Poppy, would you

please keep an eye on Harry for me,” she ordered resolutely, and the professors left the Great Hall, astonished at the command that laced her voice.

In Minerva’s office, the Headmistress asked Severus to order tea for them. The Potion’s Master knew what that meant because of a prearranged agreement between him and his friend, he mind thought to one of Minerva’s house elves to bring tea for all of them and lace the tea for the guests with three drops of Veritaserum each. Seconds later, cups of tea popped up in front of each of them, and as Severus had put a Charm on all of them to make them thirsty, everyone greedily took a few sips.

“Ah, sorry for interrupting your dinner, I just had a pressing matter to discuss,” Minerva started to speak. “Harry told me that someone pushed him down the large staircase on his way to dinner. Did you see anything, Professor Franklin, as you walked down directly behind Harry?”

The Professor put a smug expression on his face before he replied, “Of course, I pushed him down but the brat managed to transform into an animal just in the nick of time.” Even while he was lured into speaking with the help of the Veritaserum, his expression changed to a horrified one, and before Minerva could hurry to the fireplace to call the Aurors, the professor turned into a phoenix and flashed away.

“That was Albus!” Minerva groaned, and Severus watched her face taking on ashen colour.

“He’s definitely gone now, but we have to change the wards so that they will not let Dumbledore in even under Polyjuice, and we have to find out what happened to the real Professor Franklin,” Flitwick spoke up in his high childish sounding voice.

Minerva let out a deep sigh. “What am I going to do? Until we find Professor Franklin, which might be difficult as Albus is very smart, we need someone to teach Defence.”

“Let Lupin teach Defence, and Harry can accompany you or me to our classes,” Severus advised, and Minerva agreed grudgingly.

今度何が起きるでしょう

The same night, the four Heads of House adjusted the wards according to Flitwick's suggestion. Minerva also managed to talk Remus into taking over the post of the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor for a short time until the real Professor Franklin could hopefully be located or a new professor could be found. From the next day onwards, Harry spent the time during the morning classes in the Transfiguration classroom and the afternoon classes in the Potions classroom, where he either attended the first year classes, stayed occupied reading books or drew pictures during all other classes.

A few days later, Minerva received an owl from the Ministry announcing the trial date for Sirius Black was to be held in three days and her attendance and that of Remus Lupin was required. Minerva let out a relieved sigh. At least the trial would take place on a Saturday so that she did not need to organise for two replacements to take over their classes. "Severus, can you watch over Harry on Saturday?" she urgently asked the child's godfather, who gave her an amused look.

"Of course, I will turn your son into a brilliant Potions Master," he replied, smirking.

However, on Saturday morning, Kori woke Harry up early and told a still very sleepy Harry to grab her tail feathers, before she flashed away with the child in a splash of ice. Harry suddenly felt fully awake. 'Wow, that felt weird!' Harry thought. When he opened his eyes he found himself in an unknown stone room.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic on the newsgroup page.

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 13 – PUT PEOPLE UNDER THE IMPERIUS

Harry suddenly found himself in a huge stone room, with damp stone walls, that showed their age with numerous cracks in various spots. Along the walls there were numerous sconces that were artfully placed between countless portraits. The frames of the painting surrounding the room and ornately decorated frame, as Harry was taking in the room four of them came to life. Two men and two women, Harry had never seen before them, stepped out of their frames and toward in front of Harry. Although... 'That lady kinda looks like the Grey Lady,' Harry thought pensively. He looked around anxiously. 'Where am I?'

"Hello Harry, how nice of you to join us," one of the men, which was dressed in robes of a deep red and had mane-like red hair that flowed over his powerful shoulders, and also had green eyes that shined like emeralds in the fire light, greeted him friendly. Obviously noticing the child's frightened expression, he added, "By the way, we're the founders of Hogwarts."

Seeing that Harry's eyes grew bigger, the lady that resembled the Grey Lady spoke to the other lady. "See, I always tell you, 'Men'! Instead of introducing us properly, he only makes the child more anxious." She took a step into Harry's direction and gifted him with a calming smile. "Hello Harry, I'm Rowena Ravenclaw, and this is my good friend Helga Hufflepuff." She introduced the beautiful woman in a buttercup coloured dress robes that had gingery red hair, eyes the colour of sapphires, and a plump motherly figure, and then she introduced the other two in the room, "The man with the bad manners is Godric Gryffindor, and the grumpy one is Salazar Slytherin." Pointing out each of the men as she formally introduced them. "Have you ever heard our names?"

He threw the nice woman, with a fair completion wearing royal blue dress robes with midnight coloured hair that was unnecessarily decorated with a beautiful crown-like tiara, an apologetic smile, and in a very small voice Harry answered. "Hello Mrs. Ravenclaw. I'm sorry, I've only heard your names because it's where the House names come from and because I read it in my favourite book 'Hogwarts – A History'."

"That's all right, Harry. We called you here, through your familiar, to tell you everything you have to know," Rowena replied softly. "Do you know that you're the heir of two of us?"

'I wonder what an heir is.' Harry thought, as he gave her an astonished look before he slightly shook his head. Rowena turned to the long line of portraits on one of the walls and called, "Lily, what are you waiting for?"

A much younger woman stepped out from the last portrait on the wall on Harry's left. Harry let out a small gasp. 'That's my Mummy,' he thought. 'Or at least she looks exactly like the woman Aunt Minerva showed me in the photos and said was my real mummy.'

"Hello Harry," Lily greeted her son, kneeling in front of him and pulling him into a gentle but loving bear's hug while Harry tried not to flinch back too much.

'What does all this mean? Am I dead? Or am I in a dream? Everything is so unreal and confusing.' Harry gave his mother a quizzical look. "Mum? Are you really my Mummy?"

"Yes, sweetie, I'm your real Mummy. I know that Minerva has adopted you and is your new Mummy, and I'm glad about it because she's a very good Mummy for you." She turned to one of the other walls. "Oh, James, you lazybones, come on and say hello to your son."

'James? Is that my Daddy?' Harry thought confused. 'What's happening here?' A man came from the last portrait of the wall in front of Harry.

"Hello Harry, I'm your Daddy. I'm sorry that we can't be here in person with you, but I know you're doing well now, and we're always watching everything you do, son. And know that we will always love you." James said with truth in his voice, as Lily nodded her head in agreement.

“Now, Godric, will you please give Harry the explanations he needs and we had his familiar bring him for, or do we have to do everything again?” Rowena asked sternly.

“Oh now shut up you or I’ll use your remaining painted limbs for potions ingredients,” the thin stern looking man, dressed in the darkest green robes Harry had ever seen, along with a long grey beard, pale stormy looking grey eyes and bald head that had been introduced as Salazar, spoke up.

Harry couldn’t hide a faint giggle that forced the man to stand in front of Harry showing the child his enormous height. “Am I somehow funny?” he asked, raising an eyebrow not understanding why that gesture made Harry giggle even more.

“Um, no sir, I’m sorry sir,” Harry apologized in a small voice. “But you sound exactly like my godfather, Severus Snape.”

“Ah yes, Severus, he’s the heir of my brother. His daughter married into the Prince family, of which he is the last remaining heir of at the moment,” Salazar explained slightly friendlier than before.

“Severus is like your new mother, Minerva McGonagall, she is the heir of Godric’s sister,” Rowena threw in.

“Anyway,” Godric finally started to explain, “You’re the heir of Helga like your father and the heir of Rowena like your mother.”

Harry gave the founder a confused look. “But I was told that my Mummy was Muggle born?”

“No, she is actually from a long line of Squibs. Therefore, no one except for us knew the truth, and we didn’t have the chance to meet her before she died. Only then did she learn the truth about her heritage,” Rowena replied, giving Lily a soft smile.

‘So, Rowena Ravenclaw and Helga Hufflepuff are my many times great grandmothers,’ Harry thought in awe. “Um... why did you call me just now to tell me that?”



“Because an heir needed a phoenix familiar to access the Founders’ Lair, and furthermore, we want you to do assist us. We’ve already been waiting for a few hundred years but the conditions were never fulfilled. Now, however, they are finally fulfilled and we need your help. In fact, we need the heirs of all of us in order to succeed in what we want you accomplish,” Godric told the boy.

‘Four? But I’m only the heir of two of them,’ Harry wondered.

“As you can imagine we need two more heirs, one of which would be mine,” Salazar spoke up.

‘Uncle Severus? But no, he isn’t the heir.’

“You know a man that goes by the name of Tom Riddle, do you not?” Salazar enquired, and Harry gave him a shy nod.

“He’s my heir. Therefore, we need both of you to come here together so that we can explain your task to you both. Do you understand so far?”

Harry thought worriedly, ‘Of course I understand, does he think I’m stupid?’ “Yes sir,” Harry replied quietly.

“Then please talk to him and come here again together whenever you’re ready,” Salazar finished his part of the conversation.

“Harry, I know about your abilities, and suggest you try to shape shift yourself into a phoenix. Then you will not need to rely on your familiar but can come visit us anytime you chose. You only need to think of ‘Founders’ Lair’ to access this room,” Rowena explained before Kori hovered in front of Harry so he could take hold of his tail feather to return him to his room.

“Come to see me too, I’d love to talk to you, sweetie,” Lily quickly told Harry before Kori flashed away in a mist of ice.

素敵なお部屋だったなあ

When Kori returned Harry back to his room, Minerva was still asleep. Obviously, no time had passed while Harry was in the Founders' Lair.

After breakfast, Harry joined Severus in his potions lab. "All right, Harry, let's see what we can brew today. Aunt Poppy gave me a list what she needs, but I'm afraid that most of the potions are still too difficult for you to brew." Severus skimmed the list thoughtfully.

"Uncle Severus," Harry began to speak hesitantly. "Charlie and his friend Alex told me that there are potions that do funny things to people, you know like change their hair colour or other things."

Severus raised an eyebrow. "And pray tell whom would you like to prank, Harry?"

"Um... Mr. Filch perhaps," Harry replied in a very small voice. 'The other day, he made me clean up all the dirt the Quidditch players made, not just what I brought in. And I was sweaty and cold and wanted to go home for my bath but he wouldn't let me. And then I caught a cold because of him,' Harry thought to his godfather.

"Ah, right, that was the night when Minerva Floo-called me for a Pepper-up potion for you. Okay, I can understand why you want to prank Mr. Filch, so I will help you achieve your goal to prank him. So, what kind of potion do you want to brew?"

"May I?" Harry asked eyes open wide in surprise, hardly able to believe that his strict godfather agreed to be in on brewing a prank potion. When Severus gave him an encouraging nod, he suggested, "Maybe something that makes his hair a green neon colour?"

Severus nodded his head, "All right, Harry, we will do that, but if you tell anyone that I helped you brew a prank potion, I will use your internal organs for potions ingredients. Is that clear?" the teacher said sternly.

"Yes, sir," Harry replied, grinning and started to prepare the ingredients his godfather was placing in front of him.

When the potion was finished, Harry called Margaret and asked her to take the potion to the kitchen so that it could be deposited into Mr. Filch's dinner that evening. "Of course, Master Harry," Margaret replied, a smile on her lips, before she popped away as quickly as she had arrived.

After lunch, Severus suggested they play a game of wizards' chess, earning himself a strange look from his godson. "What is it, Harry? Don't you know how to play? If not it's not a problem; I can teach you," he assured the child.

"Ah ...no, that's not it, Uncle Sev," Harry replied. 'I was just wondering...I know you enjoy brewing potions and now you ask about chess, why?' he added as a thought, feeling safer that way.

Severus smirked. "I prefer brewing of course, but I know that your mother would transfigure me into a kumquat and your godmother would end up squashing said kumquat if I let you brew potions all day long."

"But I don't mind, Uncle Severus. I love brewing potions. Can we brew the candy with strawberry flavour again, please? It was so yummy!" His small tongue licked around his lips, while Harry's right hand was rubbing along his stomach matching the movement.

"I didn't know that children obviously gain genetic traits from their godparents," Severus mumbled more to himself than to Harry and gave in after another look in the child's enthusiastic face. "All right, but that's the last potion we brew today."

"Okay," Harry agreed happily and quickly went to prepare his work space.

飴作り大好き

They had just finished the potion and tasted a few of the 'Absolutely yummy!' candies when Poppy's head appeared in the fireplace.

“Severus, we need a few potions for Sirius. He’s in quite a bad shape, so we brought him here to Hogwarts after the trial.”

Severus groaned. “So the mutt is free again?”

“Please behave yourself, Severus. I know what he did to you, but a few years have passed, and perhaps he had enough time to think about the bad things he did in his youth during his stay in Azkaban as an innocent man,” Poppy replied sternly before she listed up the potions she wanted the Potions Master to bring.

Severus collected the requested potions before he turned to Harry. “Harry, we have to deliver these phials up to the hospital wing. Will you come with me? Minerva will probably be there as well.”

“Okay,” Harry replied, slightly disappointed. ‘Oh, although I’m really getting tired, I’d liked to stay with Uncle Severus for a bit longer,’ he thought, letting out a huge yawn.

Severus threw his godson an amused look. “Seems that the brewing made you tired, hmm?”

Harry stubbornly shook his head. “No, it’s all right, I love brewing. Are we going?”

After a last amused glance to the child Severus led the way and strode up to the hospital wing, followed by the boy, who had to hurry in order to keep up with his godfather’s long stride. When they arrived in front of the huge doors leading to his godmother’s territory, Harry was exhausted but couldn’t stop giggling.

“Prey tell what’s so funny?” Severus asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Your robes,” Harry blurted out. “How do you make them float behind you? I’ve never seen anyone do that before. It’s too funny!” He could hardly speak, giggling all the time.

Severus rolled his eyes, a small smile playing on his lips. “Now, Harry, get a grip on yourself, otherwise I cannot take you into the hospital

wing with me. There might be sick students, who need their rest and don't want to be disturbed by a dunderhead's giggling."

"I'm not a dunderhead," Harry replied in a small voice, stopping giggling in order to turn a lip out to pout.

"No, you definitely aren't," his godfather replied absentmindedly and opened the door to let them in.

おじさんが面白いなあ

Only one bed in the hospital wing was occupied, and Harry immediately saw that Minerva and Remus were sitting next to the bed, talking animatedly. While Severus strode over to Poppy's office, Harry hesitantly walked over to his guardian and teacher, throwing an anxious glance at the unknown man in the bed. "Hey, sweetie," Minerva greeted him immediately before she explained, "Harry, do you remember that man? His name is Sirius Black."

Harry once more glanced at the stranger, slightly shaking his head. "Don't you remember Uncle Padfoot, Harry?" Remus asked astonished.

"I'm sorry," Harry replied in a small voice, looking up at Remus, while Minerva pulled him into a slight embrace.

"You don't have to be sorry, Harry; it's just strange because you knew me so well as a baby. But maybe I look too different now for you to recognise," Sirius spoke, looking straight to the child.

"In fact, Harry, your Uncle Sirius was your father's best friend and he was even named your godfather by your real Mummy and Daddy, which I however changed because he was in Azkaban when I adopted you. We only recently discovered that Sirius was innocent and today he was finally granted a trial and his freedom from Azkaban," Minerva explained to Harry. Seeing that Harry gave Sirius a curious look, she continued, "However, I don't think Harry would mind if he had another godfather, and even if it's only an honorary godfather, Sirius."

"I'll hope so," Sirius replied, a huge smile playing on his lips, before he confessed, "It was only the thought of Harry that helped me keep my mind at that place."

Before he could continue, Poppy handed him three potions, one after another, which he gulped down obediently. Finally, she put one last one on his night table and said, "I want you to take that as well and get some rest as soon as you're finished with your conversation."

"Oh, Poppy, you cannot really mean that. Even if I finish my conversation with these people, I still need to have a nice talk with you. You look as radiant as ever."

"Oh, stop your flattery, Mr. Black, otherwise I'll give you a sleeping draught before you know what hit you," Poppy answered resolutely and bustled away, muttering under her breath.

"Who brewed these potions? They are disgusting!" Sirius complained, forcing Harry to let out a loud giggle.

"Severus Snape is the Potions Professor, Sirius," Remus replied before he added sternly, "And it would do you good to behave yourself towards Severus as he is Harry's new godfather, along with Poppy as his godmother."

Sirius gave him a horrified look and enquired, "And what are you doing? Are you working at Hogwarts, too, Moony?"

Before Remus could reply, Minerva jumped into the conversation. "Actually, Remus is teaching Harry. However, at the moment he is helping us out because we lack a Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher. What are you going to do, Mr. Black? Are you going back to being an Auror, or would you perhaps be interested in taking over the position as Professor for Defence Against the Dark Arts here at Hogwarts?"

Sirius threw Minerva a confused look. "Sorry, do I understand it right that you're offering me the Defence position? But what will Dumbledore say? He's still the Headmaster, isn't he?"

Remus quickly explained the situation concerning Dumbledore and added, "It would be great if you took over the position. I'd prefer to teach Harry, and we could meet here in the castle anytime."

"All right, if you're sure that's okay with you, Minnie," Sirius replied, giving the Headmistress a mischievous smile, "then I'd like to take over the position. And I promise to be good," he added, seeing his former teacher's glare.

"Remus, are you sure it's okay with you?" Minerva asked worriedly, and when Remus confirmed, she said thoughtfully, "I think it would be good if you continued living at the castle, Remus, and since you are Harry's teacher it's no problem for me to assign you your own quarters. I will speak to the house-elves tonight."

Remus gave Minerva a thankful nod, while Sirius replied, "I don't think that's necessary though. Seeing as we're both alone, and single, we could share a suite with a couple of rooms. Couldn't we, Moony?"

Remus gave him a confirming nod, and Minerva told them to let her know if they decided otherwise. She then advised Harry to say 'good-bye' as it was time to head to the Great Hall for dinner.

長い一日でした

When Harry was in bed that night, he thought back to his conversation with the four founders. 'They are all really nice, except for Slytherin, he's a bit grumpy,' he thought. 'Although, Slytherin reminds me of Uncle Severus,' he remembered, and the thought made him giggle. 'I wonder how old they are? Do they still age, when they are in their portraits after they're dead? How old is the castle by the way?' he wondered. 'I should know that because I read about it in 'Hogwarts – A History', but I can't remember. Maybe I should go and ask Aunt Minerva,' he decided, quickly scrambled out of bed and ran into the living room.

"Aunt Minerva, can you tell me how old the castle is?" he asked his guardian, who was just drinking tea together with Aunt Poppy and Uncle Severus.

"I thought you were already asleep, sweetie," Minerva smiled before she replied, "Hogwarts was founded about a thousand years ago."

"Thank you, Aunt Minerva," Harry replied, placed a sloppy kiss on her cheek and turned to run back to bed.

"Harry, you should know better than to run around in your bare feet," Poppy scolded the child softly, gaining an apologetic smile from her godson before he ran back into his room and hopped back into his big bed, snuggling under the warm covers.

"Leave it to your son to spend his time in bed not to sleep but to rack his brains about such outlandish questions, which other magical children only learn in their first year at Hogwarts," Severus smirked.

"Oh Severus, shut up and be glad to have such an alert and intelligent godchild," Poppy replied sternly, giving the younger teacher a glare.

Back in his bed, Harry continued thinking about the events and the conversation in the Founders' Lair. 'Wait, that's strange,' he thought suddenly. 'They told me they need four heirs, but even if Tom and I are together we're only the heirs of three of the founders. Oh, I have to talk to Tom about all this,' he remembered but decided to do it in the morning instead since he was too tired at the moment.

数日後

"Harry, I need you to come home quickly after Quidditch practice this afternoon," Minerva told her son during lunch a few days later. "Margaret and Malcolm informed me that they had something very important to tell me that also concerned you, and I promised them that we both were at home straight after dinner."

"That's all right, Aunt Minerva," Harry replied, feeling slightly concerned. 'What can the house-elves have to tell us that would concern me and why is so important?' he thought uncomfortably. "I don't have to eat with the Gryffindors after Quidditch practice, so I can come to the Head table to eat with you, and then we can leave a



bit earlier if you want to," he reassured his adoptive mother, who rewarded him with a grateful smile.

tbc...

My brilliant beta Mushcorn painted a chapter graphic for this chapter! Please have a look at my Yahoo newsgroup page!

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 14 – AND I CAN FLASH ME

When Harry woke up in the morning, he stayed in bed for a moment and spoke to Tom. During the last days, he didn't have a chance to speak to Tom as he never was really on his own. 'Hi Tom, can you hear me?'

'Yes of course, Harry, what's wrong that you call much at such an ungodly hour again?' Tom replied immediately.

'Oh, I'm sorry, Tom, but it's not easy to speak with you. I'm hardly ever alone,' Harry thought hesitantly and told his friend about the Founders' Lair and what he had found out a few days ago. 'Can you come to Hogwarts one day so that we can go to the Founders' Lair together, Tom?' Harry then asked pleadingly.

'Of course, Harry, when shall we do it? Maybe we could meet in Severus' quarters? I could take the Floo, and then your phoenix could take us to the lair; how's that?'

'That's great, Tom; so I'll ask Uncle Severus when we can meet in his rooms, and I'll talk to you later, okay?'

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Severus was very surprised to say the least when Harry told him that he needed to meet with Tom in his quarters only to disappear together to an unknown location within Hogwarts. 'Uncle Severus, I'll tell you where we go, I just don't have enough time right now; Aunt Minerva is already up and will come to wake me up any minute,' he thought, giving his thoughts an urgent flair.

'All right, Harry, just tell Aunt Minerva that you want to spend a day or half a day during the weekend with me to brew potions and ask when it would be all right. Then you can tell Tom and me.'

'Okay, Uncle Sev, thanks a lot,' Harry replied relieved, crawling out of his bed just in time when Minerva entered his room.

“Good morning, sweetie, are you already up?” Minerva asked, pulling her son into a slight embrace.

“Good morning, Aunt Minerva,” Harry replied while he slightly hugged his adoptive mother back. ‘I must tell her about the Founders’ Lair before I tell anyone else,’ he thought, suddenly feeling very happy and cared for. “Aunt Minerva, I have to tell you something, but we need a few minutes,” he started hesitantly.

Minerva gave him a worried look. “Is something wrong, Harry?”

Harry laughed. “No, Aunt Minerva, everything is all right, it’s just a bit of an interesting story.”

“All right, then maybe tonight after our conversation with Margaret and Malcolm?” Minerva suggested, and Harry agreed, relieved that it had been so easy. “Now, Harry, I know your timetable says that you spend the morning with me in the Transfiguration classroom and the afternoon with Uncle Severus in the Potions classroom, but Aunt Poppy suggested that you can come down to the hospital wing to visit Uncle Sirius since he’s much better today and would certainly like you to be around for a while. What do you think?”

Harry gave Minerva an anxious glance. “Um... Will Aunt Poppy be with me all the time?” he asked nervously.

“Of course, sweetheart; maybe she will retreat to her office to give the two of you a bit of space, but she will stay with you if you ask her. Don’t hesitate to mind speak with her if necessary, even if you just feel a bit unsure about something,” Minerva reassured the child softly before she remembered what she had meant to ask Harry for a few days. “By the way, Harry, do you have any idea why Mr. Filch has been running around with green hair for a few days?”

Harry gave her a shocked look. ‘Why should I know that?’ he gave his guardian an anxious thought, averting his eyes to the floor.

Minerva smirked. “Because Uncle Severus always says that you are quite adapt at Potions, which is a huge praise coming from his mouth, and I thought you’d be able to brew such a potion. Apart from that I’d

think you'd have a reason to want to get back to him for what he did to you two weeks ago. Nevertheless, I'm astonished that Uncle Severus let you brew something like that. When will the potion wear off by the way?"

"After a week," Harry replied in a very small voice, glad that his guardian obviously didn't mind that he had played a prank on the caretaker.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry spent a few hours talking with Sirius during the morning; however, he was very absentminded as his thoughts coursed around the meeting with the house-elves in the evening. For his likings, the day passed much too slowly, but finally the evening arrived, and Margaret and Malcolm popped up in the living room as soon as Minerva and Harry had returned from dinner.

Both elves stood in front of Minerva and Harry, bowing deeply. Minerva frowned; often enough she had told the elves that they didn't have to bow for her. "Mistress Minerva, Master Harry," Malcolm started to speak. "We is sorry, we is both very bads house elves."

"Why do you think that you're bad house elves, Malcolm?" Minerva asked astonished.

With that, Margaret started to cry, and Minerva and Harry watched in awe when Malcolm calmly put his arm around Margaret. "Margaret is bad, Mistress Minerva, I is pregnant although house-elves cans not get pregnant without ask Mistress or Master before."

"You are pregnant, Margaret?" Minerva asked, smiling at the two elves. "But that's wonderful! Congratulations, Margaret and Malcolm."

Harry couldn't help laughing when he watched Margaret and Malcolm staring at Minerva with wide-open eyes. "Mistress Minerva means, Mistress Minerva wills not give Margaret and Malcolm clothes?" Malcolm asked hesitantly.

"Of course not, why should I?" Minerva replied astonished.

The two elves stormed to Minerva and once again bowed deeply in front of her. "Thank you so much, Mistress Minerva, Master Harry, we is the happiest elves in Hogwarts," Malcolm said happily.

"Um, we's child wills be born in four weeks, and it is a little boy, and we wills call it Teddy. If Mistress Minerva agrees, we wants Teddy be Master Harry's elf," Margaret explained, her voice trembling slightly.

"Oh, Twinkle, Margaret, that's very thoughtful and kind of you, and I'm sure Harry will be very pleased, right, Harry?" Minerva told the elves in a soft voice.

"Thank you very much, Margaret and Malcolm. I'm looking forward to meeting Teddy," Harry agreed happily.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

As soon as the house-elves popped away, Minerva turned to Harry. "Now, Harry, you wanted to speak about something. Are you still awake enough?"

Harry walked over to Minerva and sat down next to her on the sofa, tiredly leaning his head onto her shoulder while he stroked Kori's head feathers with his left hand. The phoenix had joined them as soon as the elves popped away and had made herself comfortable on Harry's left shoulder.

Harry quickly explained to a very impressed Minerva how Kori had taken him to the Founders' Lair, where he had even met his mother. "But what I can't understand is that he told me they need four heirs and Tom and I are only three," he finished his explanation, giving his new mother a confused look.

"Hmm, I'm sorry, Harry, but I cannot answer that question; you have to wait what Godric will tell you on Saturday. That's an extremely interesting story though; I've no idea what they could want you and Tom to do either. Anyway, you seem to be half-asleep, Harry. Go to bed, and in a few days you'll know more."

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Saturday morning, Harry and Tom met in Severus' office, and Kori flashed them into the Founders' Lair, where the four founders greeted them enthusiastically. "Thank you, Harry, for coming again and bringing Tom with you," Godric started to speak, while Salazar was glaring at Tom suspiciously.

"What are you..." Tom suddenly blurted out, glaring back at Salazar.

"Oh, shut up you fool. A small bit of Legilimency won't hurt you. I had to make sure that you're really cleansed from the evil you were before," Salazar returned sharply.

"So, if you're through with your glaring contest, let me explain to Harry and Tom why I wanted them to come here," Godric told them impatiently, forcing the two men to shut up immediately.

Harry somehow felt a bit lost. 'I wished my Mummy came out of her picture again,' he thought uncomfortably, relaxing a bit when Rowena and Helga stepped next to him, both giving him a soft smile.

"All right then, let me explain a few things," Godric finally started to speak. "First of all, the pictures here are all put under a Charm that I invented nearly a thousand years ago. Because of that Charm, the people in the pictures are able to leave their frames and even talk to you. However, the Charm doesn't activate until the respective person dies. Can you follow my explanation so far, Harry and Tom?"

'I'm not sure what he wants to tell us with that, but apart from that yes,' Harry thought, slowly nodding his head.

"All right, now there's only one picture that is an exception to the above mentioned rule. I assume that neither of you know Marlin, the phoenix of Nicholas Flamel." When Harry and Tom shook their heads, Godric continued, "In fact, Marlin is I. I'm a phoenix Animagus. As a person I would long be dead, but in my Animagus form I'm being reborn every now and then. However, I'm not able to transform back to my human form anymore as I then would die immediately.

Therefore, my picture is Charmed a bit differently from the others, so that it has the same features although I'm in fact still alive."

'What is that all about?' Harry thought confused. 'What is an Animagus? Is that someone like I, who's able to shape shift into an animal?' Godric's voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

"Harry, I need you to do me a favour, it doesn't necessarily have to be today though if you're not ready. Would you be willing to give me a new life like you helped Tom?"

Harry could only stare at the man. 'I give him a new life? But how? What does he mean?' He gave the founder an unsure glance and replied, "Yes, of course, sir, but what will I have to do?"

'You will have to change into your Chameguise form and duplicate yourself again, Harry,' Tom thought to him.

"Ah, all right, sorry sir, you want me to change into my animal form and duplicate myself?" Harry asked quickly before he thought back to Tom, 'Thanks Tom.'

"Exactly, Harry," Godric replied. "Are you willing to do that for me?"

Harry gave the founder a short nod and changed into his Chameguise form immediately. 'All right, I want two of me there,' he thought urgently, summoning as much magic as he could. To his great relief, he succeeded at the first try and quickly changed back into his human form, leaving the second Chameguise on the floor.

"Oh my, that was brilliant, sweetheart," Rowena commended him, looking at the magical animal in awe.

Harry gave the friendly woman a small smile, suddenly feeling absolutely exhausted. "Harry, sit down and rest for a moment," Helga told him sternly, and Harry gratefully sat down, resting his head on his knee.

"Harry, are you all right?" Godric asked worriedly, and Harry slightly nodded his head.

“Godric, I don’t know if you were planning to pull everything through today, but you can forget about it. Harry has obviously depleted his magic in order to help you, and he needs at least a week’s rest to recover before he can even try to do what you expect him to do. Remember that it will afford a lot of magic, maybe even too much for Harry,” Helga said firmly.

“Anyway, why don’t you call Marlin and let him take over the Chameguise?” Rowena suggested. “Then your young real self would at least know what we’re talking about here.”

“All right; as you know I spoke with him a few weeks ago, but you’re right,” Godric admitted before he quietly called his own Animagus form. In a flash of fire, a beautiful phoenix similar to Fawkes appeared in the room. “Hello Marlin,” Godric continued and introduced Harry and Tom to the phoenix.

The phoenix in return trilled to Godric, #Are you sure that Harry will really be all right with me taking over his Chameguise?#

“Yes, I’m sure,” Harry beat Godric to an answer and gave the phoenix a small smile, while he was petting Kori at the same time.

Marlin then hopped over to the Chameguise, which seemed to explode in a huge flash of fire. ‘Uh, what happened now?’ Harry thought frightened, anxiously watching the spot where his second form had been an instant before. Suddenly however, the fire was gone, and to Harry’s huge surprise the Chameguise was still there. ‘What happened?’ he thought to Tom.

‘I don’t know exactly what happened, Harry, but I suppose that Godric has taken over the Chameguise and will sooner or later change into his normal human form,’ the man thought back.

“Is everything all right, Godric? Can you at least give us a sign if you’re all right?” Helga urged the Chameguise, which in return nodded its head.



A few minutes later, the animal changed its form into the stature of an about fifty-year-old Godric Gryffindor, who glanced around and then stepped in front of Harry. "Thank you very much, my boy, for giving me the chance to live a second life in this time."

Harry quickly scrambled to his feet, until he felt himself pushed down again by Rowena. "Stay put Harry, it's all right," she told him calmly.

Godric from the portrait quickly filled his real form in that they couldn't do anything for at least a week before he told Harry to come and visit them soon in the Founders' Lair and retired to his picture.

"Hmm, so what am I supposed to do now?" the young Godric Gryffindor asked, turning to Rowena.

"I suggest that you just accompany Harry and Tom when Harry's phoenix takes them back. As you know, Harry is the adoptive son of Minerva McGonagall, who is Headmistress and your only living relative as well. Harry, have you told your adoptive mother about us and the Founders' Lair?" she wanted to know, giving the child an enquiring look.

"Yes, I told her everything," Harry answered quietly. "I'm sure she will help you, Professor Gryffindor."

"Excuse me, if may suggest something," Tom threw in hesitantly. "Harry and I met in Professor Snape's office. He knows everything too, and he will be the best to help Harry if he needs a Pepperup potion or something. Maybe we should just return there. Afterwards, Harry can lead us to Professor McGonagall's office or call her to Professor Snape's office."

"I'm fine," Harry protested weakly, still feeling exhausted.

"That's a good idea," Godric answered before he turned to Helga. "Was that an order to wait for a week until we can let Harry do the magic, or was it just a suggestion?"

Helga threw the man an angry glare while she replied, "That was a definite order. Harry is only seven years old, and he is completely exhausted after transforming and duplicating himself in order to help you. What you are planning to do affords a lot of magic, especially for such a little boy. Therefore, you have to wait at least a week, and I warn you, I don't want to hear that you haven't been patient enough and something happened to Rowena's and my precious heir. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand," Godric replied, rolling his eyes.

"Excuse me, sir," Tom threw in hesitantly. "Nobody has explained to us what we are expected to do."

"Let me explain shortly; around five hundred years ago, there was a huge Goblin rebellion, during which our school was attacked," Salazar began to explain but was interrupted by the two ladies.

"Does that have to be now?" Rowena asked incredulously.

"Take Harry back so that he can get some rest, and then Godric can explain everything," Helga insisted at the same time.

"Ah, yes, I will explain everything when we are in Minerva's office. Otherwise we have to tell the whole thing twice," Godric agreed impatiently.

"Ah, then just don't bother me now but flash away," Salazar mumbled, obviously offended.

"All right, Kori; are you already able to flash three people at once?" Harry asked his familiar before he glanced at the founders and explained apologetically, "She's only a few weeks old."

"I can flash three people, it's all right, Harry" Kori trilled back.

"All right then, could you please take Professor Gryffindor, Tom and me back to Uncle Severus room?" Harry asked Kori, and the phoenix immediately hovered in front of them so that they could grab her tail feathers.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Only seconds later, they found themselves back in Severus' office. Kori put them down on the visitors' side of Severus' desk, and Harry quickly made his way around the desk, scrambling onto his godfather's lap, who glanced around astonished.

"Severus, may I introduce Professor Gryffindor to you?" Tom remembered his manners and addressed the Potions Master.

Severus quickly scooped Harry up into his arms and got onto his feet to show proper respect to the founder.

"Nice to meet you, Severus, but please sit down and look after your godson; he probably needs a Pepperup potion," Godric told the younger man, before he explained what had happened in the Founders' Lair.

Severus quickly mind thought a few sentences with Harry before he summoned a phial and held it to Harry's mouth, listening to the founder at the same time. "I suggest you accompany us to the Headmistress' Office; there I will explain what Tom, Harry, and I need to do as soon as Harry will be allowed to do an amount of magic that can be estimated as quite large," Godric ended his explanation.

"I will ask his godmother, who is our Healer, to check on him and speak with you about the timing," Severus promised before he once more scooped a now asleep Harry up into his arms and left his office, striding ahead to Minerva's office, while his guests followed, watching his robes billow behind him, amused.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 15 – RIGHT OVER TO YOU

“Is the Headmistress not residing in the Headmaster’s office?” Godric asked astonished, seeing that Severus chose the way up to Gryffindor tower.

“No, as you probably know Professor McGonagall does not wish to be Professor Dumbledore’s permanent successor, because she wants to be near Harry while she’s working. Therefore, she chose to continue working in her normal office,” Severus explained to the founder patiently.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When the guests entered her office, Minerva looked in awe at the Founder of her House. “Hello baby cousin,” Godric greeted her without any kind of introduction, leaving Minerva speechless for the moment.

Severus had offered the guests a seat, before Minerva could even recover, called Malcolm to ask for tea, and put Harry onto the sofa, tucking him in carefully. “He’s all right, he’s has only depleted his magic and is resting,” he shortly explained to Minerva.

“Oyez, if you would please, I’m going to tell you the reason for my visit,” Godric spoke up firmly. Seeing that he held everyone’s attention, he started to explain. “About five hundred years ago, there was a huge Goblin rebellion, during which the goblins also attacked our school. At that time, Hogwarts consisted of two large school buildings, the main part, which we currently stand in, and one other building. This additional building was the primary school part of Hogwarts.”

Ignoring the incredulous look he received from Minerva, Severus and Tom, Godric continued, “The main school was able to resist the Goblins because of the amount of magic from the students that resided within its walls add to the castle’s magic; the primary school however, was weaker as the students were much younger and had not reached magical puberty yet. We evacuated the young ones to this building at the time of the attack. The primary school was hit by a

very bad Spell, and because of safety precautions the building became invisible to all.” He stood up and walked over to the window that led just onto the Quidditch pitch. “You see the Forest over there; the building is located just behind the jousting arena down here.”

“You mean the Quidditch pitch, Professor?” Tom confirmed quickly.

“Ah, whatever it is nowadays, in my time it was just a recreation area and a jousting arena,” Godric replied impatiently. “Anyway, it is still there, just there where the forest starts is the location of the primary school. It’s dormant and hidden, thus invisible in every possible way, even to nature, and is the reason there are so many trees in spite of it being the location of the school building. The only way to restore the school is a spell preformed by all four founders or their heirs, and during the last five hundred years, there hasn’t been even one time when we could get suitable heirs from all of us together. This is the first time after so many years that we meet at least the most necessary components’ conditions to even try to attempt the Charm, which is of course only because Harry was able to give me a second life.”

Everyone gave him unbelieving looks, and Godric said offended, “I hope at least Tom and Harry will believe me as they are the two who can help me.”

“No, of course, we believe you, Professor,” Minerva hastily threw in. “It just seems so unrealistic. So the three of you have to incant a Spell together?”

“Yes, baby cousin,” Godric replied, smiling. “The only problem is that I don’t know if Knave’s magic is yet strong enough. Otherwise, we might have to wait for a few years, but as I’m here and alive again it doesn’t matter as much. However, I know that my three friends in the Founders’ Lair cannot wait for the school building to be finally restored. Oh, by the way, as the times have changed a lot since my original time, I want the building not only to be a primary school like it was originally but also a school for higher wizarding education, which may help protect a situation that occurred 500 years ago, with the matured magic that would preside within its walls. Moreover, I hope

you won't mind, baby cousin, that I will be the Headmaster of the second building."

"I will mind if you don't stop calling me that immediately," Minerva replied very angrily, causing Harry to stir and lazily open his eyes. "Shouldn't you be the Headmaster over the whole school, Professor? And higher education would be called a College or University."

"You can call me Godric as it seems that we'll be colleagues," Godric continued his monologue, "And no, running both would be too much; I only want to be Headmaster for the primary school and university as I'd love to arrange everything according to what it once was and what the other Founders and I have planned for how it should be in the future. However, if you don't want to be Headmistress of this building, I suggest Tom as your successor. As Salazar's heir he would be qualified enough to fulfil the position and the old grumpy one would finally be pleased too – at least I hope so."

Before anyone could reply, Harry walked over to Minerva, climbed onto her lap, and glanced around curiously. 'Oh, I shouldn't have fallen asleep, Professor Gryffindor wanted to tell us something,' he thought flabbergasted, giving the old man an anxious glance. "I'm sorry," he then said in a very small voice.

"That's all right, Harry," Minerva replied, soothingly stroking his cheek. "I will tell you later what you missed, sweetheart." She turned back to Godric, "Now, what can I do for you, Godric? Can we provide you with a room to stay or..."

"No, thank you, Minerva," Godric replied grinning. "I still have my own quarters in the castle. So far, obviously nobody has discovered it, and it's hidden behind several wards and passwords anyway. In fact, it's only a two minutes' walk from here. However, Tom needs a place to stay if he doesn't mind remaining in the castle for the week or so." Seeing Minerva's disapproving look he added, "Don't worry, Minerva; Salazar has used Legilimency on Tom to be sure that Harry has efficiently cleansed him from the evil that once possessed him, and he seemed to be quite content."

Minerva let out a small snort and looked over to Tom. "Harry and Severus already told me about you. I shall assign you guest quarters near the Great Hall. If you go straight in the direction of the Great Hall, shortly before you descend the last staircase you'll see a portrait of Arthur with the lizard. Malcolm, my house-elf, will take you there; you only need to fix a password with Arthur."

"Thank you very much, Professor McGonagall," Tom replied respectfully with a slight bow of his head.

"I would like to meet with all of you again tomorrow," Godric spoke up pensively. "Tom, Harry and I should practise the spell, even if Harry only says the words without doing magic, and I'm thinking on whether it would aid us to have both of you saying the incantation together with us to ensure that the magic will be strong enough. As far as we, the Founders, know, it has to be all Founders or their heirs. However, as many times great grand niece and nephew of the founders the two of you would be the persons next nearest to an heir. Therefore, I can imagine that it could work to strengthen the Spell with your power. I will have a look in my private library later this evening."

"Shall we meet here tomorrow morning after breakfast?" Minerva suggested, and Godric, Severus and Tom agreed immediately.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Starting Monday onwards, Sirius started to teach Defence Against the Dark Arts, and Remus once again began to teach Harry. When Minerva told Harry the news on Sunday evening, he was very disappointed. 'Hmm, I like it that Uncle Padfoot and Uncle Moony are both staying at Hogwarts now as I like both of them a lot. Especially Sirius since he is very funny. But it was so much fun attending Aunt Minerva's and Uncle Severus' class together with the big students,' he thought saddened.

"What's wrong, sweetie? You like Uncle Moony don't you?" Minerva enquired astonished, wondering about her son's gloomy expression.

"Yes, I like him, but it was so much fun being together with the other students," Harry replied solemnly.



Minerva sighed and pulled Harry close to her. “I believe that, sweetheart, but it’s much better for you to learn primary school knowledge than attending classes with the students. If you learned everything that the first years learn now, what were you going to do once you’re a first year? You would be bored to death. Apart from that, we hope that Professor Gryffindor, Tom and you will be able to revive the second school building, so that primary school can resume its work beginning the next school year. And in order to attend Hogwarts, it’s better to have certain knowledge of math and other things that are taught in primary schools. Moreover, Uncle Moony seems to be a very good teacher, and you know once a month around the full moon you’ll be able to attend classes with the students anyway.”

When Harry didn’t show any reaction at all, Minerva looked into his face and noticed that Harry was peacefully asleep in her arms.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

After the lessons on Monday afternoon, Harry went to play Quidditch with the Gryffindor team, while Remus stayed to have a conversation with Minerva. Remembering Harry’s hesitation to resume his private lessons, Minerva enquired, “Was everything all right, Remus?”

Remus sighed. “On one hand, yes, Minerva, Harry is doing very well with all his studies. Of course I couldn’t test him in Charms because Poppy advised me not to let him do any magic this week. I did have him take small tests in all his other subjects, and he remembers everything that I’ve taught him.” He handed Minerva a few parchments, before he thoughtfully continued to speak.

“I’m not sure if Harry is really happy though. Of course, he loves learning, and therefore he enjoys his lessons. However, on the other hand, he seems to be missing company. At the beginning when he didn’t speak at all, I could only teach him by himself, but now that he is speaking just like a normal child I believe it would be better for him to have his lessons together with another child.”

“Do you really think so, Remus?” Minerva asked, her expression brightening a little. Perhaps that was Harry’s problem. “And would you be willing to teach another child along with Harry?”

“Yes, of course, if you can find someone, whom Harry will feel comfortable with, then it wouldn’t be a problem.”

“All right, Remus. I will contact a few of my friends and see if someone is interested, and I’ll either contact you or tell you at dinner tonight.”

When Harry returned home after dinner, Minerva made him sit down on the sofa. “Harry, I know that you’re in need of a shower, but I just want to tell you something.” Seeing that Harry gave her an interested look, she continued, “From tomorrow onwards, Neville is going to join you in your lessons with Uncle Moony.”

Harry was stunned at first. ‘Oh, that’s too good to really be true,’ Harry thought happily before he asked excitedly, “Really? Is it true? Neville will be coming here every day and have lessons together with me? Really?”

“Yes, Harry,” Minerva replied amused.

“But he will already know so much more than me, won’t he?” Harry asked worried. ‘Dudley went to school when he was about four, so that’s three years of learning that I’m missing,’ he thought apprehensively.

“Don’t worry about that, Harry. You are very intelligent, and you love to learn; I’m sure that you won’t have any difficulties. There will be things that Neville will be able to do better than you, but there will also be things, which you can do better like Charms. Everything will be all right, sweetie,” Minerva told him soothingly.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

During lunchtime on the next day, Remus asked the boys, “As you know Halloween on Friday. Have you already decided a costume?”

'Halloween? I don't remember having done anything on Halloween before. I know that Dudley went out for trick and treats or something but was that on Halloween?' Harry thought confused before he asked in a small voice, "costume?"

"Yes, Harry," Neville replied eagerly. "On Halloween we can dress-up in costumes so people don't know it's us and then go and get lots of sweets. I don't know how they do Halloween here in the castle though."

"We will be having a party," Remus threw in, "and if you would like to you can join us for the party. I'm sure that you'll be very welcome to attend if you chose to Neville. I'll speak with Professor McGonagall, so that she can arrange something with your grandmother."

"Oh, that would be great, Harry, you want to dress up as Dalmatians?" Neville asked excitedly.

"All right, why not?" Harry replied, smiling. 'That sounds great fun,' he thought. 'I'm glad that Neville is here every day now.' "Um... How will we get our costumes for that though?"

"Ah, my granny can conjure them, or I'm sure your mother can too if we ask," Neville told him. "That's not a problem with magic."

"I can transfigure these tissues for you if you would like me too," Remus offered, grinning when Harry's face lit considerably and his eyes started to twinkle happily.

"Oh yes please, Uncle Moony," Harry shouted.

"Yes please, sir," Neville echoed.

Remus took one of the tissues and transfigured it to a Dalmatian's costume, holding it out to Neville, who threw him an enquiring glance and after a comforting nod from the teacher pulled off his robe and tried on the costume. "Wow, that's so cool; thank you, Uncle Moony," he shouted excitedly.

Remus did the same for Harry, and when Minerva entered her living room after the last afternoon class, she was more than surprised to be greeted by two Dalmatians, looking like twins. "How many times do we have to sleep until Halloween?" Harry asked excitedly when Neville returned home and Remus had left after a short talk, and Minerva couldn't help laughing at the child's excitement.

"Three times, sweetie; did you have a nice day, attending lessons together with Neville?"

"Yes, Aunt Minerva, it was absolutely great! We had a whole lot of fun," Harry shouted happily.

"I'm very glad to hear that," Minerva replied softly, hugging the boy close. "Now Harry, you know that we have an appointment with Professor Gryffindor, Uncle Severus and Tom in a few minutes; you should take the costume off now."

"Where are we meeting them, Aunt Minerva?"

"We are meeting them in the Entrance Hall, and then we will use an unused classroom for our practice."

Harry groaned inwardly. 'How am I expected to do the Spell this weekend if I can't practise even once before then? And the adults get to starting practicing their part today,' he thought frustrated.

"What's wrong, Harry?" Minerva wondered over Harry's sad expression. "Don't you want to go?"

"Of course I want to," Harry answered, "but I need to practise too. If I don't then I won't be able to do the Spell this weekend. I'm not tired anymore, and I want to practise with everyone else."

Minerva gave the child a piercing glance and decided, "All right, Harry, we'll ask Aunt Poppy if it will be okay for you to practise. If she says that you are better and gives you permission to practise, I will allow you to practise a bit this evening as well."

“Thanks Aunt Minerva,” Harry replied happily and started bouncing through the halls all the way down to the hospital wing.

Fortunately, Poppy was alone and could check on Harry immediately. “Harry, do you know how to summon more or less magic in order to do a Spell or a Charm?” she asked thoughtfully.

Harry gave her an unsure nod. “I can’t describe it but I know how to do that thing that causes my arm to feel tingly; and that I need to do that when I know I am doing something that is difficult.”

Poppy gave him an encouraging smile. “You have described that very well, Harry. When it feels tingly as you say, that’s when you summon a lot of magic. You will have to do that when you really do the Spell on Saturday or Sunday. For today, you may practise the Spell once or twice, but you mustn’t summon a lot of magic.”

‘So not make it tingly,’ Harry thought and replied, “All right, Aunt Poppy, thanks.” Then he turned to Minerva, “See, Aunt Poppy said I could, so can I Aunt Minerva, please?” he asked her happily bouncing down the hall when she gave her consent for him to practice.

That evening, they practised the Spell and the incantation several times, until they were all sure that they would be successful in bring the castle back into view, so that it could once again be used.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Finally, Halloween arrived, and Harry was very excited. Neville had been allowed to stay at Hogwarts for the Halloween party that evening, and the two boys changed into their Dalmatians costumes immediately after lunch. They both had a lot of fun in their afternoon lessons. Remus made them paint a picture before he took them out for a walk around the lake until dinner time, knowing that they wouldn’t be able to study anyway. Quidditch practise was cancelled for that day since all students were preparing for the Halloween party.

When Harry and Neville finally entered the Great Hall, running in front of Minerva, Harry stopped in his tracks in shock upon entering. He hadn’t expected the Great Hall with such spine-chilling decorations

and he was slightly afraid of the dark decorations. Seeing that many of the students dressed in costumes so that nobody knew who they were, Harry suddenly thought, 'Why did I put on this costume when I could have practised shape shifting into a Dalmatian.' Frowning a little about his own mistake, he at least changed the features of his face to be unrecognizable to everyone but the few, who knew who he was. Harry enjoyed his first Halloween very much and nearly threw a temper tantrum when Severus accompanied the boys to Minerva's quarters while the party in the Great Hall was still underway.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but the students are much older than Neville and you and thus can stay up longer. Also, Neville has to Floo home before his grandmother starts to worry about him," Severus told his godson in a stern voice that made Harry shut up immediately. Severus put Harry to bed and started to read him the requested story, inwardly smiling when the child's eyes drooped after only a few sentences. He carefully tucked the boy in and settled down comfortably in a chair to read and watch over the child until Minerva arrived home from the party.

さあ何が起きるでしょう

Later that night, Harry woke up by a strange sound as if a house elf popped into his room, but before he could lazily open his eyes wide enough to see anything but a blue light, he sensed an impact against his right arm before he felt a distinctive pull from behind his navel and was whisked away from the castle's safety.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic for this chapter on my Yahoo newsgroup page!

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 16 – BUT FINALLY I WILL END UP

Finally able to open his eyes again, Harry could only take in a huge figure standing over him. He began scooting backwards on his hands away from the terror above him until he backed into a wall that halted him from moving away any further, and breathed, “Uncle Vernon,” before his whole body began to shake with fright, cold, and horror. ‘Where am I, and why is he here? I’m afraid, and it’s so cold here. What will he do to me?’ he thought terrified.

“Yes you ungrateful stupid little freak. Can you speak, yeah? Fooled us all these years instead of being grateful that we put up with your freakiness all that time, you ungrateful worthless brat? Even your freaks have noticed what you are, since it was the Headmaster of your school, Dumbiducks, who told me to get you away from there and arranged for me to be able to accomplish it without being noticed by any of the other freaks.”

When Vernon came closer to Harry with each word, all the child could do was trying to curl up into a ball in order to save himself from what he knew was going to happen now that no one was there to help him. He was too terrified to remember any of his abilities, too shocked to call for help through his mind talking or calling his familiar, and way too horrified to shape shift in order to get away from the evil in front of him, in order to save himself. Harry could only understand the words ‘worthless’ and ‘freak’ that repeated themselves endlessly in his mind. ‘I know that, but it hurts’ his mind screamed silently. All he could think about was fear, while he felt nothing but pain until he finally succumbed to unconsciousness several minutes later, which felt to Harry like an eternity.

ハリーが可哀そう

When Harry’s mind slowly made its way back to consciousness, he was in so much pain that he could hardly open his eyes. The only thing he was able to feel apart from the pain was a voice in his head... no, there were two voices, frantically calling his name. ‘What is it making that noise, no who is it and what do they want?’ he thought confused before he noticed, ‘Maybe they can help me. But why would they do that? Uncle Vernon was right and I’m nothing but

a worthless freak.’ Listening for a while he could make out the voices of Severus and Tom. ‘Uncle Severus,’ he thought back hesitantly. ‘Help me please!’

‘Harry, finally!’ he could feel his godfather’s thought. ‘Where are you, Harry?’

‘I don’t know,’ Harry thought back and at the same time thought a short ‘Hi’ to Tom.

‘Hold on Harry, we’ll be with you in a flash,’ Tom promised quickly, and only seconds later, Severus and Tom arrived together with Kori in a splash of ice. The two men stopped dead in their tracks taking in Harry’s battered form.

“Harry, what happened?” Severus asked softly when he knelt down next to the child, taking in the many injuries the small, naked body showed. The child’s body held lots of bruises and welts, and several bones seemed to be in strange angles. Apart from that, the child was shivering uncontrollably. With a flick of his wand, Harry was dressed in warm blue flannel pyjamas, and Harry let out an unconscious gasp when the fabric touched his injured skin. “I’m sorry, Harry, let me just check what’s wrong and then I will see if we can take you back to Hogwarts, or if we need Poppy to come here,” Severus told the child softly, receiving a thought ‘Thanks.’

“We seem to be in one of the old London warehouses,” Tom said astonished. “I wonder who brought you here, Harry.”

‘Uncle Vernon,’ Harry thought to the man, and Severus noticed worried that silent tears started to run down his cheeks while Tom repeated Harry’s thought to Severus.

“Vernon?” Severus asked astonished. “Oh, of course Dumbledore; leave it to him to make a Portkey for the Muggle to take him into Harry’s bedroom, let him grab Harry and then let the Portkey activate to take them here where no one could easily find them,” he continued angrily before he turned to the phoenix. “Kori, please can you quickly bring Poppy here.”



A minute later, Poppy was kneeling next to Severus, waving her wand over her godson in silence. Twenty minutes later, she straightened and announced, "All right, I mended the broken bones, and we can safely take him to Hogwarts now." She quickly made Harry drink a potion, making him dose off before she touched his hand with her personal Portkey that always took her back to the hospital wing in a way that any attached person would arrive straight on a bed in a small room.

When Severus arrived in the hospital wing with a terrified and white-faced Minerva in tow, Poppy handed Severus a small parchment with a list of needed potions, and he immediately retired to his laboratory to brew them as quickly as possible. Just after Severus left Poppy turned to Minerva and stated, "He will be all right Minerva," giving her a calming, and reassuring look before she added, "at least physically after a few days of rest."

When Severus returned with the potions a while later Minerva was sitting next to Harry, who had yet to wake up. Noticing the tears in the woman's eyes that were waiting to overcome her willpower and flow down her face he sat next to his colleague, gently putting his arm around her shoulders. "He will be all right, Minerva. It won't be worse than it was this summer, and we are all here to help you and him to overcome his ordeal. Don't worry, Minerva, you'll see everything will be fine; just give him a bit of time."

The young teacher's kindness was all that was needed for Minerva to lose her poise. She held on to her friend like he was a lifeline, unable to keep the tears from running down into his robes and sobbed, "Thank you, Severus."

"It's all right, Minerva," Severus repeated in a soft, silky voice.

はやく良くなれハリー

When Harry woke up, the image of Vernon torturing him and the words that had been haunting his mind during his dreams came to the forefront of his mind immediately. Only when he heard a small voice from nearby softly calling his name did Harry slowly open his eyes and saw Minerva sitting on the edge of his bed. 'Mummy,' he

thought to her, trying to fight back the tears that were waiting in his eyes, ready to spill at any instant.

“Hey, sweetie, I’m so glad to have you back,” Minerva said softly, while she carefully extended a hand to stroke her son’s flushed cheek, horrified when he flinched back badly in fright. “Harry, I won’t hurt you; you know that, don’t you? You’re my son, and I love you, sweetie,” she reassured the child, trying to keep her emotions at bay in order not to let the child see her anger towards the people responsible for the damage that had been done to her boy. “Harry, I’m going to call Aunt Poppy,” she told the boy softly, who instinctively reached out a hand for her.

‘Please don’t go, Mummy, don’t leave me alone,’ he thought to his adoptive mother, trying to swallow the fear that threatened to overtake him.

Minerva sighed inwardly. “Would you like to talk about what happened?” she then asked, looking straight into the too bright green eyes that were magnified by the tears waiting to spill over, sensing the fear they were radiating.

Harry slightly shook his head, wincing a bit at the pain the small movement caused. ‘I should let Mummy go and get Aunt Poppy, so that she can make me better,’ he thought uncomfortably. ‘But I don’t want her to leave me alone. What if he comes back?’ He felt his eyes getting full of tears again.

“Harry, it’s all right to cry. Just let the tears flow; maybe you’ll feel better then,” Minerva spoke to him very softly. “Are you in pain, sweetheart?”

Harry gave her a tiny nod, looking up into her green eyes for an instant. “I’m right here, Harry, I will not leave this room,” Minerva said firmly before she stood up and took a few steps over to the door, which she opened before she called out, “Poppy!”

Harry was relieved that Minerva returned immediately and sat down next to him again, while Poppy entered the room only seconds later. She handed Harry two potions, which he gulped down eagerly

without giving so much as the tiniest reaction to the taste. Poppy smiled when Harry let out a relieved sigh and thought to her, 'Thanks, Aunt Poppy.'

Her face became stern when she turned to Minerva. "His bones have all healed nicely, and now he's only suffering from a concussion and bronchitis, but give him a few days of rest and he will be physically recovered. However, the problem will be the emotional impact that might affect him for a while."

Before Minerva could reply or ask any questions, Severus entered the room. "Minerva, we need your help with the wards, can you come out onto the grounds please? I suppose it will take about an hour."

'Oh no, I don't want Mummy to leave me,' Harry thought frantically before his eyes fell on Poppy and he hopefully wondered, 'Will Aunt Poppy stay here with me?'

Seeing that Harry stiffened in fright, Poppy gave Minerva a comforting nod. "It's all right, Minerva. As long as the students don't hex each other and I have to mend them I'm going to stay with Harry until you're able to get back." She turned to Harry and explained in a soft voice, "Uncle Severus, Tom, Godric, and Filius have been strengthening the wards, so that nobody can get in that wishes you harm, not even by Portkey. But as your mother is the current Headmistress, they need her magic as well to make the wards as strong as possible."

"With Godric Gryffindor's magic renewing in the wards, not even Albus will be able to breach them," Minerva stated, sighing in relief before she asked Harry, "You're all right here with Aunt Poppy, aren't you, sweetheart? I'll be back as soon as possible."

Harry gave her a wary nod and mind talked, "All right, Mummy," before he closed his eyes and drifted off into a much needed sleep.

ハリーが話せるようになるかしら

On Monday morning, Harry had yet to speak aloud. Despite of the fact that he wasn't even completely recovered physically, Poppy and

Minerva decided to take Harry back to Minerva's quarters so that he could rest on the sofa and could either sleep or follow Remus' and Neville's lesson if he wanted. That way, he would at least have company during the day while Minerva taught her classes. "Maybe spending some time with Neville will help Harry speak earlier," Minerva had suggested, and Poppy had grudgingly agreed.

Harry was still too shocked and too unwell to mind where he was. 'The only important thing is that I'm not alone,' he thought anxiously. Despite of the fact that not only Poppy and Minerva, but also Severus, Tom, and Godric had told him that it couldn't happen again because of the strong wards they had erected Harry was very frightened and immediately began to panic when he was left alone even for a few minutes. At first, he felt very unsure before Remus and Neville showed up on Monday, but Minerva had talked not only to the teacher but also to Harry's friend beforehand and had asked them to act as if nothing had happened.

Harry slightly relaxed when Neville sat down next to him on the sofa, throwing him a huge smile and asked, "Everything all right, mate?"

When Harry gave him a slight nod, Remus immediately started their lesson, obviously ignoring Harry in spite of observing closely to see if the child was listening or pretending to be asleep, probably afraid to be asked questions. After Harry had napped for a short time, Remus placed two parchments on the table. "Now, let's do some maths. Harry, do you feel up to write the answers to the questions on the paper?"

Harry nodded again and sat up to answer the questions. 'Thanks God that I only have to write the solutions and don't have to speak,' he thought while he quickly wrote down the answers.

Unfortunately, neither Remus' way of ignoring Harry's problem apart from unsuccessfully trying to coax him into reading aloud nor Neville's way of concernedly trying to coax Harry into answering to his questions could help Harry to overcome his problem. Even after a week of lessons together with Neville, Harry had yet to speak. Fortunately, he was at least mind talking to the people he knew well.

どう解決すべきか

“I don’t know what to do,” Minerva told Poppy exasperatedly. “When the lessons didn’t change anything, I hoped that maybe it would help Harry to spend some time with the students as he never used mind talking to them before...”

“That might be a good idea,” Poppy interrupted her friend.

“I thought so, but Harry keeps refusing to eat at the House tables and insists on sitting at the Head table with Severus or me, and I have the impression that he only follows me to the Great Hall at all because he doesn’t want to stay on his own. He won’t even sleep in his room at night,” she admitted hesitantly, assuming that her friend probably wouldn’t appreciate that she let the child sleep in her bed.

“He’s sleeping with you?” Poppy enquired, giving her friend a thoughtful look. “I believe he needs it; he needs as much love and encouragement as he can get right now, and needs to feel safe since he was taken from his room I expect that.”

“He really needs it, especially since he is suffering from nightmares every night. Maybe it’ll help when he can play Quidditch again,” Minerva said pensively. “At least it helped him the last time because he couldn’t do mind talking to so many students at the same time, and even if he doesn’t want to eat together with them, Quidditch could do wonders.”

Poppy sighed. “You know that I told you I want him to wait another week before he starts flying and doing magic again; I may allow him to fly at the end of the week. He will also be able to try doing the Spell on the old school building next weekend together with Godric and Tom, and provided that they manage to make the building visible, I’m sure that it will help him greatly to gain his self-confidence back. Maybe you should ask the Weasley boys if they could try to coax Harry into talking to them.”

“That’s an idea,” Minerva replied. “Harry is quite fond of them, and they have younger siblings of Harry’s age; maybe they have an idea how to get him to interact with them. They’re both on the Quidditch

team too. I will speak with them as soon as you allow Harry to fly again.”

屋敷しもべ妖精の赤ちゃん

A day later, Malcolm and Margaret appeared in Minerva’s quarters during the evening when Minerva and Harry were enjoying a quiet hour after dinner, sitting on the sofa reading books. “We is sorry, Mistress Minerva, Master Harry, but Margaret wills not be able to come here for two days because ours’ baby Teddy wills be born tomorrow.”

“Margaret, Malcolm, you know that I’m very happy for you. I don’t want either of you to come here but to retreat to where you are comfortable until your baby is born and everything is well. Will you stay here at Hogwarts, or will you go back to McGonagall Manor for the time being?”

“Thank yous, Mistress Minerva, you is too kind to us,” Margaret replied, tears welling up in her eyes from the kindness her master was showing for them and their baby.

“We wills stay at Hogwarts since here are many elves that already have experience and perhaps can helps Margaret,” Malcolm explained.

“All right, Malcolm,” Minerva replied. “Please take good care of Margaret and inform us when little Teddy is born.”

Harry gave the two elves a huge smile before they popped away. ‘I wonder how small Teddy will be. Will he be able to play with me, or will he be like a human baby and sleep all day? I hope he’ll be able to understand me if I mind-talk with him. I can’t wait to finally meet him,’ he thought excitedly.

On Wednesday evening, the house-elves returned with a baby house elf in between them. The two parents bowed deeply before Margaret spoke up and thanked Minerva for her patience and for letting Malcolm stay with her the whole time. Then she scooped up the baby house elf into her arms and put it down in front of Harry, where she

advised it to bow its head to Harry. Harry gave Margaret a menacing look before he carefully extended his hands to the tiny elf and slowly pushed his head back up. 'I don't want you to bow, Teddy, do you understand me?' he tried to mind talk to the little elf urgently.

Teddy suddenly smiled back straight into Harry's green eyes. "Fankus, Master Hawwy, I understands. Teddy no bow."

'And no calling me 'Master', okay, Teddy. I am just Harry, only Harry.'

"Master Hawwy no Teddy's master?" the small elf repeated confused.

Harry threw a helpless glance at Minerva, who was watching the conversation between her son and his little elf with great amusement. "Teddy, Harry means that he is your master but you needn't call him Master. He wants you to just call him Harry," she explained and gave Teddy a bright smile that even broadened when Teddy's eyes widened and he quickly looked back to Harry.

"Fankus, Hawwy."

'May I touch you?' Harry thought to the little elf enquiringly, glad when he received an anxious nod in reply. He carefully extended his hands once more and pulled up Teddy onto his lap, softly stroking his cheeks. 'Love you Teddy, you're my friend.'

Seeing that her elves were watching the scene unbelievably, Minerva turned back to Margaret and Malcolm. "When are we going to do the bonding? I don't think that Harry appreciates it at all because he would prefer Teddy to be free and his friend but you will probably want him to bond Teddy to him, right?"

"Yes please, Mistress Minerva," Malcolm replied immediately. "House elves has to be bond to theys masters for theys magic to grow, and we wants Teddy to be bond to Master Harry if he agrees."

"Of course Harry agrees, just look at the sight," Minerva replied, giving a fond smile to her son, who was cuddling Teddy. Then she proceeded to explain to Harry what he had to do to bond Teddy to

him, and why before she patiently taught him the Spell he had to perform.

An hour later, Harry had finally managed to do the Spell properly, which was very difficult as he had to do it with wandless and silent magic. But finally, he felt his whole body tingle for what seemed to be an endless time while a bright blue light surrounded Teddy, who was standing in front of him.

“Fankus, Hawwy,” Teddy said happily, bowing deeply. Seeing that Harry forcefully shook his head, he remembered, “Teddy no bow; sowwy Hawwy.”

クイディッチは助かるかなあ

On Thursday, Minerva met with Bill and Charlie Weasley directly after lunch, while Harry was together with Remus and Neville. Minerva smiled at the two boys, who anxiously entered her classroom, skimming their minds for possible pranks they could have played that made their Head of House call them to her office. “Thanks for coming,” the teacher began the conversation. “In fact I would like to ask for your help concerning Harry.”

“What’s wrong with Harry? He hasn’t spoken to anyone recently, and he doesn’t come to sit at our table, nor does he visit us in the common room anymore,” Bill blurted out worriedly.

Minerva sighed. “If at all possible I want you to keep what I tell you to yourselves.” At their nod of agreement she continued, “Harry was abducted by his Muggle uncle on Halloween night after going to bed.” Ignoring the gasps of the two boys, who already knew about Harry’s upbringing before being adopted by Minerva, she continued, “Physically he has recovered from the injuries he received that night, however he has not recovered emotionally. Therefore, he is back to mind talking and refuses to speak at all to anyone. Madam Pomfrey is permitting him to resume flying beginning tomorrow and we hope that it will help him to overcome his problems and begin speaking again. Thus I would like you to try to coax him into playing Quidditch once again with your team beginning tomorrow. I assume he will need a lot of encouragement in order to play at all.”



The two boys exchanged a look that Minerva couldn't understand before Charlie gave his older brother a short nod and finally Bill spoke up. "We can try to coax him into playing Quidditch, Professor, but we know someone who might perhaps be able to help Harry more than Quidditch."

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their brilliant beta-ing!

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## 17 – CHOKING ON A LEMON DROP

“You know someone, who can help Harry? And who might that be?” Minerva asked astonished, unconsciously playing with a little parchment that Harry had drawn a picture on for her that morning.

“Our sister, Professor,” Bill answered. “We think that our sister, Ginny, might be able to help him.”

“Your sister?” Minerva enquired confused. “How would your sister be able to help Harry?”

“Ginny is able to mind talk too,” Charlie explained quickly. “Plus, although she’s only a six year old, she has the ability to make people feel better, so maybe she’ll be able to help Harry. Professor, could we possibly invite her to visit us one day this weekend so that we can introduce her to Harry?”

Minerva gave the two students a pensive look. “All right, it’s at least worth a try. I will speak with your mother and invite your sister to visit us on Saturday, and see if she will allow her to come. I’ll let you know as soon as I know more. Thanks for your help.”

“No problem, Professor. Should we try to coax Harry into playing Quidditch with our team tomorrow then?”

“Yes please. Quidditch can work wonders too. Twenty points to Gryffindor for trying to help a much younger student, who is in need of help,” Minerva answered, a small smile playing on her lips.

“Thank you, Professor,” the boys answered and hurriedly left in order to be on time for their afternoon lessons.

試し

Bill and Charlie successfully managed to persuade Harry to train with the Quidditch team on Friday evening, and Harry enjoyed playing Quidditch and flying with the students just as much as he did before. However, Minerva’s wish that it would help the child to start speaking again didn’t come true. He resolved to mind think to either Bill or

Charlie, and later when they were back in their common room, they hesitantly told the others that Harry was having slight problems speaking aloud due to his former upbringing.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Saturday morning, Ginny came through the Floo straight into Minerva's office and was immediately pulled into bears hugs by her brothers. Suddenly, Bill remembered where they were and let go of his little sister. "Professor, Harry, this is our little sister Ginny. Ginny, this is Professor McGonagall, our Head of House, and that's our friend Harry Potter-McGonagall.

"Harry Potter?" Ginny whispered in awe, trying to get a glimpse of the child that was trying to hide behind his adoptive mother. "Hello Harry," Ginny said, giving the shy boy a sweet smile.

'She looks very nice, such pretty hair and she seems so sweet,' Harry thought amazed. 'Hello Ginny,' he thought to the girl, a small smile playing on his lips. Very startled he looked up when he suddenly felt the girl reply directly into his mind.

'Can you do mind talk too, Harry? That's great; then we can always speak to each other, even when I'm at home, if you want.'

'I'd like that,' Harry thought back shyly and slowly left his spot behind Minerva.

"Harry, do you want to take your friends into your room and play for a while?" Minerva suggested.

Harry gave her an eager nod before he carefully extended a small hand towards Ginny which she immediately took, to let herself be pulled over into his room, making sure that Bill and Charlie followed them. Having six big brothers, Ginny was obviously used to playing with cars and such things, and the four children engrossed themselves in building a whole town in Harry's room using Harry's train set and all his Lego blocks. Time seemed to fly by in the blink of an eye, and Harry couldn't believe his ears when Minerva called them in order to go down to the Great Hall for lunch. 'Is it already

lunchtime?' he thought surprised. 'That was fast. I like Ginny a lot; she's very cute and funny. I'd like to be her friend.'

When it was time for Ginny to go home, Harry begged Minerva to let Ginny come back again soon to play with him. 'Aunt Minerva, can Ginny come to our lessons too? I like her so much, and it would be so nice to have her here along with Neville.'

Minerva sighed. "We will see, sweetie." She turned to Ginny. "Ginny, I hope you enjoyed yourself too?"

"Yes, it was a lot of fun. Thank you very much, Professor, for inviting me to come here. It was great to play with Harry and my brothers. I miss them so much when they are away. It's funny that Harry can mind talk too. I will try to talk to him when I get back."

"I'm sure Harry will be delighted if you do that, and he told me that he enjoyed himself a lot and wants to play with you again soon," Minerva answered, and everyone watched Ginny step into the fireplace and Floo home.

A short while later, Harry suddenly heard Ginny's voice in his head. 'Hello Harry, can you hear me?'

'Hi Ginny,' Harry replied pleased. 'Yes, I can hear you. Thanks for coming to visit me today.'

'It was a lot of fun. Maybe you can come visit me sometime. My twin brothers are great fun,' the girl suggested, adding, 'But they can't mind talk. Do you think you could speak to them?'

Harry sighed. 'I'm not sure,' he finally replied. 'But if it is necessary to see Ginny again soon, I will try,' he thought to himself before he sent her a 'But I will try.'

The two children's conversation was interrupted by Minerva, who called Harry for dinner. 'I have to go to dinner now; talk to you later Ginny,' Harry quickly sent a thought to the girl while he followed Minerva to the Great Hall.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

At breakfast on Sunday morning, Minerva introduced Godric Gryffindor to the students, and Godric explained to his stunned listeners everything about the second school building and that Tom, Harry, and he as representatives of the founders were going to try to bring the old building back into sight that day. “Therefore, there will be a very strong magical field that will cover the school grounds even though we’ll be performing the magic in the forest, so I advise everyone to stay in the school building today, while we are performing the spell to bring back the other building. As soon as the process is finished you may leave the castle again; we will inform you when we have completed the spell,” he finished his speech.

During the loud commotion that started in the Great Hall after this unusual announcement that left many questions open, Minerva, Severus, Godric, Tom, and Harry left the castle at the same time as Hagrid, who hurriedly ran down towards his hut.

‘Funny; I’ve never seen Hagrid run,’ Harry thought, giggling inwardly as he followed the teachers into the Forbidden Forest.

“All right, are you all well rested and know the incantations?” Godric asked, giving each of them a piercing look. Everyone gave him a confirming answer and Godric continued, “Harry, you know that your incantation is the most important as you’re acting as representative of two founders. If possible, I want you to say the incantation aloud. If not it’s all right, but it will probably be stronger if you say it aloud.

“But do try to not deplete your magic completely,” Minerva advised the child, pulling him into a slight hug.

‘I promise, I’ll be careful,’ Harry thought back to his adoptive mother calmly.

Godric led them to a spot in the Forbidden Forest where they placed themselves, forming a half-circle, with Minerva and Severus on the outside ends, Godric next to Minerva, Tom next to Severus, and Harry between Godric and Tom. Once everyone was in place they began the first Spell that was necessary in order to clear the ground,

where the second school building was located, of all trees and other plants and animals, moving them further into the forest. The incantation consisted of two parts, in first of which they had to state who was acting on behalf of whom of the founders, and in the second part they had to add the incantation necessary for this first Spell. It took two minutes for them to finish the Spell, and as a result the area in front of them was cleared of all flora and fauna.

As Severus had advised him that the second Spell was far more important than the first, Harry had been careful not to summon too much magic for the first incantation and sighed happily, seeing that it had worked nonetheless.

“Now, so far that worked very well,” Godric stated contented. “We can take a rest for a few minutes but no longer, otherwise the effect of the first Spell will be undone.”

Severus handed each of them a small phial with Pepperup potion, quickly gulping down one himself. ‘I hate that,’ Harry groaned inwardly, frowning at the smoke that came out of his ears.

“All right, shall we continue?” Godric asked, looking around.

Everyone agreed and they started with the second Spell immediately. ‘This time, I really have to make my arm tingly,’ Harry thought, summoning a large amount of magic when he started to incant the Spell together with the others. Just like the other Spell it consisted of two parts, naming the names of the representatives at first, followed by the incantation.

Half way through the Spell however, Harry noticed that something strange was going on with his body. His limbs started to shake uncontrollably, and his whole body started to hurt. ‘What’s that?’ Harry thought horrified before he remembered, ‘No, I can’t think about it now; have to get on with the Spell,’ and quickly continued to mumble the incantation. A minute later, Harry’s control over his body reached its end and he suddenly realized that his problems didn’t come from the Spell but from being attacked from somewhere. Trying not to interrupt the incantation he quickly made himself invisible and left his place with the intention to stand next to Minerva, but failed

because he had no control over his limbs anymore. He stumbled down to the ground just in front of Godric, but gladly noticed that at least the attack had stopped. Somehow, he managed to summon all his willpower and finished the Spell before everything in front of his eyes went black.

## 学校の建物

When the Spell was finished, everyone looked in awe at the building that slowly came into sight from behind a white mist, which they hadn't even noticed before. From the structure, the colours, and everything the old building looked exactly like the main building of Hogwarts except for the huge Astronomy tower that was missing here, and it was a bit smaller than the main building. They had managed to do the Spell. Everyone relaxed, feeling tired as the Spell had afforded a lot of magic. Suddenly, Minerva glanced terrified at the empty spot between Tom and Godric and blurted out, "Where is Harry?"

"Harry?" Severus called the child first aloud and when no answer came, he thought once more, 'Harry? Where are you?' "I cannot reach him with mind talk. What can have happened to him? He was standing next to us the whole time," he looked at the others questioningly. "Tom, can you reach him?"

"No, he doesn't answer for me either," Tom replied shortly later.

"Tom or Godric, can you change into your Chameguise form? Maybe you have some way of finding him then?" Severus suggested, while he calmly put an arm around Minerva, who seemed to be ready to cry, imagining Harry unconscious in some London warehouse again. "Sh, sh, it's all right, Minerva, Harry will be fine. I don't know what happened, but Harry is tough, and he must have been here until just a moment ago; otherwise the Spell wouldn't have worked. So he cannot be far," he told his older friend comfortingly, trying to hide his own worries for his godson behind a blank mask.

Minerva leaned into the embrace, trying to get a grip on herself, slightly calmed by the child's godfather's words and by the transformation that was taking place before her eyes.

Godric and Tom both changed into their Chameguise form, walked a few steps until they stood next to each other and transformed back, pointing to the ground in front of them. "He's lying on the ground here," Godric told Minerva and Severus, while he scooped the invisible child up into his arms.

"Is he unconscious, or is there some other reason he is not answering?" Severus asked concerned.

"I'm not sure; his body is shaking," Godric replied. "He may be cold or he may have depleted too much magic while participating in the spell. Let's take him home quickly."

"No, let's take him to Poppy; its closer and he needs to be seen by her as quickly as possible," Minerva contradicted, giving the Founder a stern look that didn't warrant any disagreement.

Ten minutes later, Godric gently laid Harry on a bed in the hospital wing, and Poppy hurried over to the invisible form of her godson, shooing Godric and Tom out before she waved her wand at the child. "Enervate."

Harry's mind slowly turned back to consciousness. He let out a small groan, feeling pain throughout his small body. Suddenly, his godmother's voice penetrated his mind. "Can you please make yourself visible, sweetie, so that I can see you and have a better check on you?"

Harry quickly changed to his normal, visible form, feeling the draining effect on his magic that was caused by the earlier spells. 'What happened to me?' he thought anxiously. 'Have I been attacked, or was it the Spell that made me hurt so much?'

Poppy's voice pulled him out of his thoughts. "Severus, I don't know what happened to Harry, but he's suffering from the after effects of the Cruciatus Curse."

"He's WHAT!?" Minerva repeated in horrified disbelief.



“So, he was attacked while we were casting the Spell,” Severus said thoughtfully. “Who knew that we were going to be in the forest? Nobody except for the students and teachers knew, right? In the meantime, I’ll go and brew the Anti-Cruciatius potion immediately,” he promised and left the hospital wing, his robes billowing menacingly behind him.

“He is also magically drained but that was to be expected after the spell he participated in,” Poppy continued and handed Harry a glass of water, which he sipped down gratefully.

‘Thanks, Aunt Poppy,’ Harry thought and eyed the phial in Poppy’s hand before he decided to just rely on his godmother and drank the potion, noticing that the pain receded some but not completely.

Seeing that Minerva sat down on his other side, Harry silently asked, ‘What happened, Mummy?’

“I’m not exactly sure what happened, son, but we assume that somebody attacked you from behind,” Minerva explained calmly, carefully pushing an errant strand of hair from Harry’s face.

“Someone attacked you with the Cruciatus Curse, which is a very bad Curse,” Poppy added, frowning at Harry’s scrunched expression of pain before she once more waved her wand over her godson, deciding to keep the result for herself until Severus returned.

Finally, Severus came with the newly made potion, and Harry relaxed visibly after taking it. “He will need another phial in a few hours,” Poppy decided. “The Spell was very strong.”

“You don’t think Dumbledore has been here, do you?” Minerva asked, terrified.

“Let me ask Fawkes if he sensed him,” Severus suggested and called his familiar.

#The old coot was here this morning, but it was only for a few minutes while neither you nor Harry were on the grounds,# Fawkes answered immediately.

“Thank you Fawkes,” Severus replied before he translated for the others what Fawkes had told him.

“Then it was definitely Dumbledore,” Poppy stated. “None of the other teachers here is as strong as him, and apart from the Cruciatus Curse Harry has been hit by a very strong dark Spell.”

“A dark Spell?” Minerva gasped. “Are you sure, Poppy?”

Poppy turned to Severus. “You check on him, Severus, please. I want you to confirm my diagnosis.”

Severus raised an eyebrow before he waved his wand at his godson, frowning at the result. “Yes, he has been hit by a dark Spell but I have no idea what it is.”

“Nor have I, and I don’t know what effect it has either as Harry seems to be completely fine apart from the pain caused by the Cruciatus Curse,” Poppy added pensively before she continued, “Since we’re both unfamiliar with the Spell and are unsure of the effects the Spell may have on Harry, there is a slight possibility that it is an ancient Spell. I know for a fact that Dumbledore is very proficient at them. Maybe Godric can help us identify it and what it causes.”

‘Godric?’ Severus tried to mind talk to the founder. ‘Can you hear me?’

‘Yes, of course. Tom and I are just trying to get into the primary school building; somehow we can’t get in,’ Godric answered too slowly for Severus’ likings.

‘Sorry Godric, but could you please return to the hospital wing immediately? We know that Dumbledore has placed a dark Spell on Harry, and we are unsure of what it is exactly and thought you may know,’ Severus thought back sternly.

Godric shortly explained to Tom where he was going, changed into a phoenix, and flashed away, landing next to Harry’s bed. He pulled his wand and checked on the child. “Yes, I believe that it is what you call

an ancient Spell, but I'm not proficient in the area of Healing. We need to ask Helga; if someone is able to help us, it is her."

"Helga?" Poppy mumbled confused. "You don't mean..."

"Yes, I mean Helga Hufflepuff," Godric answered impatiently. "Wait a moment." Seeing that everyone was looking at him expectantly, he suggested, "I can take Harry to the Founders' Lair and let Helga look at him. However, I'm not sure if she has enough magic to do a difficult Spell, and as none of us have any Healing power, we need Poppy to do the Spell, but we cannot take Poppy into the Founders' Lair as it is only possible for heirs to access. What should we do?"

"Would it be possible to bring the portrait here so that Madam Hufflepuff could advise Poppy, provided she recognizes the Spell?" Minerva suggested, carefully stroking her sleeping son's cheeks.

"We can try that, but I'm not sure how well my Charm that makes the portraits function will work outside of the Lair," Godric relented before he changed back into his phoenix form and flashed away returning only ten minutes later with the portrait of Helga Hufflepuff.

Helga quickly came out of her portrait, scolding Godric immediately. "Do you always have to fight with Salazar, Godric? Why, if you cannot act civically towards each other, couldn't you just take my portrait out without talking to him at all? Letting people wait here while you fight with Salazar." She rolled her eyes and stepped over to Harry, pulling a very old wand out of her robes that Poppy immediately recognized as a Healer's wand, which she waved over the child.

"Godric, what's wrong with the primary school building? You said you are unable to enter it?" Severus enquired in the meantime.

Godric sadly shook his head. "No, it won't open for us. Maybe our Spell wasn't strong enough because of what happened to Harry, but I'm unsure at the moment. We'll have to find out what's wrong. It should at least let me in as I'm one of those who founded it."

Helga's expression darkened, when she turned to the others, quickly introducing herself to Poppy, Minerva, and Severus. "I'm sorry. I know

the Spell the Lytling (child) is under, but I cannot tell what to do to remove it as we were unable to find a solution until after my portrait was made. Therefore, you have to look through my library since it is self updating, to search for information about the Spell. You can even take my portrait, so that I may help with the search. Of course, I cannot promise that you will find anything though," she added quietly.

tbc...

You can find a chapter graphic on the newsgroup page!

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for their brilliant beta-ing!

All recognisable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 18 - UNABLE TO HARM YOU ANY MORE

“What spell is it exactly, Helga?” Godric asked curiously.

“The ‘Decemplex Efectionis’ Spell,” Helga Hufflepuff answered firmly. “It is a very strong Spell that makes every kind of pain the Lytling (child) feels tenfold.”

“That’s why the effects of the Cruciatus Curse were so strong,” Poppy stated more to herself than to the others.

“Exactly,” Helga agreed.

Minerva sighed, stroking the child’s cheek as he slept. “So as long as he isn’t hit with a Spell or falls ill he will be all right until we can find a cure?” she asked doubtfully.

“Yes,” Helga and Poppy confirmed at the same time. “He is all right, and you can take him with you if you want, although I suggest we allow him sleep here, so that you can go to Madam Hufflepuff’s library with the others and I can keep an eye on him,” Poppy continued.

### 広い図書室

Over the following week, the teachers searched Helga’s library but couldn’t find anything so far. However, the library was so huge that they still had hope they would be able to find what they were looking for, even if it would take weeks to search through each single book it held.

“Don’t you teach Healing nowadays? Maybe you should re-invent the Healing course and let the students make a list of all the Spells in the books and its effects,” Godric suggested.

“If Poppy would be willing to teach such a class we can do that, at least for the sixth and seventh years,” Minerva replied thoughtfully. “However, the class could only begin at the start of the January semester and not a month before Christmas. But we could also ask the students staying at the castle over the holidays to join us here to

help. They might be happy to have a different change in pace for a certain amount of time during the day.”

Harry was sitting in a corner, occupying himself with an illustrated children’s book, giggling every now and then. ‘I’d like to know what they are searching for,’ he thought. ‘I’d like to help but Aunt Minerva said it’s too difficult, and these children’s books are too funny to really put down.’

Severus turned to Godric. “Do all of you have their own private library here in the castle?”

“Of course we do,” Godric laughed. “And this one is about the smallest. Each of us has a self-updating library that each had their own specialty. As you can tell Helga’s has books mostly on Healing and Herbology. Salazar had his, which consisted mainly of Offensive magic and Potions, Rowena’s was Charms, Runes, and Arithmancy. Mine held books on mainly Transfiguration, Defensive magic, and hand combat.” Seeing the enthusiastic looks in his colleagues’ faces he continued, “I promise that I will show you to each library and that you may access them and read every book if you wish so. However, first we have to find the Spell we are looking for.”

“Maybe nobody found a Spell. Perhaps Professor Slytherin invented a potion or it may have been a potion invented after his death and was added later,” Severus threw in, skimming through an old book about healing potions. Everyone could tell that he really wanted to get his hands on the books that would be found in Slytherin’s library.

“Hmm, possibly,” Godric relented pensively. “All right, I will go and ask him tonight if he happened to find one before his demise.”

## 学校の建物

As unsuccessful and frustrated as they were so far in the search for a counter-spell to the ancient Spell that had been placed on Harry, they were also equally ineffective in their attempts to set a foot into the new school building. They even repeated the Spell to make the building visible without Harry, but it had no effect on allowing entrance into the building. “We obviously need Harry to cast the Spell

with us,” a frustrated Godric said, after another failed attempt to coax the primary school building to let him in.

“Poppy promised that Harry will be able to retry the Spell again this weekend,” Minerva replied, glad that it was her friend and not herself to hold Harry back from helping the adults.

“All right then, let’s try once more on Saturday,” Severus suggested. “However, this time, we shouldn’t tell anyone about it. We still don’t know how Dumbledore obtained the information that Harry was expected to be in the forest last week.”

“I won’t take that risk again,” Minerva replied briskly. “Anyway, I will advise Harry to take Kori with him. She would notice if someone came near us who intends to harm Harry.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Every evening, Ginny had contacted Harry telepathically. On Thursday, she told him, ‘Harry, Mum would like to invite you and your Mum to come and visit us on Sunday afternoon. Do you think you can come?’

‘I don’t know, Ginny; I have to ask Aunt Minerva. Are you sure that it’s all right for me to come even if I don’t speak?’

‘Of course, Harry; I’ve told them about you, and now they want to get to know you.’

‘Aunt Minerva, Ginny says her mother is inviting us to their house Sunday afternoon. Can we go, please?’ he thought to his adoptive mother, who smiled at the enthusiastic child, noticing that his eyes were twinkling happily.

“Of course, Harry,” Minerva replied immediately. “Tell Ginny that I’ll arrange something with her mother.”

‘Thank you,’ Harry beamed to Minerva and gave her a small hug before he thought to Ginny, ‘it’s all right; we can come. Aunt Minerva said she’d talk to your mother.’

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Saturday, Minerva, Godric, Severus, and Tom took Harry into the forest, so that he could cast the second spell on the school building once again, together with Godric and Tom. Minerva and Severus stood on each side of them, wands drawn, carefully watching their surroundings. Additionally, Kori was sitting on Minerva's shoulder, waiting for Harry to take her back when he was finished.

Harry concentrated on the long Spell, glad that Minerva had made him repeat it into her mind several times the day before so that he didn't have any problems remembering the words. "Very well; now shall we go and see if it worked?" Godric suggested once they had finished the spell, while already striding ahead towards the entrance doors.

The others followed quickly, and Harry let out a happy squeak, when the huge front doors opened for the founder. He quickly ran ahead of the others to get a look inside the building; however, he couldn't see anything due to the dust that had collected over the past several hundred years. Godric hurried to wave his wand at their surroundings, and the dust and dirt disappeared in the blink of an eye. Harry looked around in awe. 'It looks exactly like Hogwarts,' he thought, taking in the old stone walls with torches between the large pictures along the walls as well as the huge staircase that moved on its own accord every now and then.

'Oh, this is where I'll be going to primary school from September onwards until I can attend Hogwarts with the big kids,' he remembered and sent the thought as a question to Minerva, who gave him a confirming nod, watching in amusement when his eyes began to twinkle happily.

In the meantime, Godric was standing in front of a huge portrait, in which the wizards and witches of the whole floor seemed to have assembled and were pestering him with questions about what had happened so many years before. Harry could see that they seemed to be very upset and couldn't hide a grin, watching as the old headmaster, who had been automatically respected by everyone at



Hogwarts as soon as he appeared, received a dressing down by the people in a picture. 'It's too funny,' he thought, snickering.

"You think that's funny, young man?" Godric suddenly came over and pulled him in front of the portrait, where he introduced him to the people, who seemed to have calmed down a little bit. Obviously the Headmaster's explanation had been impressive enough to quieten them.

### ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry had quickly fallen asleep that evening after Severus had read a story to him, and Minerva had tucked him in. However, a short while later he was awakened by a splitting headache. Knowing that it was because of the evil spell Dumbledore had put on him that each small pain was intensified, he slowly crawled out of his bed and walked over to the living room. However, when he reached the door, he hesitated and automatically turned invisible as not to disturb the two persons in the room.

Minerva was sitting on the sofa. Harry couldn't see if she was crying, but Severus, who was sitting next to her, had put an arm around her shoulders and was talking to her comfortingly, in his soft, silky baritone voice that he always used to calm Harry when he was either feeling unwell or when he became frustrated because he couldn't make a potion properly.

"I'm doing something wrong, Severus. I'm not a good guardian; I don't have any experience with children as young as him. The fact that I love him as if he was my own is not enough," he could hear Minerva say.

"No, Minerva, you're doing a brilliant job raising Harry. He will come around and speak when he's ready. There's nothing you can do about it, and it's not your fault in the least. It's the fault of his relatives, who gave him such bad childhood experiences. In spite of the fact that he doesn't speak, I'm sure that Harry is very happy here, and he loves you as if you were his natural mother," Severus replied.

Harry was shocked, and tears welled in his eyes. 'Aunt Minerva is sad because of me, because I don't talk,' he thought horrified. 'But I can't; I'm a freak, and people don't want to hear freaks talking,' he recalled what he had been taught by his uncle. He carefully took a few steps back and became visible once again, before he entered the living room again. He climbed onto Minerva's lap and tiredly leaned into her robes.

"What's wrong with you, sweetie?" Minerva asked astonished, stroking his cheeks. "I thought you were asleep."

'I've a bad headache,' Harry thought back tiredly.

"A headache?" Minerva repeated flabbergasted. "Oh my poor child; However, I'm sure we have a potion that will help you get rid of that," she told her son calmly, carefully feeling his forehead. "It must be really bad if it brings him in here at this time of night," she said to Severus.

"Of course, if he feels every pain tenfold," Severus replied and caught the phial in his hand that he had been summoning from Minerva's bathroom, where he had placed a small stock of potions she might need for the child. He quickly opened the phial and held it to Harry's lips. "Here Harry, this is a headache potion."

Harry quickly swallowed the liquid and sighed in relief. 'Thank you, Uncle Severus,' he thought gratefully and mumbled, just loud enough for Minerva to hear, "Love you, Mummy." Before his eyes closed and he fell asleep on his mother's lap, he mused, 'It looks as if Aunt Minerva and Uncle Severus liked each other a lot. Pity that she is so much older than him.'

"I hope he won't get ill again so soon," Minerva turned to Severus, concern laced in her voice.

Severus quickly waved his wand at the child, before he shook his head. "No, Minerva, he's completely fine. The headache probably just resulted from using so much magic this morning when he had to cast the Spell on the primary school building. Now, shall I put him back to

bed?” he asked, carefully taking Harry from his colleague when she nodded.

## 翌朝

When Harry woke up in the morning, it was still dark outside. He got up and tiptoed to Minerva’s bedroom, climbed into her bed, and rolled up in her arm to get some more sleep. An hour later, Minerva smiled at the child in her arm, cradling him close. “Good morning, sweetie,” she greeted him a while later, seeing that large, green eyes were looking up at her.

‘Good morning, Aunt Minerva,’ Harry thought back, giving his guardian a happy smile.

“Are you feeling better this morning, Harry?” Minerva asked concerned.

‘Yes, I’m fine. Sorry for disturbing you and Uncle Severus last night.’

“That’s all right. You didn’t disturb us, and you are always to come to one of us if you have a problem,” Minerva replied softly. “Now, are you up to visiting Ginny and her family today?”

“Yes!” Harry squealed happily, and Minerva was extremely glad to notice that Harry had once more started to speak, even if his words still were very rare and were only provoked, so far, by emotions.

## ウィースレイ家への訪問

Two hours later, Minerva and Harry stepped through the Floo to the Burrow, where they were happily greeted. Ginny immediately pulled Harry up to her twin brothers’ room, introducing Fred and George to her friend. Harry liked the twins immediately and watched with interest at what they were doing with a bubbling cauldron in a corner of their room. ‘What are they brewing?’ he thought to Ginny.

"They are brewing prank items to prank my unnerving older brothers Percy and Ron," Ginny replied aloud, causing the twins to chuckle mischievously.

"All right, that's it," Fred stated contentedly, and the twins started to fill the green liquid into many small plastic bags.

"If you put this into the food, everyone eating it will have yellow feathers like a chick," George explained to Harry. "However, we won't try it out today; otherwise Mum would have a fit if we tried that in front of your mother," he added thoughtfully.

"Want to go and play Quidditch for a while?" Fred asked, and Harry's eyes started to twinkle with joy, when he said in a very small voice, "I'd like that. Can I play Seeker?"

"Of course you can," replied George, and the four kids hurried out into the garden.

Ron and Percy joined them, and they played a small version of Quidditch with three people in each team, one keeper, one chaser, and one Seeker. After Harry managed to catch the Snitch twice, Ron became very angry and mumbled, "No wonder; he's got the better broom."

"Ron!" Percy called out immediately. "He's our guest. Now, apologize immediately."

Not waiting for an apology, Harry went over to Ron and motioned him to take his broom, while he grabbed the boy's broom, mounting it quickly. "All right then, shall we have another go?" Fred suggested, and they started another game.

When Harry again managed to catch the Snitch before Ron had even spotted it, the red haired boy threw the broom onto the ground and angrily stomped back to the house. Harry quickly excused himself from Ginny since he had to use the toilet. When he entered the house, he saw that Ron was just heading into the twin's room. 'What is he going to do?' he thought and curiously followed the boy, making himself invisible as he went. He then watched Ron taking one of the

little prank bags the twins had just made and empty it into the desert that was sitting on the kitchen table.

Harry swore to himself he would not touch the dessert and went to the toilet, seeing that Ron headed outside again.

An hour later, everyone sat down at the huge dining table. Mrs. Weasley made Harry eat a little bit of everything she had prepared, and although it was absolutely delicious, Harry's small belly was full very quickly. "You still have to eat some desert, sweetie," Mrs. Weasley told him and spooned some of the chocolate cream onto his plate.

'Don't eat that, Ginny,' Harry urgently thought to his friend, and seeing that Minerva was just bringing a spoonful to her mouth, he shouted, "No, Mummy, don't eat that!"

Everyone gave him astonished looks, and Harry blushed deeply, due to the attention that he received, quickly averting his eyes to the floor.

'Have Fred and George put something in it?' Ginny's voice suddenly asked telepathically, and Harry quickly shook his head.

'No, it was Ron,' he replied quickly.

"Mummy, Harry saw that Ron put something into the dessert," Ginny announced, and everyone turned his eyes from Percy, who had just transformed into a yellow chick, to Ron.

After that, nobody wanted to eat the dessert, and Mrs. Weasley announced to Ron that he would be grounded for the next three days, before she asked Ginny and the twins to help in the kitchen for a moment. Harry immediately followed them, but Mrs. Weasley pushed him out of the kitchen and told him resolutely to either rest or go play. "It won't take Ginny and the twins long; they will join you in a few minutes."

"Harry, let's have a race!" Ron invited Harry, handing him a different broom than they had used before, and Harry happily mounted the

broom. 'He seemed to be so jealous because I bet him as Seeker each time.' he thought to himself. 'This time, I will let him win.'

However, as soon as he had taken into the air, Harry noticed that the broom was behaving strangely and that he couldn't control it properly. 'Harry, that broom is broken; try to come down immediately,' suddenly Ginny's voice penetrated his mind. 'Harry, please come down quickly,' she urgently mind thought to him, but Harry wasn't able to make the broom do what he want and couldn't prevent himself from tumbling down to the ground, the broom still clutched in his hand.

The last thing he heard, before he sank into a world filled with pain and blackness overtook him, was Ron's laughter.

tbc...

Please don't kill me. I know several people asked me to make Ron good in this story, but.. sorry, I just don't like him ;-)

Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 19 - ONLY ABLE TO SEE YOU

When Harry's mind slowly came back to awareness, he felt an enormous pain in his head. He lazily tried to open his eyes to assess where he was and if anyone was with him and saw Minerva and Severus sitting on the edge of his bed.

"Mummy," he mumbled miserably, causing Minerva and Severus to turn their attention to him instantly.

"Oh Harry, you're awake! Thank God!" Minerva gasped in relief, while leaning over him and gently kissing his forehead.

Severus gave him a small smile. "You gave us quite a fright, young man. How do you feel?"

'My head,' Harry thought back, 'hurts terribly.'

"Your head hurts badly? I believe that, Harry. You have a concussion, and with all the pain tenfold, it must be horrible. Here Harry, drink this. It will help."

Minerva helped Harry to sit up, and he gratefully gulped down the potion Severus handed him, noticing that the pain became bearable but wasn't completely gone. 'Thank you,' he thought gratefully.

"Do you remember what happened, sweetie?" Minerva asked softly.

Harry considered the question for a moment. 'We were at the Weasleys, weren't we?' he thought back.

"Yes, sweetie, and you fell off your broom. You have been unconscious for a week," Minerva explained.

"Miraculously, you only received a concussion from your fall," Severus added. "You were very lucky, Harry, even if you feel absolutely awful at the moment."

Harry gave him a slight smile that couldn't hide how miserable he felt.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry had to stay in bed for another week. On Monday morning, just before Minerva headed to her first class, Teddy suddenly popped up at Harry's side.

"Good morning, Master Harry," the little elf cheered, bowing deeply, only to add immediately, "Oh, I is sorry, Master Harry, Teddy forgots, Teddy no bow."

'Hello Teddy,' Harry replied, happy to see the little elf. 'Did you come to visit me?'

"Yes, Master Harry, Teddy was asks to stay with Harry while Mistress Professor McGonagall teaches classes. I is happy to stay with Master Harry."

'That's great,' Harry replied. 'Teddy, tell me what you do all day?'

"Ah, Teddy dos lots of things, Master Harry. My parents tells me that normally a house elf child must cleans the floors of the halls for two years, and then they mays cleans the floor of the Great Hall. After that they learns to cleans up the dormitories and dos the washing. Only if they cans dos all of that, they may learns to works in the kitchen. But because Teddy is already bonded, Teddy must not dos these works. Teddy mays helps the teachers, cleans the teachers' rooms, brings something to them if they needs something, and of course bes with Master Harry if Master Harry needs Teddy. If Master Harry wants Teddy to dos something, Teddy wills dos, because Master Harry is Teddy's master."

'So you will do what I tell you to do?' Harry asked incredulously.

"Yes, of course, Master Harry," Teddy replied, smiling.

'What do you like to do most, Teddy?' Harry thought to the elf.

"Teddy likes most learning, learning magic and learning about the castle."



‘I like that too,’ Harry beamed, and suddenly came up with what he thought was a brilliant idea. ‘Teddy, how about you attend my lessons? Uncle Remus teaches Neville and me every day, well, at least when I’m allowed to get up again. Maybe you could sit with us and learn too?’ he asked excitedly.

“Teddy would likes that a lot, but I dos not knows if Mistress Professor McGonagall would allows Teddy to joins Master Harry in his lessons.”

‘I will ask her later. I’m a bit tired now, Teddy. Can you read?’

“Yes, Master Harry, my parents teached me how to read,” Teddy beamed.

‘Then I’d like you to sit down and read this book. It’s my favourite book.’ He handed Teddy his exemplar of ‘Hogwarts: A History’ that he kept on the shelf next to his bed and said, ‘I’m going to sleep a bit, I don’t feel so well.’

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry closed his achy eyes and was just about drifting off to sleep, when Ginny’s voice penetrated his mind. ‘Hello Harry, are you awake?’

‘Hello Ginny,’ Harry thought back, happy to be able to speak with the girl in spite of his splitting headache. ‘I really like her,’ he thought to himself.

‘Oh thank God, Harry, I was so worried about you. Whenever I tried to speak with you, I didn’t get an answer, and my Mum spoke to your Mum and said you were unconscious. Harry, I’m so sorry about what my brother did to you. Will you still be my friend?’

‘Ginny,’ Harry thought back miserably. ‘Please talk slowly; I’m not so fast; my head hurts too much. Nothing was your fault; I only fell from a broom, and of course I’m your friend. You’re my very best friend.’

‘I’m so sorry, Harry, you didn’t just fall from a broom. My brother was so jealous of you that he made you fly on a broken broom.’

Harry was outright shocked. So far, he hadn’t realized what had really happened on that afternoon at the Weasley’s home, and Minerva and Severus hadn’t told him the truth in order not to aggravate his condition by making him upset. ‘I didn’t know that, Ginny. However, it’s not your fault at all, and you don’t have to apologize. I like you a lot, and nothing Ron could do would be able to change that.’

‘Oh thank God,’ Ginny replied, sounding very relieved. ‘All right, Harry, shall I let you sleep now? You’re not feeling well yet, are you?’

‘Not really,’ Harry admitted, feeling his headache worsen when he mind talked.

‘Then, I’ll try again in the evening. Try to sleep, Harry. I like you, too,’ was the last thing he heard before he drifted off to sleep.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry woke up when he felt a cold touch to his shoulder. He lazily opened his eyes and thought to Minerva, ‘What happened, Mummy?’

Minerva carefully stroked his hot cheeks and apologized, “I’m so sorry, sweetie, but I needed to take your temperature and hoped that you wouldn’t wake up if I stuck the thermometer in your arm pit like I always do when you’re asleep. Wait a moment; it will be finished soon.”

Harry closed his eyes again, trying to ignore his splitting headache, when he suddenly remembered his talk with Teddy that morning. ‘Mummy, can Teddy attend lessons together with me and Neville?’ he weakly thought to Minerva.

“Teddy? Attend lessons with you?” Minerva asked surprised. “Where did you get that idea?” She carefully took the thermometer back and frowned. “Harry, your fever is much higher than it was this morning. It’s over 39 degrees again. What have you been doing while I was teaching classes?”

Harry sighed. 'I believe that; I feel horrible,' he thought to himself before he replied, 'Nothing, Mummy. I only talked with Teddy for a while and then with Ginny, nothing else. Then I tried to sleep because my head hurt so much.'

"I'm going to get Aunt Poppy," Minerva decided, sighing. "Harry, did you notice that you felt worse while you were mind talking to Teddy or Ginny?"

'Yes, I think so,' Harry replied slowly.

"Harry, I believe that the mind thinking is aggravating your condition. Maybe you could try speaking aloud instead?" Minerva asked in a very soft voice, soothingly stroking his cheek.

"Yes, Mummy," Harry whispered miserably.

"Oh, that's brilliant, sweetie; I know that you can do it," Minerva commended the child, a hopeful look on her face. "Nevertheless, I'm going to call Aunt Poppy, so that she can check on you."

Harry felt the weight lift from the edge of his bed and patiently waited for his Mummy to return. 'She's right,' he thought. 'I noticed that my headache became worse when I used mind talking. Maybe I should at least try talking aloud with Mummy, Aunt Poppy, and Uncle Severus,' he just decided when Minerva returned to his side, Poppy in tow.

"Hi sweetie, how do you feel?" Poppy greeted him gently, while she was already beginning to wave her wand over him.

"Not so good," Harry replied in a very small voice.

"But you're managing to speak, Harry; that's absolutely brilliant," Poppy commended him, causing him to open his eyes in order to see her smile at him proudly. "And that's especially good because your Mummy was right. Your mind talking makes your concussion worse, and we don't want that, right? We want you to be up and about for Christmas next week."

“I’ll try,” Harry promised in an equally small voice.

“That’s all we can ask for at the moment,” Poppy replied contentedly and helped Harry sit up, before she handed him a goblet with a lime green potion, followed by a small phial with a light blue one.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry kept the promise with Poppy and didn’t do any mind talking except for his little talks with Ginny every now and then, and his condition improved quickly. From the first day of the holidays onwards, he was finally allowed to get up and even attend breakfast in the Great Hall, where he sat between Minerva and Severus.

“Harry, are you up to help me brewing potions for a while?” Severus asked the child, causing Poppy to throw him an angry look.

“The child has been ill for two weeks, and he still has a bit of a temperature, so please don’t make him work, Severus.”

Severus smirked, and Harry replied laughing. “That’s not work, Aunt Poppy; I love brewing potions with Uncle Severus.”

Suddenly, Harry became aware of the fact that everyone was watching him in surprise. He blushed deeply, thinking, ‘Oh, why didn’t I just use mind talk?’

Aware of the problem, Severus stood up immediately. “Then let’s go and have some fun brewing, Harry,” he said pleasantly, glad when the child rose from his seat and gratefully followed him out of the Hall.

“Well, that went well,” Poppy stated, giving her colleagues an angry look.

“Did you have to stare at Harry like that? I just hope he won’t give up his talking again because of you all!” Minerva hissed at her colleagues, glaring angrily at them.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry slowly followed Severus down to the dungeons, glad that the teacher was walking in a deliberate but slower than normal pace, so that he was able to keep up. Severus made him sit on a chair in his private lab and pulled another chair over, sitting down next to him.

“Harry, you know that it’s Christmas in three days, don’t you?” he enquired quietly.

“Yes,” Harry replied astonished.

“I just thought maybe you’d like to make a Christmas present for your Mummy Minerva,” Severus asked carefully, not exactly sure why Harry didn’t show more excitement at the thought of Christmas.

“A present for Aunt Minerva?” Harry repeated, getting very excited. “Of course I’d like to do that very much. But what can I make?” He gave Severus an uncertain look.

“I have thought of something,” the teacher replied, giving the child a small smile. “Minerva loves ginger biscuits very much, so I decided that we could try to brew ginger chocolates for her. What do you think?”

“Yes, Uncle Severus; that’s a brilliant idea for a present,” Harry announced, eagerly jumping off his seat. “Where is the recipe? How do we make the ginger chocolates?”

Severus smirked, pointing to a recipe that was laid out on the table. Harry looked at the recipe, trying to assess, which ingredients they would need first. Severus helped him gather the ingredients before he gave him instructions on how to prepare each of them. Half an hour later, the preparations were done, and Harry began to brew the potion.

“Very well done,” Severus stated, peering into the cauldron with the finished potion that was finally simmering in the cauldron. “Now you have to pour the potion out in this mould and let it cool down for a few minutes.”

Harry complied, and a while later several dozen soft ginger drops were sitting on a plate. "Very well, now you only have to melt the chocolate and stick the drops in, so that they will become covered with the chocolate," Severus advised him, watching the child finish the ginger chocolates.

"Finished," Harry finally stated, giving Severus a proud smile.

"Shall we try one?" Severus asked, receiving a questioning look from Harry. "They look delicious, but if we don't try, we won't be sure, will we?" he coaxed the child into taking one of the chocolates, popping one into his own mouth too.

"Ah, they don't only look good; they are absolutely delicious, aren't they?" Severus enquired, and Harry eagerly nodded his head.

"Yum yum," Harry confirmed. "What are we going to do with them?"

"You should wrap them," Severus replied and conjured a small bag, in which Harry could put the chocolates, as well as some wrapping paper. He helped the child to wrap his present, before he explained, "Now you can either give it to Mummy Minerva on Christmas day, or you can give it to Teddy and ask him to put it under the Christmas tree for her."

Harry laughed, suddenly aware of the pattern on the wrapping paper. The paper was white with a huge Christmas tree that was beautifully decorated, and a grey cat was running around the tree, sniffing at the presents under the tree. "That's brilliant, Uncle Severus," he beamed. "Aunt Minerva will like that very much."

"Do you want to write her name on the paper, Harry?"

"Oh yes," Harry replied, eagerly taking the quill Severus was handing him, and wrote 'To Mummy Minerva.' He quickly called Teddy and handed him the present. "Please put that under the Christmas tree."

"Yes of course, I will do that, Master Harry," Teddy replied immediately.

"We still have half an hour until lunchtime, Harry. Shall we sit on the sofa and have tea?" Severus asked, knowing that Harry had to be exhausted.

"Yes please," Harry replied tiredly and followed Severus into the living room. Sitting on the sofa a few minutes later, sipping his tea, he suddenly asked, "Uncle Severus, why did the other teachers all look at me in the Great Hall? Was it because I spoke aloud with Aunt Poppy and you?"

"Yes, Harry, that was because they all admired how brave you were to speak aloud in front of them. You did that very well, Harry," Severus replied, trying to reassure the uncertain child. "By the way, Harry; what do you believe Father Christmas is going to bring for you?"

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 20 - GROW UP HAPPILY

Harry blushed deeply. 'What am I going to tell Uncle Severus?' he thought feverishly. 'I can't tell him that Father Christmas won't bring me anything anyway because I'm not a good boy...' His musings were interrupted by the cold touch of a slender hand to his forehead.

"You seem a bit warm again, Harry," Severus told him, noticing his flushed cheeks in concern.

"No, I'm fine," Harry protested weakly. "It's just, you know, Father Christmas never brings me presents, because I'm not a good boy."

Severus gasped and gave Harry an angry look. "Who told you such nonsense, Harry? That's ridiculous. You're a very good boy, and I'm sure that you will receive lots of presents."

"I never got a present from Father Christmas," Harry admitted in a small voice, leaning tiredly on to Severus, who had sat down next to him on the sofa.

"We'll just have to wait and see, Harry, won't we? I bet you'll receive more presents than I," Severus replied. "Now Harry, are you feeling well enough to head for lunch, or do you want to lie down and sleep for a while?"

"Just stay here and sleep," Harry mumbled, already closing his eyes.

Severus scooped the child up on his arms and carefully laid him on the bed in his guest room, placed a cool cloth on the boy's forehead that still felt warm to the touch, and hurried to the fireplace. "Minerva, Harry and I won't be eating lunch in the Great Hall. He was exhausted and fell asleep on the sofa. I thought we could have lunch here after his nap. Would you care to join us? We could have tea together while Harry is asleep."

Minerva agreed and floo-ed into Severus' quarters. "Why didn't you make him eat lunch first?" she enquired. "He knows that he mustn't miss meals."



“He was exhausted after we brewed together, and I had the impression that he is not completely back to his usual self. He seemed a bit feverish, but I didn’t want to bother him by taking his temperature. I thought it was for the best if he slept.”

“All right,” Minerva agreed, slightly concerned.

“However, I have to speak with you about something else,” Severus continued. “I asked him what he believed Father Christmas would bring him for Christmas. How do you think he’d have replied?”

Minerva sighed. “I have no idea, Severus. As far as I know Harry, he’d wish for a book.”

Severus let out a small snort. “He told me that he never received a present from Father Christmas, because he wasn’t a good boy, and that he wouldn’t expect to get one this year either.”

“He WHAT?” Minerva jumped up from her seat. “Oh, I’m going to kill Petunia!”

“Don’t, Minerva; Harry needs you here and not in Azkaban,” Severus said, calmly putting an arm around her shoulder when she sat back on the sofa.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

That evening, when Minerva took Harry to bed and kissed him good night, he remembered something he needed to ask, “Aunt Minerva, what can I give Uncle Severus and Aunt Poppy for Christmas? Uncle Severus told me that I can give people, whom I like, a present for Christmas.”

Minerva smiled at the excited child. “You are so adept at painting, sweetie. Why don’t you paint a picture for each of them, and if you want, we can go to Hogsmeade and buy frames for them.”

“Oh, that’s a good idea. Can I do that right now?” Harry asked, giving Minerva a pleading glance.

“No Harry, remember what Aunt Poppy told us when she checked on you after dinner. You’re not really well yet, and you have to sleep as much as you can. You’ll have enough time to draw your pictures tomorrow, sweetie.”

“All right,” Harry grudgingly agreed and closed his eyes, thinking about what he was going to draw.

When Minerva got up in time for breakfast, Harry had just finished his drawing for Severus. It showed the Potions Master standing behind a huge cauldron, in which a lime green potion was bubbling vehemently. Harry looked intently at the drawing, and suddenly Severus began to stir the potion counter-clockwise, while Harry leaned back contentedly.

“Oh Harry, that’s beautiful,” Minerva exclaimed.

Later that morning, Harry drew a picture for Poppy. She stood in the hospital wing in front of a bed mending the arm of a teddy bear. The arm was broken and slowly moved back into the right position when Poppy waved her wand at the teddy. He proudly showed the drawing to Minerva, who gave it an amazed look, and began to draw another picture for Ginny, in which she was flying on a broom, reaching for the golden Snitch and finally capturing the small ball.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Christmas morning, Harry woke up when Ginny’s voice penetrated his thoughts. ‘Harry, thanks for the picture; it’s absolutely gorgeous!’ Ginny beamed.

‘Hello Ginny, happy Christmas to you too,’ Harry thought back lazily.

‘Have you received many presents?’ Ginny asked. ‘Have you got my present?’

‘Her present?’ Harry thought and felt happiness spreading all over his body. ‘No Ginny, I just woke up and haven’t got any presents yet.’

‘Ah, all right. Then I won’t keep you, sweetie. Go and check your presents out; we’ll talk later again. Happy Christmas, Harry!’

Harry excitedly scrambled out of bed and hurried into Minerva's bedroom, seeing that she was still asleep. He silently climbed into her bed and lay down next to her, placing his head on her arm, smiling happily when she pulled him close in her sleep. When Minerva woke up later, she was astonished to see Harry sleeping peacefully in her arms. However, as soon as she moved in order to get up, Harry woke up too and said happily, "Happy Christmas, Mummy!"

"Merry Christmas to you too, my child," Minerva replied, gladly noticing how Harry had called her in spite of being fully awake and healthy. "Shall we quickly get dressed and then head to the Great Hall for a late breakfast?"

Harry agreed immediately and followed his guardian to his room to put on the clothes she laid out for him. Thirty minutes later, they arrived in the Great Hall, and Harry looked in awe at the huge Christmas tree that was beautifully decorated. He was so impressed that he didn't even notice the presents that were piled under the tree. 'It's absolutely gorgeous,' he thought, too amazed to even remember to munch his breakfast, until Minerva reminded him to eat.

Only when Severus suggested after breakfast, "Shall we go and see what Father Christmas brought for you, Harry?" he became aware of the many colourful packages lying under the tree.

During the next couple of hours, Harry was occupied unwrapping presents, which mostly contained books and a few toys. 'How could Father Christmas bring me so many presents after bringing me nothing as long as I can remember?' Harry wondered, while he was fully engrossed in a story of a small boy named David and his pet dragon.

Finally, Harry found a small parcel from Ginny and read the note inside. 'This is from Ginny and us, Fred and George. These potions are similar to the prank potion, which you saw when you visited us; however, the effects are different. One phial should be enough for the whole school, if you take it to the kitchen and let the house elves put it into the pumpkin juice. We are sure that Bill and Charlie will help you, if you ask them. A funny Christmas from us!'

‘Wow, that’s cool,’ Harry thought, admiring the five phials, and decided to give the potion to Teddy later.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Harry woke up on the last day of the holidays, he became very excited and called Teddy. However, instead of Teddy, Margaret appeared, bowing deeply. “I’m very sorry, Master Harry, but Teddy is sick and cans not works today. What cans Margaret dos for Master Harry?”

“Ah, it’s all right,” Harry replied disappointedly, not trusting Margaret to keep his secret safe from Minerva. “I just wanted to speak to Teddy about something. What’s wrong with him?”

“He has a bad cold and a fever, but Master Professor Snape has brews a potion for him and says he wills be better tomorrow,” Margaret explained. “If you needs anything else, you cans call me.”

‘What shall I do now?’ Harry mused. ‘Shall I wait until tomorrow? But I like the idea to put one of the potions into their drinks tonight when the students come back.’ Suddenly, he had an idea. He shape-shifted into Teddy and tried to pop away like the little elf always did. ‘Pop,’ he thought. ‘Hmm, Pop to the kitchen,’ he tried. He snapped his fingers. However, it just didn’t work. ‘Hmm,’ Harry thought, ‘I have to ask Teddy how he does that. Now I have to walk all the way down to the kitchen.’

He quickly left their quarters and ran all the way down to the kitchen and addressed one of the house-elves in the kitchen. “Excuse me, Professor Snape gived me this to put in all the pumpkin juice at dinner except for the Head table.”

“All right, I wills sees to it; it’s probably something that wills be to prevent the students from gettings sick,” the house-elf replied and gave Harry-Teddy a piercing look. “I thinked you is sick today?”

Harry-Teddy blushed and replied, “Yes, but the professor called me. I wills go to bed now.” He quickly left the kitchen and returned to their

quarters. Fortunately, he didn't meet anyone on the way back. 'Oh, I hope the house-elf believed that I was Teddy,' he thought in anticipation of the fun he'd have that evening.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Sensing Harry's excitement, even if she couldn't place it, Minerva asked Severus if he could take care of Harry for the day. Tom was going to take over the Headmaster position from that day forward, and Minerva had to spend the whole day in discussions with him in order to fill him in about the most important things that were going on.

"All right, Harry, what do you want to do?" Severus asked, when they arrived in the dungeons, giving the child a questioning look.

"Can we brew potions?" Harry asked excitedly, jumping from one foot to the other. "Maybe we could make some funny potions like the Weasley twins do," he added mischievously.

Severus eyed him with suspicion, sensing that Harry was hiding something. "And prey what are you going to do with that 'funny potion'?" He raised an eyebrow at the boy.

"Ah, it depends what it is, but maybe put it into someone's glass at lunchtime, so that everyone can laugh. No, that's not nice," he corrected himself, "I mean, not to a single person, but perhaps to a group..." he slowly trailed off, knowing that he had already given himself away to the teacher.

Severus efficiently managed to keep his face blank, even if he was chuckling inwardly. Harry's guilty expression was hilarious. 'He's definitely up to something; I wonder what it is,' Severus thought and gave the child a stern look.

"Potions are not fun, Harry. They are very important, and the difference if they are brewed correctly or not can be the difference between life and death."

"Yes, I know that," Harry admitted in a small voice, and his face took on a stern expression.

"Therefore, Harry, I'd prefer to teach you something useful like Healing potions. Of course, we can also brew fun potions like the ginger chocolates from time to time. I just want you to know that these cases are an exception. If you want, we can make a funny potion today, but that will be enough for a few weeks then, do you understand me?"

"Yes, of course, Uncle Severus," Harry replied immediately. He hesitated for a moment and added, "You're right, Uncle Severus. Can we brew anything useful for Aunt Poppy perhaps? I'd prefer something to help others than to prank them."

Severus gave his godson a surprised look. "All right. If you're sure, then I have to brew some Pepperup potion and fever reducing potion for Aunt Poppy. She needs it quite urgently."

"Okay, let's do that!" Harry exclaimed. "What can I do?"

"Slow down, Harry. Here is the recipe." Severus put the recipe in front of Harry. "We'll do the fever reducer first, since it is the easier of the two. Can you get the ingredients out first please?"

During the next hour, Harry was busy cutting and chopping ingredients, which he then carefully put into the potion whenever Severus ordered him. "Very well," Severus commended the child, putting the finished potion of to simmer for five minutes. "The next time, you will stir the potion while I add the ingredients; shall we try that?"

"All right," Harry beamed with excitement. "Ah, it's so much fun to brew potions, and I... Ouch!" he suddenly interrupted himself, while he was carefully cleaning his tools.

"What happened, Harry?" Severus asked, stepping to his side instantly.

"I just cut my finger, it's all right," Harry replied, trying to clench his teeth against the pain that seemed to overwhelm him.

Severus opened his hand and summoned a potion to disinfect the wound and a healing salve to put on it and healed the finger in the blink of an eye, noticing that the boy was about to pass out from the ten-fold pain. He summoned one of the children's pain relieving potions he was always keeping in his stock for Harry and let him take a sip.

"Ah, thank you, Uncle Severus," Harry sighed in relief.

"You must be extremely careful with these tools; they are very dangerous," Severus replied softly, "especially to you since you always feel the ten-fold pain. Now, look at that! It's already time for the students to arrive. We have to head to the Great Hall for dinner."

Harry hesitantly followed the teacher up the stairs to the Great Hall, feeling very stupid about the prank he had played on the students, provided that the house-elf had believed that he was Teddy and had put the potion into the pumpkin juice.

"Are you feeling all right?" Severus asked, watching Harry's expression change from happy to upset in concern. He carefully felt the child's forehead, afraid that he might be getting sick, but that was obviously not the case. 'Do you want to tell me what's wrong, Harry?' he thought to the child, putting a comforting hand on the boy's shoulder.

'The Weasley twins sent me a prank potion, and I gave it to the house-elves to put in everyone's juice tonight, I mean in the students' juice, not at the Head table,' he added quickly. 'And now I feel very stupid about what I did,' Harry thought back sadly.

'Do you know what the potion will do to the students?' Severus enquired softly, feeling glad that Harry had chosen to confide into him.

Harry shook his head. 'No, Uncle Severus. I'm sorry.'

'Well, that was a bit stupid then. But let's just wait and see. I'm sure we will have some fun seeing the results of the Weasley twins prank potion! Everything will be fine I'm sure,' Severus assured the child to ease his mind.

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Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 21 - OH I SO LOVED HOGWARTS

At dinner, Harry anxiously watched the students, eagerly waiting for them to drink their pumpkin juice. However, everyone was listening intensely to Minerva, who was explaining that from point onward Professor Riddle would be the new headmaster of Hogwarts, while she was going to be his deputy headmistress.

"I am sure many of you are wondering what is going to happen with the second school building, which we were able to break the old charms that were hiding it until just a few weeks ago. Well to answer your question, beginning in September it will house the Hogwarts Primary School, and Professor Gryffindor will be the Headmaster, and Professor Lupin, who is going to become a teacher at the primary school, will act as his Deputy Headmaster."

Seeing that everyone was listening intensely, Minerva continued, "Professor Sirius Black will remain our permanent professor for Defence Against the Dark Arts. Professor Riddle has kindly been able to remove the curse, which for many years hindered our Defence Against the Dark Arts teachers from staying on their position for longer than a year, so that we hope to have filled this position for many years to come."

While everyone was clapping their hands enthusiastically, Harry couldn't help shifting impatiently in his seat.

"Harry, what's wrong?" Poppy asked surprised, giving the child a concerned look.

"Ah nothing; um... I'm just a bit hungry," Harry lied hesitantly, noticing that Severus was looking at him in amusement.

A few minutes later, many students greedily reached for their glasses, gulping down the cool pumpkin juice with devour, and Harry couldn't help giggling, when their heads, one after another, transformed into parrots' heads.

After dinner, Bill and Charlie, who had wisely waited to drink, knowing that their mischievous twin brothers had sent Harry a whole box of

strange potions, searched the boy out. "Harry, thanks to your prank we are thirsty. Could you please ask your house-elf to bring something to drink for us? We can't go to the kitchen, because on the first night back at Hogwarts we always have to return to the common room immediately after dinner."

"Ah, of course, I'm sorry about that," Harry apologized profoundly and quickly called Teddy, glad when his friend arrived instead of his mother or father. "Hey Teddy, are you feeling better?" he asked concerned, noticing that the small elf looked very pale, his cheeks were feverishly flushed, and he had a runny nose.

"Yes, Teddy is much better, sorry Master Harry," Teddy replied hoarsely.

"Sorry, Teddy, could you please ask some of the older elves to put something to drink into the common rooms tonight? And then I want you to go back to bed immediately. Come back to me when you're back to full health. Until then I won't call you anymore," he told the small elf in a stern voice that would have made Poppy proud.

"Thanks a lot, Harry," Bill and Charlie said gratefully and quickly left the Great Hall.

Only now did Harry notice that all teachers had remained seated at the Head table and had been eagerly observing his conversations with the Weasley brothers and with Teddy.

Harry quickly sat down again, averting his eyes to the floor. 'Oh no, what have I done?' he thought, horrified. 'Are they all angry at me now?' he hesitantly thought to Severus.

'No Harry, I believe they were admiring how well you solved the situation,' Severus replied calmly, before he threw his colleagues a pointed glare, sneering, "Do you all have to stare at Harry?"

"Yes Severus, if your godson thinks he has to prank hundreds of students when they've just returned to the castle, he has earned himself a multiple glare," Tom replied, smirking.

“Well, young Headmaster, it’s a pity that Harry isn’t sorted yet. I would like to award house points for a prank well done like that,” Godric countered, grinning at the boy.

‘Thanks Professor Gryffindor,’ Harry thought to the man, while the teachers stood up to retire for the evening.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

The next few weeks passed uneventfully until Easter. Neville’s grandmother had to stay in St. Mungo’s for a few days, and Neville was allowed to stay at Hogwarts together with Harry. Minerva was just having a meeting in her office together with Severus Snape, Pomona Sprout, and Filius Flitwick.

Suddenly, Pomona chuckled and whispered to her colleagues, “Listen to the kids, it’s too funny.”

The two seven-year-olds were playing in the adjacent living room of Minerva’s and Harry’s quarters. “Harry, do you think we could go to the kitchen and see if we can get two carrots that we can give to the Easter bunny?” Neville asked hesitantly.

“All right,” Harry answered thoughtfully. “Maybe we should get some pumpkin juice for him as well.”

“Oh, yes, that’s a good idea – he’ll certainly be thirsty. Can you call a house-elf or do we have to go to the kitchen?” Neville asked eagerly.

“Teddy?” Harry called, slightly flinching in surprise when the house-elf popped up directly in front of him, bowing so deeply that his ears slapped over Harry’s face.

“Oh sorry, Master Harry, Teddy forgots Teddy no bow. What cans Teddy does for Master Harry and Master Harry’s best friend?”

Harry frowned. He didn’t like Teddy call him Master, but decided to let it go and ordered two carrots and a glass of pumpkin juice. Both popped up on the table within seconds.

“Where should we put them?” Neville asked as he looked around the mess they had made of Minerva’s living room. They had been playing with Harry’s train set for hours, and beside the train set there were lots of small toy cars, Lego blocks, Playmobil animals, and other toys littered on the floor.

Harry frowned. “Just next to the Easter baskets Aunt Minerva made with us this morning? They can stay on the table, can’t they?” he asked anxiously.

“Oh, I think so. Where else should we put them? Your Uncle Severus said we should clean up, otherwise the Easter bunny won’t come, right?”

“Yeah, he said so, but look, we have more pressing things to do. We must make signs for the Easter bunny, so that he’ll be able to find the food and pumpkin juice.” He ran over into his own room and returned with a bunch of parchments and crayons. “Here, let’s make arrows on a few pieces of parchment, from the door over there along the book shelf, and...” He gestured around the room.

“All right,” Neville said agreeably and started to draw large arrows before he cut them out. “Hmm, we need spello-tape to attach them, Harry, do you have some?” he then asked, looking around again.

Harry shook his head. “It’s all right; give them to me,” he answered, taking the arrows from his friend. Then he attached them one after the other to the wall and the book shelf with the Sticking Charm they had learned from Remus last week.

“Wow, cool,” Neville said in awe. “I still can’t do that spell.”

“Well, I practised a bit,” Harry replied uncomfortably, blushing at the attention.

“All right, now we only need two signs one over there and another there.” Neville thought aloud while pointing where they still needed signs, “and then the Easter Bunny won’t be able to miss his food.”

In the meantime, Harry had drawn a picture of an Easter bunny and placed it beside his Easter basket. “Here, that’s for the Easter bunny too,” he said pleased and proudly glanced at the picture.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In Minerva’s office, the teachers had thrown a Silencing Charm around themselves so that the children wouldn’t hear their laughter. “Why does the Easter bunny need signs to find food that is placed on the table?” Filius Flitwick asked amused.

Minerva groaned as an answer, and Severus replied instead. “Normally, Harry doesn’t make a mess; in fact, if Minerva didn’t want people to know that he was there, normally people wouldn’t be able to tell Harry lived there just from looking around the living room, except whenever Neville is here. The two of them make such a mess that you can’t put a foot into the living room. Harry never plays in his own room; he always wants to be close to Minerva, so the two of them don’t either. Anyway, believe me, the Easter bunny does need the signs,” he finished his explanation, smirking.

“And Severus told them that the Easter bunny wouldn’t come if they didn’t clean up, which they didn’t. What are we going to do, Severus? Will the Easter bunny come?”

“What’s the Easter bunny going to bring them?” Pomona Sprout asked curiously.

“He’ll bring chocolate eggs and hide them, so that they have to search for them,” Minerva answered, smiling in anticipation of her son’s happy face.

“Maybe you could make him hide the eggs here in your office, leaving a note for them that the room was too untidy to hide eggs?” Pomona suggested.

“Or just leave a message, giving them a deadline to clean up and telling them that the Easter bunny would come once more tomorrow night?” Filius suggested.

Minerva shook her head. “No, but...”

“I know what I’m going to do,” Severus interrupted his friend. “As I am the Easter bunny, I will do it like this: I will hide the eggs in the living room and then place a Charm on them so that they will stay invisible until the room is cleaned up to a certain level. Will that be agreeable?”

Everyone agreed to Severus’ suggestion, and they adjourned their meeting since it was time to head to the Great Hall for dinner.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Pomona and Filius left the office to head for dinner, while Minerva and Severus entered the living room just in time to hear Harry say eagerly, “Neville, we should go to bed straight after dinner so that the Easter bunny can come early.”

“Yeah, that’s right,” Neville answered seriously. “The Easter bunny will only come when we’re asleep.”

Minerva and Severus had to try hard not to laugh at the signs leading through the room. “Now, it’s time to go to the Great Hall for dinner,” Minerva reminded the excited boys.

“Oh, Aunt Minerva, look, what we prepared for the Easter bunny,” Harry shouted excitedly. “Do you think he will find the pumpkin juice and the carrots?”

“If he is able to read, then he will surely find his food,” Severus replied, smirking. “However, as I told you, he will only come when you clean up your toys; he won’t come to such a messy room.”

Harry gave the teacher an anxious smile. ‘Oh, dear Easter bunny, please come. See, I’m so tired now, I can’t possibly clean up tonight,’ he thought, hoping that the Easter bunny might hear him.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

After dinner, Severus and Poppy accompanied Minerva and the two boys back to Minerva's quarters, knowing that the two boys together were like a hurricane in contrast to the normally quiet boy Harry was when he was alone. "So, I heard something about you were going to bed at seven o'clock?" Minerva asked, glancing at the two boys.

"Um... eh... Ah, but I think I have changed my mind," Harry answered in a small voice. 'It's much too funny when Aunt Poppy and Uncle Severus are here as well, and maybe I can get a small glimpse of the Easter bunny,' Harry thought.

"No, I don't think so," Severus contradicted sternly. "You will take a bath and go to bed now."

"Look, the Easter bunny can come any time after it becomes dark, and it's already getting dark. When he sees that you're still awake, he'll probably go away," Poppy added.

The two boys grudgingly allowed Minerva to take them to the bathroom, while Severus showed Poppy the preparations the boys had made for the Easter bunny. When Harry and Neville were dried up and put to bed, Severus sat between their beds and told them a story about the Easter bunny before Minerva tucked them in, telling them once more they needed to fall to sleep quickly so that the Easter bunny could come.

Much too excited to sleep, Harry got up every fifteen minutes, making sure that the Easter bunny hadn't come yet. Slightly disappointed he made his way into the living room, where Minerva, Poppy, and Severus were drinking tea. "Aunt Minerva, do you think the Easter bunny likes pumpkin juice? Would it be better to put something else out too?"

"No, sweetie, I'm sure that he'll like pumpkin juice. Now, go to sleep, Harry," Minerva answered, giving the child a kiss on the forehead.

"All right, but I'll come every fifteen minutes to check if he was here, all right?"

“Okay, sweetie, do that,” Poppy replied, chuckling, from her experience knowing that Harry would be fast asleep in ten minutes if not earlier.

Five minutes later, double snoring could be heard from Harry’s room, and the three teachers grinned mischievously at each other. Thirty minutes later, Severus stood up and started to hide the chocolate eggs throughout the room, while the two women kept advising him where to put the next one. Finally, Severus placed a Charm on the eggs, so that they would only become visible when the room was cleaned up, while Minerva put a Charm on a small parchment that she put between the boys’ two Easter baskets:

Dear Harry and Neville,

This room is too messy and too dangerous for me. I can hurt my legs when I try to move around. But I’ll give you another chance, and I’ll come back when you’ve cleaned up the room properly in an adequate time.

The Easter bunny

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Minerva woke up to a small figure climbing into her bed. “Mummy, it’s horrible. The Easter bunny went away because he could get hurt in our mess, and he left a message we should clean up really good and quickly, but how do I know if it’s already too late?”

Minerva had to try hard to hide a giggle and pulled the upset boy close. “It’s all right, sweetie, I’m sure it will be quickly enough if you start cleaning up immediately. You have to clean up anyway if you want Aunt Poppy and Uncle Severus to come and eat the Easter cake together with us this afternoon.”

“Ah, all right,” Harry said, slightly consoled, and scrambled out of Minerva’s bed to start cleaning the living room. When he was finished, Minerva and Neville were still sleeping. ‘They are too lazy, but I’m bored and I’m getting hungry,’ Harry thought, deciding to wake Neville up.



Neville was still tired and cranky that Harry had woken him up. “Why did you have to wake me up so early?” he mumbled after Harry, who hurried back into the living room.

“Because the Easter bunny was here!” Harry shouted back, looking in awe at the colourful chocolate eggs, while he ran around the room, trying to find all of them.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

The next mentionable event was Harry’s eighth birthday. Apart from all the Hogwarts teachers, Neville, Bill, Charlie, Ginny, and the Weasley twins came over for a huge birthday party in the Great Hall.

After a large breakfast, during which they devoured huge parts of the cake in form of the Hogwarts primary school building, everyone headed out for a Quidditch match of the teachers vs. children. Since the beginning of the summer holidays, Harry had been talking about the game that he wished to take place on his birthday. Happy circling over the Quidditch pitch, he looked for the Snitch. ‘I just have to catch it before Uncle Severus does,’ he thought, and indeed forty minutes later he managed to catch the golden ball that struggled to escape his grip.

However, the teachers had managed to get so many goals that the game ended 160:160.

“Oh, can we play just one more game?” the children asked immediately, and everyone agreed. This time, Harry feverishly searched for the Snitch and managed to end the game after only twenty minutes with a score 150:60.

Finally, everyone returned back to the Great Hall, so that Harry could unwrap his presents. However, as soon as he picked up a large present that was wrapped in dark blue paper, he was whisked away in the blink of an eye.

tbc...

Thank you so much for your kind words concerning this story - I really appreciate them, even if I'm not always able to reply to each of them!  
You can find a chapter graphic on the newsgroup page!  
Thanks to Mushcorn and Murgy31 for beta-ing!  
All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 22 – AND I LOVED MY LIFE

Harry immediately noticed, and was horrified, that the present was a Portkey. When the uncomfortable spinning stopped, he anxiously looked around, finding himself in a room he knew he had seen before, but he couldn't place where he was at first. Only when he heard voices and turned around did he recognize he was in the Dursleys' living room. He wearily noticed Dumbledore and Vernon Dursley sitting on the sofa, when his uncle began to verbally attack him while Dumbledore pointed his wand at him.

'Harry! Transform into your chameguise form and get away from wherever you are! You can do it!' Uncle Severus' voice suddenly penetrated his mind.

'Oh, that's right,' he thought and quickly transformed into his chameguise form, making himself invisible at the same time just as his body was riddled with pain. However, he still managed to escape and get back to Hogwarts in the blink of an eye.

'I'm in my room, hurts,' he managed to think to Severus, before he lost consciousness.

"Harry just informed me that he is all right. He's back in his room, but he is hurt, and we have to see what's wrong. However, now that he is back, he'll be all right," Severus' voice penetrated the Great Hall, where the children were huddled together in fright. "Go back to playing; Harry will join you as soon as he can," he told them, before he asked Minerva, Poppy, and Tom to join him on his way up to Harry's room.

When they entered Harry's room, it was empty. "Stop!" Severus told the others. "Since we can't see him he must be invisible, so be careful."

"All right, I'll transform and look if I can see him," Tom announced and quickly transformed into his chameguise form. He walked next to the spot where Harry was lying in front of the bed and transformed back. "He's right here," he told the others pointing onto the floor next to him.

Minerva immediately pointed her wand to the spot, transfiguring Harry back into his human form, before Severus carefully picked the still invisible child up and laid him down on his bed. Poppy waved her wand over him, frowning.

“He was hit with another dark Spell that caused his whole body, meaning all his organs and joints, to become infected. He is suffering from an immense amount of pain and a fever. Thank God that you found the antidote against the tenfold pain a few months ago; otherwise the pain he is in would be unbearable. Severus, I’m afraid, as long as you don’t have an antidote against the Spell, we can only give him pain relieving potions and fever reducers.” She pulled two phials out of her robe pockets and spelled both potions straight into Harry’s stomach, before she woke him up and asked him to make himself visible.

“Harry, are you all right? What happened?” Minerva asked in concern as soon as Harry’s eyes flung open.

“The dark blue present was a Portkey... took me to the Dursleys’ living room... Dumbledore and Vernon there... Vernon shouted at me and Dumbledore attacked me... Uncle Sev told me to transform, and I did,” Harry explained in a raspy voice.

“You did that extremely well, sweetie,” Minerva commended him and helped him to sit up, before she handed him a glass of water.

Harry had to stay in bed for a week, and everyone was terrified. Who had placed the large, blue present onto the table, where all the other presents were? They had questioned everyone, who had attended Harry’s birthday party, and all children and teachers had pointed out, which of the presents was from them. The dark blue present seemed to belong to nobody.

One evening, Harry walked over into the living room, noticing that Minerva, Poppy, and Severus were drinking tea together and stood in front of Minerva, who automatically pulled him onto her lap.

“Trelawney said she has seen Hagrid with the blue box right before the party started,” Minerva told the others, after making sure that

Harry was comfortable on her lap and had already drifted off to sleep again.

Poppy let out a snort, while Severus raised an eyebrow. "The problem is that it has to be one of the party guests, because I checked the presents that were already on the table for magical signs, and I would have detected a Portkey," Severus replied in a small voice.

"But I can't believe Hagrid would do such a thing," Minerva said thoughtfully. "He seems to be very fond of Harry."

"However, remember that Harry had tea at his hut once and was poisoned around the same time. Maybe we should at least be careful around him," Severus replied pensively. "What about the Weasleys? Maybe the stroke of their youngest son last winter was not a single action."

"No, definitely not," Minerva replied firmly. "I know the Weasleys very well."

"I can't imagine it was them either," Poppy agreed.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

During the last two weeks of the holidays, Severus had to brew many potions for the Hospital wing and used the opportunity to teach Harry Potions every day, pleased how adept his godson was at brewing. Harry enjoyed learning how to brew a potion all by himself, and at the end of the holidays, he was able to brew all the easier Healing Potions for Poppy on his own.

Finally, the first of September arrived, and Primary school began. Harry was very excited. Contrary to the main school of Hogwarts, in which the students arrived in the evening of September 1st and classes started on the second, primary school started the morning of September 1st. The castle had created a door, which connected the entrance hall of the main school with the primary school's entrance hall, so that Harry and the few teachers, who were all residing in the

Hogwarts main building, could easily access the new school building without having to walk around the grounds.

The primary school consisted of three classes divided by age groups, one for the children from four to six years, which was taught by Remus, one for the children from seven to eight years, which was taught by Tonks, who had just taken her NEWTs, and the last class for the nine and ten year olds that was taught by the headmaster.

Harry loved being in class together with Neville and Ginny, and the trio soon became good friends with Luna. He also liked their teacher Tonks very much. 'She is too funny,' Harry thought, giggling, when Tonks stumbled over Ron's school bag and accidentally knocked her wand, which was hidden in her robe pocket, against a chair, causing it to make hundreds of colourful butterflies emerge that fluttered around the classroom.

The children had classes like in a Muggle primary school like Writing, Reading, and Mathematics in combination with classes about the magical world like Basics and Customs of the Magical World, Magical Creatures, Flying, and Easy Charms. The upper class had also introductions into the classes taught at the Hogwarts main school, and Harry knew that Minerva and Severus each taught the upper class once a week about easy Transfiguration and Potions.

Harry liked all his classes, but he especially loved the flying class, although he couldn't help feeling a bit awkward flying together with Ron Weasley. However, so far nothing happened, and Tonks and the Hogwarts flying instructor, Madam Hooch, were both watching the children. Moreover, they were even allowed to bring their own brooms for the flying class, so that Harry slowly began to relax and enjoy the flying class. A few weeks into the school year, Madam Hooch and Tonks decided that all children could fly well enough, so that they could give in to the children's pestering for a Quidditch game.

"All right, we need to form two teams with six people on each side," Tonks told the twelve children one day, causing everyone to become very excited. "Whom do you want as Seeker?" she asked, looking over the group.

“Harry!” Ginny and Neville shouted simultaneously.

“Draco,” Harry said at the same time, remembering that the other boy had told him once that he loved to play Seeker.

“Well, we need two Seekers anyway, so Draco and Harry it is,” Tonks said contentedly, motioning Harry and Draco to stand on each side of her. “Whom do you want as Keeper, Draco?”

Draco looked around. “I have no idea; who wants to play Keeper?” he asked his classmates.

Blaise Zabini was the first to raise his hand. “Okay, Blaise,” Draco decided.

“Neville,” Harry called immediately, receiving a grateful smile from his friend, who was always a bit uncertain when it came to flying.

“All right, three Chasers each please,” Tonks told the children.

“Terry!”

“Ginny!”

“Mandy!”

“Luna!”

“Susan!”

“Justin!”

“All right then, that leaves Seamus and Ron to play Beaters,” Tonks cheered.

“Seamus,” Harry spoke up quickly, causing Draco to raise an eyebrow at him and grudgingly hissed, “Weasley.”

“All right then; is there anyone, who knows how to play Quidditch?” Tonks enquired, causing all the children to raise their hands and cheer.

From then on the flying classes were dedicated to Quidditch with the two fixed teams. While Blaise was the better Keeper and Draco’s team was able to score much more often, Harry didn’t give Draco a chance to catch the Snitch.

While Harry slowly forgot his anxiousness towards Ron, the other boy apparently wasn’t able to put his jealousy and hatred aside and several times attacked Harry with his Bludger. Since Harry was flying above all the other players in order to search for the Snitch, he didn’t notice the Bludger coming in his direction until Ginny warned him telepathically.

‘Harry, be careful; a Bludger!’ he heard Ginny shout in his mind and quickly let himself fall down a few metres to escape.

Tonks, who was observing the game in the air, flew over to Harry to enquire what happened, and Madam Hooch, who was watching from the ground, called everyone down for a stern conversation, in which Ron didn’t apologize but merely said he’d have to practise more with the Bludger. Since it was the first time, everyone but Harry, Ginny, and Neville believed him. However, a week later, Harry once more barely escaped a Bludger, because Draco had managed to warn him only seconds before the Bludger would have hit Harry.

“Ron, if you attack Harry one more time with your Bludger, you will be banned from the flying class until the end of primary school,” Madam Hooch threatened, and Tonks nodded her head in agreement.

Nevertheless, Ron was stupid enough to try to hit Harry several times. However, Harry was now even more alert and always escaped easily, so that nobody else even noticed what was happening. However, on Wednesday before the beginning of the winter holidays, the inevitable happened.

Harry woke up in the morning feeling ill. His head and his stomach hurt, but under no condition did he want to miss school, especially



since they had their last flying class before the holidays that day. However, by the time the flying class took place in the early afternoon, he had a splitting headache, his stomach felt as if it was going to empty its contents at anytime, and he felt hot and cold at the same time. 'Maybe it will get better, if I fly,' he mused when he mounted his broom, not noticing that Ginny and Luna were watching him with mounting concern. Of course, flying didn't help at all, and he had to concentrate hard just to hold himself upright on his broom. 'I have to catch the Snitch soon, so that I can go home and lie down,' he thought, frantically searching for the golden ball. However, as soon as his hand snatched the struggling ball out of the air, a Bludger hit the child in the head full force.

Fortunately, Madam Hooch and Tonks, who had both observed what had been happening, managed to catch Harry while he was tumbling towards the ground. While Madam Hooch put Harry on a stretcher and made him float in front of her to the hospital wing, accompanied by Ginny, Tonks motioned the rest of her class to follow her back into the primary school. She led the class straight to the classroom, where the Headmaster was teaching.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your class, Professor Gryffindor," she said, before she told her class to sit down on the floor, and explained what had happened.

The Headmaster glared at Ron. "Why did you hit Harry with a Bludger?" he asked sternly.

"Because I hate him," Ron mumbled, looking straight at the Headmaster.

"And why is that?" Godric enquired.

Ron mumbled something incoherent, and even though Godric tried several times to get an answer out of the boy, it was impossible. "Well, if you don't give me an appropriate answer, I'll do it the easy way and expel you right away. Accompany me to my office, Ron Weasley," Godric shouted angrily, motioning Tonks to take over both classes for a few minutes.

“Professor, we know the reason Ron continues to try to hurt Harry,” Fred and George spoke up simultaneously, while the teacher turned to the door. “He’s always been jealous of Harry ever since they met for the first time and Harry beat him at Quidditch at our home last winter. Professor McGonagall can tell you more about that.”

“All right, thank you Fred and George,” Godric replied and escorted Ron to his office, from where he Floo-called Mrs. Weasley, who came to take her youngest son home.

“Is Harry all right?” she asked worriedly. “I’m so sorry. I don’t know why Ron holds such a grudge against him; Harry is such a nice boy.”

“We don’t have any information yet,” Godric replied. “Rolanda Hooch and your daughter took him to the hospital wing.”

“Ginny is with him? That’s good.” Mrs. Weasley sighed, slightly relieved. “Then we won’t disturb you further, Professor,” she excused herself, pulling Ron into the fireplace and floo-ed home.

ハリーが可哀そう

In the meantime, Poppy checked on Harry several times, shaking her head in concern and confusion at the same time.

“What is it?” Minerva asked impatiently. She had been sitting at Harry’s side along with Ginny, since Rolanda had called her out of her last afternoon class because of Harry’s accident.

“I’m sorry, Minerva, I’m not sure yet,” Poppy replied hesitantly. “He definitely has a concussion, but I don’t think that’s all.” She turned to Harry, who was barely conscious, and asked, “Harry, did you already feel ill before your accident?”

“Yes, my stomach was upset and my head was sore,” Harry admitted in a small voice.

“All right,” Poppy replied, and Minerva noticed that an expression of utmost concern flashed over her friend’s face. She magically took a few drops of blood from Harry’s wrist into a small phial and spelled a

potion into Harry's stomach, causing him to fall asleep immediately. "I need Severus to check his blood; he probably has been poisoned again."

また毒か

Late in the evening, Harry woke up, still feeling absolutely horrible. Hearing voices quietly talk to each other right next to his bed, he lazily opened his eyes.

"How could he manage to poison Harry again, Severus? We were so careful, weren't we? What else can we do to protect him?"

Severus calmly put an arm around his older colleague's shoulders. "I don't know, Minerva. Our only advantage is that Albus is a dunderhead at Potions, not able to create any of the more dangerous potions. Harry is bad off this time, but that's because of his concussion and not because of the poison. Since I already had a dose of the antidote left from the last time, we got it into his blood stream quickly enough, so that the poison didn't cause any harm."

Suddenly, Harry watched Teddy pop up next to the teachers, totally hysterical. "I am so sorry, Mistress Professor McGonagall, Master Professor Snape. I am supposed to see that Master Harry is safe, and I see him when he brought the potion to place into Master Harry's pumpkin juice in the kitchen, but I thought that he is friend of Harry's and means no harm. And...uuah," Teddy sobbed, drowning the rest of his sentence.

"It's all right, Teddy; it's not your fault," Harry spoke up in a small voice, causing the adults to turn their heads to him in surprise. "Who was it, Teddy?" he asked softly, but didn't receive an answer.

Teddy was too engrossed in his self-reproach and sobbing to even notice that Harry was awake.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters in this story belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 23 – AND I WILL BE

“Teddy!” Harry said a bit louder, causing the small elf to look up and bow deeply into his direction. “Don’t bow, Teddy. Who was it?”

“It was Hagrid, Master Harry,” Teddy replied hesitantly. “I is sorry; I thought Hagrid is Master Harry’s friend and it is good potion. Sorry, Master Harry.” Teddy once more began to sob fiercely.

“It’s not your fault,” Harry told him softly. “Don’t cry, Teddy; It’s my fault; I should take Kori with me wherever I go. Plus, I’m better already. Uncle Severus gave me the antidote, and now I’m fine again.”

“Really?” Teddy asked hopefully.

“Yes, of course, Teddy,” Harry replied tiredly, cuddling his dragon close, while he slowly closed his eyes.

ハグリットのせいかしら

“Minerva, stay here with Harry. I’ll inform the Headmaster. Tom has to question Hagrid under Veritaserum. I can’t imagine Hagrid would do something like poisoning Harry, but Dumbledore may have placed him under the Imperius Curse.”

“Thank you, Severus,” Minerva said gratefully.

“No problem, Minerva. I’ll be back as soon as I find out anything. We should take turns sitting with Harry during the night,” the younger teacher replied and swiftly left the room, his robes billowing behind him.

Two hours later, Severus returned to the hospital wing. “We couldn’t find out anything. Hagrid is either innocent or has been obliviated by a professional. Even using Legilimency, I couldn’t discover anything about the matter. I’m sorry Minerva.”

“Well, we will just have to keep a close eye on Hagrid,” Minerva replied, sighing. A few minutes of thoughtful silence later, she had an

idea. “A few months ago, Harry asked me if Teddy could attend his classes together with him. He told me Teddy was very eager to learn as much as he could. Maybe we should have him attend classes with Harry. Of course, it wouldn’t protect him from poisoning, but Teddy would perhaps be able to prevent Harry from accidents like the one he suffered from today.”

“That’s an interesting idea, Minerva, and I believe that the idea of sharing classes between wizards and elves could be a step in a direction of a better understanding between wizards and elves. Hogwarts could set an extraordinary example with this. We should speak with Godric about this tomorrow to see if he will approve.”

テディーが同級生か

When Harry woke up in the morning, apart from a terrible headache, he felt much better. He lazily opened his eyes, noticing immediately that the early morning sun was just beginning to lighten up the hospital wing with its golden sunrays. When he looked around to see if he was alone, he saw that Minerva and Severus were fast asleep on two relaxing chairs right next to his bed, Severus was holding Minerva in his arms, and her head was resting comfortably on his shoulder.

‘Uncle Severus always comforts Mummy when I’m sick,’ he thought in amazement and suddenly, a vague idea began to form in his mind. ‘Well, I have to do some research and wait for a good opportunity,’ he mused, ‘if only my head didn’t hurt so much.’ A few minutes later, he went back to sleep, just like the adults next to him.

もうすぐクリスマス

Harry had to remain in the hospital wing for a few days because his concussion was too bad to move him to Minerva’s quarters. Minerva and Severus took turns staying with Harry, and as Harry had seen they often spent the night at his side together. One morning, Minerva’s soft voice penetrated his ear. “Poppy told us that we are allowed to take you back to our quarters, sweetie. However, you mustn’t do any magic for another week.”

“Oh, that’s great,” Harry replied in relief. ‘Thank God; I hate the hospital wing,’ he thought annoyed, and slowly scrambled out of his bed. Noticing that his head still hurt, he was glad when Severus offered to give him a piggyback ride all the way up to their quarters. Minerva and Poppy slowly followed the two younger wizards, animatedly talking to each other.

In front of the door to Minerva’s quarters, Severus put Harry down on the floor, motioning him to go ahead into their rooms. Giving his godfather an astonished look, Harry walked ahead into the living room only to stop dead in his tracks. The centre of the room was occupied by a huge Christmas tree, which was decorated beautifully. “Wow, this is beautiful,” he said out loud in complete amazement. “When is Christmas?” he suddenly asked, wondering in slight panic if he had already missed the event.

“Today is Christmas. Happy Christmas, sweetie,” Minerva told him, pulling him into a bear hug.

“Happy Christmas, Mummy,” Harry replied happily and willingly let himself be cuddled by Poppy and Severus too.

“Now Harry, sit down here on the sofa, and then let’s see if Father Christmas brought any presents for us,” Minerva suggested, smiling at the child, who complied immediately.

Suddenly, Harry’s expression darkened immensely, and when everyone looked at him in concern, he explained, “I’m sorry; I wanted to draw pictures for all of you when the holidays started, but I couldn’t...” He slowly trailed off, looking around sadly.

“Harry, that doesn’t matter at all,” Poppy beat the others to answer. “You can draw pictures for us any time; it doesn’t have to be on Christmas. Moreover, it wasn’t your fault that you were sick the last few days.”

“All right then, I will draw something for you today or tomorrow,” Harry promised, feeling very much consoled. He gave Aunt Poppy a

grateful smile and began to unwrap the first of the presents that were piled on the table in front of him.

Harry received a lot of presents from the teachers, but the two presents he enjoyed most were the presents from Minerva and Severus. His godfather's present contained a Potions book, which was not a book with recipes, but an explanatory book that gave many explanations, hints and tips for the proficient brewing of potions. Harry happily skimmed through the book and decided to read it carefully in order to succeed with the plan he had made the week before.

From Minerva, Harry received a wizard's chess set, chocolate edition. "Chocolate edition?" Harry read and looked up incredulously.

The three adults laughed at his expression. "Yes Harry. The figures are made from chocolate, and when a figure is beaten and destroyed, you can eat it up, and it will form itself again when you want to start a new game."

"Oh, then I always have to take black, because I like the white chocolate best," Harry laughed happily.

"Well, please do not play chess directly before mealtimes," Poppy told her godson sternly, trying to hide a smile, when he honestly nodded his head in agreement.

"All right, Aunt Poppy," Harry promised.

新年が始まる

To Harry's great surprise, beginning in January onwards, Teddy was allowed to attend classes along with Harry. He was very eager to learn, and everyone had great fun having the funny little elf in their class. Teddy even took Ron's position in their Quidditch class, and the small elf was enjoying himself immensely batting the Bludger.

'I didn't know that the house-elves could fly so well,' Harry mused, not aware of the fact that Madam Hooch had given Teddy flying lessons during the winter holidays. Harry was incredibly happy to have his



small friend with him and it was so much fun seeing him bounce around the Quidditch pitch.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

The next few months passed by uneventfully. Harry tried to remember to take Kori with him everywhere he went, and the pretty bird always sat on his shoulder, even during class. Sometimes, she took a place nearby, for example when Harry was playing Quidditch or when she noticed that he was tired and couldn't have her on his shoulder the whole day.

Dumbledore apparently tried to poison Harry once more at the end of April. Fortunately, Kori was sitting on Harry's shoulder and jumped on Harry's hand the instant he reached for his pumpkin juice, spilling the liquid all over the table at lunchtime. This time, the house-elves hadn't seen anyone bringing a phial to the kitchen, and nobody could explain how it could have happened. Severus took the glass with him to examine the remaining drops and confirmed that it had been the same kind of poison as the last time.

Harry was still waiting for a chance to go through with his plan, which he had while he was in the hospital wing just before Christmas. However, excepting for the nights, during which Minerva put a Charm on him in order to be notified when he woke up, he was never alone.

Finally, a day before the start of the summer holidays, the chance, which he had been waiting so long, arrived. Harry had caught a bad cold, and while he had tried hard to let nobody know how miserable he felt and had still attended classes, the evening before, Minerva had noticed that he had a fever and had confined him to bed. During classes, Harry couldn't do anything, because he needed to use the Potions classroom that was occupied during class time. However, after classes on Friday afternoon, the teachers assembled in the staff room for their final staff meeting of the school year.

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but I'm afraid that you'll have to stay in bed and cannot join me for the staff meeting," Minerva told Harry softly, carefully bathing his hot face with a cool cloth.

"It's all right, Mummy. I'll try to sleep a bit more," Harry replied hoarsely, eagerly waiting for Minerva to leave.

As soon as Minerva was gone, Harry called Teddy. The small elf came immediately, bringing his notes from class with him. "I'm sorry, Master Harry, but Mistress Minerva forbids me to bring Master Harry his school work," Teddy explained excitedly, bowing deeply. "Ah, no, sorry, Teddy no bow; Teddy forgets."

"That's all right, Teddy. Listen for a moment please. I have something to do in the Potions classroom, but Mummy or Uncle Severus are not to know about it. Can you do something to keep the teachers in the staff room, if their meeting is over before I finish my potion?"

"Ah, Teddy knows exactly what to do. I will speak with Peeves and ask him to play a prank that will keep the teachers in the staff room," the small elf promised quickly.

"Thanks Teddy; that's a brilliant idea," Harry replied gratefully, knowing that he could rely fully on Teddy to keep everyone off his back. 'It's amazing how Teddy's speaking has improved since he began to attend classes with me,' he mused.

Harry turned into his chameguise form and flashed himself into Severus' private lab to search for the relevant recipe. He found several recipes that looked similar on the first glance. 'Oh no, they're different. This involves memory loss and that one prevents it,' he mused, deciding quickly for the non memory loss potion. Taking the book with the recipe along with him, he hurried to the Potions classroom, not daring to use his godfather's private lab for his unsupervised and unauthorised brewing.

'I'll be in so much trouble, if they catch me,' he thought, while he searched for the correct ingredients, trying to ignore his pounding headache as much as possible. It was very difficult to assess the exact amount of each of the ingredients he would need, and Harry was glad when Teddy came back to see how he was getting on.

"Oh Teddy, can you please look at this and see if I didn't make a mistake with the amount of each of the ingredients?" Harry asked the

elf gratefully, knowing that Teddy, who had been his classmate for nearly six months now, was very clever and good at Mathematics.

Teddy busied himself calculating and checking everything, before he nodded contentedly. "Here, you have a bit too much; other than that I think everything is perfect. Shall I help you with cutting the ingredients?" he offered generously.

"Oh Teddy, that would be great," Harry replied thankfully. He quickly showed his friend how to prepare each of the ingredients, before he began to set up a cauldron and carefully threw in the first ingredient. An hour later, the potion was finished, and Harry was happy to see that it looked exactly like it was supposed to look according to the recipe.

"Thanks a lot, Teddy," Harry sighed in relief, when the small elf snipped his finger, cleaning up the classroom in the blink of an eye.

"You're welcome, Master Harry," Teddy smiled. "By the way, may I ask what Master Harry has been brewing?"

"I'm sorry Teddy, but I can't tell anyone, and I'd like to ask you not to tell anyone that I've been here brewing something today. Thanks a lot for your help." Harry quickly pocketed the small phial in his robe pockets and transformed back into his chameguise form to flash back to his room. Back in his room, he hid the phial behind the book shelf, took off his robes, and scrambled back into bed.

At the same time, Teddy popped over to Peeves, making himself invisible to everyone but the ghost, to tell him that he could end his jokes and let the teachers go.

By the time Minerva entered Harry's room and sat down on the edge of his bed, worriedly stroking his flushed cheeks, Harry had already drifted off into an exhausted sleep, dreaming about dangerous potions that could have even more dangerous effects.

When he woke up in the morning, he was drenched in sweat. 'Maybe I shouldn't do it,' he mused, suddenly feeling very uncertain about his brilliant idea and the whole project. Minerva noticed in concern that

Harry's condition was worse than the day before and that he remained extremely absentminded throughout the day.

A few days later, Poppy entered his room and quickly checked on him. "Harry, I know that you're still not well, but your Mummy has fallen ill as well and is feeling very poorly today. I'd like you to lie down in your Mummy's bed, so that you two can look after each other."

"Okay," Harry replied and walked over into Minerva's room, where he scrambled into the bed, lying down close to Minerva. After exchanging a few words with his Mummy, he began to think intensely. 'I could make tea for her and lace the tea with my potion,' he mused, getting very excited. When Minerva woke up the next time, Harry offered to make tea for her and had to try hard not to show his excitement when she accepted his offer.

Harry went into the small kitchen, making a short detour to his room to fetch the phial, and created his special tea for his mummy. Quickly taking the empty phial back, he brought the tea into the bed room, putting it on the night table.

"Thanks a lot, sweetie," Minerva said when Harry gently helped her to sit up and held the cup against her lips. She greedily drank down the tea that felt so soothing against her sore throat, glad that Harry was waiting to help her lie down again. Suddenly however, she felt an immense pain rip throughout her whole body.

She reached for Harry's arm grasping it tightly and croaked, "Harry, please fetch Aunt Poppy or Uncle Severus; I think I've been poisoned or something else is wrong. It hurts so much."

Harry threw her a horrified glance and thought to Severus, 'Uncle Sev, please come here immediately. I think I've poisoned Mummy!'

tbc...

Thanks for your many kind reviews and thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

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## 24 – REPLACED BY AN OTHER

While Severus quickly cast a Stasis Charm on the potion he was just brewing and hurried to the fireplace, he thought back to Harry, 'What's wrong, Harry? What happened?'

Unable to admit what he had done over the distance, Harry quickly scrambled out of bed, ignoring his adoptive mother's weak protests, and ran over to the fireplace, impatiently waiting for his godfather's arrival.

When Severus stepped out of the fireplace, Harry threw himself into the man's arms and sobbed, "I put a potion into her tea, which I brewed by myself, and I was so sure that I got it right. I'm so sorry. I didn't want to hurt her, I just wanted to make Mummy younger, so that you and Mummy could get married and be happy together."

"You what?" Severus asked incredulously.

"I'm sorry," Harry sobbed. "Please help my Mummy!"

"Harry, do you still have a bit of the potion left?" Severus asked urgently and followed the child into his room, receiving the half empty phial from the boy. Seeing that the boy's sobs were turning into harsh coughs and that his cheeks were still flushed as if he had a fever, he scooped the child into his arms and put him down on his bed.

"Thanks Uncle Severus, but Aunt Poppy told me to sleep next to Mummy in her bed, so that we both could look after each other," Harry croaked hesitantly, causing Severus to pick him up once more and carry him into Minerva's bedroom.

"I'm sorry for all the excitement; I'm already feeling much better," Minerva told them as soon as she saw Severus enter the room carrying Harry, causing the two wizards to look at her with open mouths, giving the perfect imitation of goldfish.

"Is something wrong?" Minerva asked. "Why are you looking at me with such strange expressions?"

Severus quickly lay Harry down next to his colleague and sat down on the edge of his bed. "Minerva, you look absolutely beautiful. Harry, you did a great job on the potion. Congratulations."

"What potion? Would you please explain to me what is wrong with me? What happened?" Minerva asked hoarsely, slowly getting angry.

"First of all calm down, Minerva," Severus replied in his soft silky voice, gently wiping her cheeks that were hot and flushed with a cool cloth. "Harry had quite an extraordinary idea. Apparently, he noticed that we spend quite a bit of time with each other and do not overly hate each other. However, he thought that the difference in our age could be a problem and decided to brew a de-aging potion for you. In fact, I should be very angry at him for brewing such a difficult potion on his own and even using it on you without even consulting either of us first."

"And what? He de-aged me or what happened?" Minerva asked impatiently.

"There were two kinds of potions, and I chose the one, in which you kept all of your memories, although you're about... I don't know... a few years younger anyway," Harry supplied anxiously.

"A few years," Severus laughed. "We have to ask Poppy how old you are exactly, but you look about my age."

"I what?!" Minerva gave them a look of disbelief and quickly stood up, glad when Severus steadied her, knowing that she would probably feel dizzy.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked sternly, pushing her back on her bed, before he conjured a mirror.

Minerva let out a huge gasp. "I really do look half my age," she blurted out horrified.

"No Minerva, that's not half your age; that is your real age now. Only your memories are much older, nothing else. However, I'd like to call Poppy to confirm that everything is all right," Severus suggested.

“But what will everyone say?” Minerva asked worriedly. “They will either believe that I’m an imposter or that I’m crazy.”

Severus laughed. “Well, we could post a huge article in the Daily Prophet if you wanted everyone to know the truth.”

“Of course not!” Minerva rolled her eyes.

“I could still brew an aging potion to age you back to your former age,” Severus said tentatively, raising an eyebrow.

“No! It really feels good to be younger. Somehow, I feel much better. Well, I still feel sick, but not as tired as before.” Minerva looked at Harry, who was curled up beside her. “Do you like my younger version, Harry?”

The boy hesitantly turned his eyes to meet his adoptive mother’s and replied, “Yes, I like it very much. I’m sorry that I caused you pain; I just wanted to help you and Uncle Severus.”

“Everything is okay, sweetie. Thanks a lot for making me so much younger,” Minerva replied softly, cuddling the child close.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

“You’re exactly thirty years, ten months and ten days old, and your birthday is August 1st, 1957,” Poppy told her twenty minutes later. “Congratulations Minnie; you look great!”

“Do you want a dose as well? Harry still has half a phial of the potion left. That should be enough to de-age you to about the same age as Minerva,” Severus suggested, smirking.

“Oh Poppy, that’s a wonderful idea,” Minerva agreed immediately, causing Harry to giggle.

“Well, I will think about it,” Poppy replied diplomatically, not wanting to tell her friends that she wanted to hear what a certain Professor



Gryffindor, who seemed to be very interested in the Medi-witch, would think about her doing the same thing.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Late in the evening when Harry was already fast asleep, Severus still sat on the edge of Minerva's bed. He placed a Silencing Spell about his colleague and himself before he cleared his throat and asked in a soft voice, "Minerva, did you understand what Harry was thinking about when he decided to brew the potion for you?"

Minerva gave him a weary look. She had been too unwell that morning to understand everything that had happened. "I'm not sure. I assume that he wanted to have a younger Mum?" she mused aloud.

Severus raised his eyebrows. "Do you really believe Harry to be so selfish? Do you think he would have gone through all the trouble of secretly brewing an unknown potion all by himself, just for that?"

Seeing that Minerva gave him a questioning look, he explained, "Harry noticed that the two of us spend a lot of time together, and he thought it would be better for us if we were about the same age." He leaned over to Minerva, obsidian eyes fixed on her green eyes, while his mouth found hers, pulling her into a long kiss.

"Be careful Severus; you'll catch my cold," Minerva said worriedly when they finally parted.

"I don't care, love," Severus replied, kissing her again. "Minerva, I completely agree with Harry, and I'd like for you to become my wife. I'm sorry, it's a bad time to tell you that while you're sick, and you don't have to answer now. However, I'd appreciate if you thought about it."

"I'm not delirious if you mean that," Minerva replied indignantly. She remained pensive for a moment, before she asked, "You don't mind Harry being my son, do you?"

“Of course not,” Severus told her, softly stroking her cheeks. “I love him as if he was my own already, and I’d even adopt him if that was what you and Harry wanted, so that we could be a proper family.”

Minerva looked straight into his dark eyes and answered softly, “Yes Severus, I’d like that very much.”

Severus leaned over, pulling Minerva into a long kiss, which they only ended when Minerva had to gasp for air. When she pulled away, she was looking straight into Poppy’s face, who was standing there, grinning.

“Severus Snape, what do you think you’re doing kissing your sick colleague, girlfriend or whatever you now call her?” the Healer enquired sternly.

“My fiancée, Poppy,” Severus explained haughtily. “A few minutes ago, Minerva has agreed to become my wife.”

A huge smile spread over Poppy’s face. “Congratulations, Minerva and Severus; I’m very happy for you,” she said in a soft voice that expressed her truly happy feelings at the good news. “Congratulations Severus; you’ve earned yourself a dose of Pepperup potion,” she added and pulled a phial out of her robe pocket, spelling its contents into Severus’ stomach, before the man even realized what she was doing. Two minutes later, Poppy had already checked on Minerva and Harry and spelled several potions into their stomachs, causing Minerva to fall asleep in the blink of an eye, before she pulled Severus with her to the fireplace and ordered him to turn in for the night as well.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Minerva and Harry woke up in the morning, Minerva asked, “Harry, how would you like it if Uncle Severus and I were to get married, so that the three of us would become a real family?”

“That would be absolutely fantastic,” Harry replied eagerly. “Will you both be my parents then, so that I’d have a Daddy too?”

“Yes sweetie. Uncle Severus is even thinking about adopting you too, so that he would be your father just like I am your mother.”

Over the next few days, the soon to become small family made plans and finally the wedding was scheduled for August 8th, 1988.

In the meantime, Poppy told Severus and Harry that she would like to be de-aged as well, and the two potions specialists did their best to calculate just how much of the potion they had to give Harry's godmother, so that she'd be about the same age as Minerva.

“You better take a pain relieving potion along with the potion if that's possible; it hurts quite a bit,” Minerva warned her friend.

“Well, you survived it; then I'll be all right as well,” Poppy replied, smirking, and gulped down the potion Severus handed her, before she lay down on the sofa in Minerva's living room to await what was going to happen.

“Wow, Aunt Poppy; you look gorgeous!” Harry told his godmother, who gratefully laughed at him as soon as the pain had receded.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

A few days later, when Minerva and Poppy had tea together, discussing Minerva's and Severus' wedding plans, Poppy suddenly asked, “What would you think of a double wedding?” She smiled at her best friend.

Minerva nearly choked on her tea. “A what? Whom are you going to marry then, Poppy? Tell me immediately,” she demanded, completely surprised.

“Can't you guess?” Poppy asked in answer to Minerva's question.

“No,” Minerva returned in exasperation, giving her friend an enquiring look.

“The Headmaster,” Poppy replied.

“Tom?” Minerva raised an eyebrow.

“No, the other one.”

“Godric?”

“Yes. So what do you think of a double wedding? I’d have to ask Godric though, as you know he is very stubborn,” Poppy mused, causing her friend to grin.

“Well, I’ll ask Severus tonight,” Minerva promised. “Are we going to go on our honeymoon together as well?”

Poppy laughed. “I don’t know what you have planned so far. In fact, there’s a place where I’d like to go for our honeymoon and that is Kyoto in Japan. I have a friend there from the time when I absolved my Healing course at St. Mungo’s many years ago. She was in my course, and since then she has kept inviting me to visit her.”

“That sounds like a good plan, Poppy,” Minerva replied excitedly. “If Severus agrees, I’d like that very much. It really sounds interesting.”

Poppy had a hard time convincing Godric into having a double wedding. Only when she said that it was Harry’s wish, he agreed, unable to deny the boy anything, whom he owed his life to and that he enjoyed having around so much.

The few weeks until the wedding passed quickly with all the preparations that had to be done. When Minerva and Severus spoke to Harry about their plans for the honeymoon, Harry offered to stay at Hogwarts in order to not be in his parents’ way during their honeymoon.

“Don’t even think about it,” Severus replied sternly. “You’re our son, and you will of course be joining us.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Harry’s ninth birthday he was allowed to invite all of his classmates for the day. Unfortunately, it was raining cats and dogs,

so that they couldn't play Quidditch, but the teachers had transfigured the Great Hall into a huge indoor playground and the eleven kids plus Teddy had a lot of fun running around and playing all day long.

Harry's favourite present was a magical book about the Japanese language. The book taught him to speak easy Japanese, speaking to him as if it was human. Harry, who had never before seen a magical language book, was very impressed and resolved to study Japanese as much as he could before they had to leave for his parents' and godmother's honeymoon.

Minerva's birthday, which was on the next day, took place very quietly. With Tom's help, Severus had prepared a Portkey that took Minerva, Harry, and him to a quiet beach at the seaside, a huge picnic basket hidden in his robe pockets, and the small, soon to become family enjoyed the day on the beach alone.

## 結婚式

Finally, the day of the wedding arrived. It was a beautiful warm summer day, and hundreds of people came to Hogwarts for the double wedding. Remus and Tonks had helped Pomona Sprout to beautifully decorate the grounds as well as the Great Hall, Tom was conducting the ceremony with the help of Filius Flitwick and Sirius Black.

As soon as all the wedding guests left, Godric produced a Portkey in form of a stuffed yellow star and motioned Poppy, Minerva, Severus, and Harry to grab one of the points each.

Harry wearily eyed the star, remembering that the last couple of times he had involuntarily used a Portkey it had taken him to his uncle. He tiredly leaned into Minerva, held on to Severus' hand tightly, and reached for the star. Only seconds later, he felt the familiar pull behind his navel, and his world began to spin, endlessly as it seemed to the child.

They arrived directly in the lobby of a wizarding hotel in a small side street behind the Ryoanji temple just in time for breakfast. Poppy's friend was already waiting for them and suggested that they should

rest until lunchtime, when she'd come back and guide them through Kyoto.

Four hours later, Harry followed the small group through the Ryoanji temple. It was beautiful, and he especially liked the stone garden, but he was still very tired, knowing that it was only three o'clock in the morning at home. An hour later, Mrs. Hara, Poppy's friend, led them to the underground in order to visit a few other temples like Kiyomizudera that were situated on the opposite side of the town. The underground was very crowded although it was the early afternoon, and Mrs. Hara told them that many tourists visited Kyoto in summer and that the week they had chosen to come to Japan was the week in which many Japanese took holidays for a week to travel to their native towns and visit relatives.

"Well, frankly speaking, this is a bad time to travel," she told the group.

Harry felt himself being pushed further and further into the train. He couldn't hold on to Minerva's hand anymore, and it took only minutes until he was separated from his parents, as well as the other members of their small group, and he could no longer see them. Panicking, he thought feverishly if Mrs. Hara had told them where they had to get off, but he couldn't recall anything, and he didn't even know the name of the temple where they were heading to visit.

At one station, many people got off the train, and Harry anxiously followed them, hoping to find the rest of the group waiting for him on the platform. Without the slightest idea about what to do now, he finally left the underground and headed out into the bright sunshine to think.

tbc...

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## 25 – NOW WHO DO YOU THINK

‘What am I going to do?’ Harry thought frantically. While trying not to panic he totally forgot that he could talk to his new daddy telepathically and the process unintentionally blocked his daddy from being able to reach him. ‘If I only knew the name of the hotel or even the name of the temple that we visited, then I could ask. I know enough Japanese to get help from someone. But I don’t what temple we were going to, and since the hotel is a wizarding hotel nobody here will know it.’

While he was thinking, he had unconsciously let himself being driven forward by the mass of people walking on the street and soon reached a river. He spent a while sitting near the river thinking. ‘Well, I could transform into my chameguise form, but I can’t flash to people, only to places,’ he thought wearily. ‘Kori!’ he suddenly remembered. ‘She could take me back to my parents. But will she be able to hear me, if I call her all the way from here in Japan?’

He decided to try and called his phoenix, knowing that even if she heard him and came to his rescue it would take a few hours for her to reach him.

‘In the meantime, I could try to transform into a phoenix myself,’ he mused and made himself invisible. ‘As a shape shifter, I should be able to transform into any animal.’ Looking at the light blue water of the river, he concentrated on the blue form of a water phoenix with light green wings in the back; however, it obviously didn’t work. ‘Maybe I should transform into my chameguise form first,’ he thought and transformed.

He had to try several times, but an hour later he finally succeeded in transforming his whole body. He flapped his wings a few times, and suddenly an urge to fly overcame him that was even stronger than his desire to find his parents. He once again flapped his wings and tried to fly. Unfortunately, it was much more difficult than he had assumed, and he nearly landed in the river. ‘Oh no!’ he thought, realizing that he wasn’t even able to properly walk on his bird’s feet. ‘Will I be able to flash accurately?’ he thought worriedly while he tried to get a few steps further away from the water on his unsteady feet.

Harry just resolved to try to flash thinking of his Mummy, when Kori appeared by his side.

#Harry! What are you doing? Can you make yourself visible please?#

#Sorry Kori and thanks for coming# Harry replied in utter relief and made himself visible.

#Oh, you're beautiful. A water phoenix. Congratulations Harry.#

#Thanks Kori, but I have a problem. I can neither walk, nor fly, nor do I know how to flash properly.#

#Well, I will practise with you when we're back at Hogwarts. Now I'm going to take you to your parents; they will be worried sick about you.#

'Of course,' Harry remembered and quickly transformed back in his chameguise form and then into his human form, grabbing Kori's tail feathers in relief that he would soon be back with his family.

A minute later, Harry was enveloped in Minerva's arms, sobbing fiercely. After a few minutes, when he calmed down a bit, he looked around and saw that the adults were still standing in the same underground station, in which he had gotten off the train before. Mrs. Hara had asked the people to make an announcement in Japanese and in hardly understandable English in all stations of the underground that told Harry to come to the station, where they were waiting, but unfortunately, Harry had left the underground too early to hear the announcement.

Severus reminded Harry of his telepathy and Harry felt a little embarrassed that he had forgotten; as well as being so focused on finding them that he had unintentionally prevented Severus from being able to communicate with him. He was praised by both Minerva and Severus for remembering to call Kori for her help.

During the rest of their stay in Kyoto, they never again used Muggle transportation again. Hara-san either prepared Portkeys for the group,



or Kori flashed the group to the places they wanted to visit. While they were visiting the temples that were often situated in huge parks, Harry would sometimes transform into his phoenix form, which he managed without having to use his chameguise form first after just a bit of training, and practised walking, flying, as well as flashing over the short distance of a few metres.

“Your phoenix form is absolutely beautiful,” Minerva commended the child, feeling very proud of her son.

“Thank you Mummy,” Harry replied happily.

Too soon, their holidays were over, and the little group had to return to Hogwarts. Harry was very tempted to flash back to Scotland like Kori, but Minerva, Severus, and Poppy vehemently forbid him to flash and held him close while they took hold of the Portkey.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

As much as Harry had enjoyed the long summer holidays, he was looking forward to school. Since Tonks had vehemently protested against the separation of her class into the eight year olds that were supposed to build a new class together with the seven-year-olds and the nine-year-olds, who were supposed to come together with the ten-year-olds, Godric had grudgingly agreed to her suggestion and hired another teacher for the youngest class, so that the other classes could remain as they were.

“Thank you so much, Uncle Godric,” Harry told the Headmaster of the primary school happily. “I’m so glad that I can remain with my friends!”

“It’s all right,” Godric grumbled, causing Harry to laugh. The Headmaster hardly ever gave in to other people’s suggestions, but everyone knew that he was very weak when it came to Harry, and the small boy could get nearly anything he wanted from the grumpy Headmaster.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

The first weeks of the new school year passed uneventfully, and a few days before the full moon in October, Severus took Harry aside and suggested, "Now that you're my son, and since you're so adept at potions, I'd like you to help me brew the Wolfsbane potion, that is if you want to."

"Oh, I'd like that very much, Dad," Harry said excitedly, knowing that Severus brewed the potion for Remus every month and that it was one of the most difficult and time consuming potions to brew. From that time onwards, Harry helped Severus to brew the Wolfsbane every month, and after a few months he knew everything about the brewing process.

One day shortly before the beginning of the summer holidays however, Harry was extremely absentminded, thinking about how Ginny had partnered up with Draco that morning instead of pairing up with him as she normally did. Severus reprimanded him twice, telling him that he had to either concentrate on what he was doing or he had to leave. He even stepped over to Harry and felt his forehead to see if he had difficulties to concentrate because he was sick.

"I'm sorry, Dad, I'm fine and I'll try to concentrate now," Harry replied eagerly and tried his best. However, he couldn't help cutting his finger with the knife he was still holding in his hand, while he was inserting the next ingredient into the cauldron.

"Harry!" Severus scolded him in exasperation. "Put the knife away as soon as you're finished cutting something. You didn't get any of the potion on your finger now, did you?" he asked in genuine concern while he carefully examined the small cut, before he disinfected it and healed it with a flick of his wand.

"No, of course not," Harry replied and thanked his father, noticing that his dad had healed the small cut and it didn't even hurt anymore. 'A bit of my blood dropped into the cauldron though,' he mused, while prepared the next ingredients. However, before he could voice his concern about the matter, Minerva entered the room.

“Harry, I believe that it’s time for you to go to bed. I’m sorry, Severus, but as you know Harry has school tomorrow.”

“Of course, son, leave everything as it is, and I’ll continue alone. I always did that, so it’s not a problem,” Severus said to Harry noticing that he was going to interrupt his mum and say that he had to help finish the potion. “Sleep well, Harry and thanks for your help.” Severus pulled Harry close and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

“All right, good night, Dad,” Harry replied happily and followed his mother into his own room. He quickly prepared himself for bed and sat in his bed, where he read a chapter in a book for Minerva to practise his reading abilities, before he lay down and listened, while she read the next chapter to him.

Minerva had just tucked him in and kissed him good night, when all of a sudden, Ginny’s voice penetrated his mind. ‘Harry, are you still awake?’

‘Yes of course; hello Ginny,’ Harry replied, getting very excited.

‘I just wanted to tell you something,’ Ginny continued, ‘I’m sorry for pairing up with Draco this morning, but I had to talk with him about something. It’s something for your birthday, you know, so don’t worry. I’m going to pair up with Neville tomorrow. All right, sweetie?’

Harry felt as if a load was lifted off his shoulders. ‘All right, Ginny,’ he replied, feeling extremely happy. ‘Thanks for telling me.’

When Ginny in deed partnered with Neville the next day, Harry didn’t mind at all and asked Luna, “Shall we work together?”

“Yes, that would be nice,” Luna answered, smiling. “I don’t know why Neville is together with Ginny today,” she mused aloud, and a small frown clouded her face.

“That’s all right, Luna,” Harry told the girl in a calming voice. “Ginny told me that she wanted to pair up with Neville today to speak about something for my birthday. I’m sure he’ll tell you later.”

“Ah, that’s fine then,” Luna replied in obvious relief, giving Harry a dreamy look.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Harry woke up the next morning, it was still very early. He carefully climbed into his parents’ bed to cuddle with them until they had to get up like he did every morning. However, he was surprised to notice that his father wasn’t there and that his mother was awake and seemed to be very excited.

“Good morning, Mummy,” Harry said cheerily, placing a small kiss on her cheek.

“Good morning, Harry. Did you sleep well?” Minerva enquired, cuddling him close.

“Yes; where is Dad?”

Minerva sighed. “He’s in his lab examining the Wolfsbane potion you brewed the other night. Something seems to have been different than normal.”

Harry let out a huge gasp, suddenly remembering the drops of his blood that had dropped from his finger into the cauldron.

“Are you all right?” Minerva asked in concern, seeing that Harry’s face had turned as white as the sheets.

“No!” Harry exclaimed terrified. “That’s all my fault! I wasn’t paying attention because I thought about Ginny pairing up with Draco, but it ended up being because they wanted to speak about something for my birthday, but Ginny only told me after I was in bed that night, and yesterday she paired up with Neville and I was with Luna, but that was okay because I already knew she was. Anyway, I didn’t put the knife away and cut my finger, and a bit of my blood dropped into the cauldron, and I forgot to tell Dad about it, because you came to put me to bed, and now the potion was ruined and...” He finally stopped his rant and looked up into Minerva’s face. “What happened to Uncle Moony? He didn’t die, did he?”

Minerva, who had been trying hard to follow his fast and excited ranting in utter concern, let out a deep sigh and relaxed.

“Relax Harry, everything is all right,” Minerva told the child in a calming voice. “In fact, Remus didn’t transform at all last night. Let’s get up and tell Dad about it. Maybe, you found a better potion for the werewolves.”

Before Minerva could even get up, Harry was already out of the room, running to Severus’ private lab, where he repeated his rant. When Minerva followed him a minute later, Severus threw her a confused but grateful glance. “Do you know what this is about, Minerva?”

“Yes Sev. Harry, calm down and tell your father exactly what happened, SLOWLY!”

Harry quickly informed his father about the small amount of blood that had been added to the potion unintentionally.

“Harry!” Severus replied, an expression of absolute horror on his face. “Can you imagine what could have happened? How could you be so reckless to not tell me about that? We should have brewed the potion once more fresh from the start. You cannot easily add ingredients, especially not blood, because it can be very dangerous to the person, who has to take the potion. Remus could have died because of it.”

“Dad, I’m so sorry,” Harry exclaimed, before he buried his head in Minerva’s robes and began to sob vehemently.

“It’s all right now, nothing happened, sweetie,” Minerva tried to calm him down, gently rubbing circles into his back.

“Can you promise me to never act so reckless anymore when you’re brewing potions?” Severus asked in a soft but stern voice, causing Harry to sob, “Yes Dad, I promise.”

“All right,” Severus replied contentedly. “Now, why would Harry’s blood change the potion enough that Remus didn’t transform? You know, Minerva, I always have to put one drop of my blood into this

potion, or in case I'm sick I use Poppy's blood, because I need one drop of a healthy wizard's or witch's blood for the Wolfsbane. However, with an additional drop or two of Harry's blood, it changed the whole makeup of the Wolfsbane. What is so different about Harry's blood?"

"Could it be because Harry is younger?" Minerva suggested.

"I have no idea Minerva. Oh, wait!" he corrected himself immediately. "I know what it could be. Perhaps the reason is that Harry is part Chameguise, and the Chameguise is a very special magical animal. I can imagine that its blood holds exceptional qualities too. Maybe I should use a few drops of Harry's blood for tests in other healing potions as well," Severus said thoughtfully.

"Well, we'll see if it works next month as well," Minerva replied calmly, smiling at Harry, who was slowly calming down.

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Four weeks later, Harry was very excited. 'Will my blood be able to help Uncle Moony not to transform?' he thought eagerly and couldn't wait for the night of the full moon.

Unfortunately, a few days before the full moon, Harry was poisoned again. Kori, who had been sitting on his shoulder like she always did, managed to kick the glass with the pumpkin juice out of Harry's hand just in time, but the phoenix couldn't prevent Harry from spilling the juice all over himself. This time, it wasn't too bad; however, Harry suffered for a few days, because his skin had become infected and he was running a high fever.

On the day, when Severus had to brew the Wolfsbane potion, Harry was already feeling much better but was still feverish and was devastated when Severus told him, "I'm sorry, Harry, but I cannot use your blood for the potion today. I can only use the blood of a healthy person; so, I don't want you to help, because you're not well enough yet. However, I'll ask Aunt Poppy if she can release you, so that you can spend the evening with Mummy in our quarters."

“It’s such a pity; we really hoped to confirm our new and better Wolfsbane tonight,” Severus told the Healer a few minutes later, when they left Harry’s bedside together after the child had drifted off to sleep.

“If it’s the Chameguise blood that makes the difference, why don’t you ask Godric for two drops of blood. You know that his blood is the same as Harry’s was before you blood adopted him.”

“Oh that’s right, I had forgotten about that,” Severus replied, wondering how he could have been so absentminded, and followed the Healer into her private quarters in order to speak with her husband.

“No! I won’t let my blood be used for anything,” Godric replied obstinately, even when Poppy told him that it was necessary for the new version of the Wolfsbane.

“He’s extremely stubborn if you ask him something, unless it’s Harry who asks. He can’t deny that boy anything,” Poppy sighed when they returned to the hospital wing.

“Well, I’ll go and ask Tom,” Severus replied, feeling completely annoyed at the founder’s attitude.

Fortunately, Tom agreed and even helped Severus to prepare his ingredients. To everyone’s excitement, the potion seemed to work and Remus once more remained in his human form throughout the night.

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Over the next four weeks, Severus did a lot of research and finally decided, with Remus’ agreement, to test if the potion could by any chance be a permanent cure.

“We won’t brew the Wolfsbane potion this month, and Remus will spend the night in the Shrieking Shack, where it doesn’t matter if he transforms into a werewolf,” he explained to Harry.

“Wow; can I go with Remus and spend the night with him in case he needs help?” Harry asked excitedly, causing Severus to frown.

“Harry, you wouldn’t survive a night with a werewolf.”

“But I could go as Chameguise and make myself invisible, so that he couldn’t see me,” Harry disagreed, throwing his father a pleading look.

“No Harry, under no circumstances will you be allowed to go,” Minerva threw in, giving Harry her sternest teacher’s glare. “Even if he couldn’t see you, he’d be able to smell you,” she explained patiently.

Harry was very disappointed but also very excited, because two days after the night of the full moon was his birthday. The few days leading up to his birthday, he spoke of nothing else, and his parents were relieved because they thought he had forgotten about the full moon.

Harry however, who would never forget about his friends so easily, set his alarm clock for two o’clock in the morning, knowing that even his father would be asleep by then, and put it under his pillow, so that his parents wouldn’t be awaked by it. When the alarm went off, he quickly transformed into his phoenix form and thought of Remus in order to flash to him, knowing that he would be able to get away in the blink of an eye if it were necessary.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 26 – IS THE STUBBORN OLD HEADMASTER

When Harry arrived in the Shrieking Shack in his phoenix form he immediately saw that Remus was sitting there, writing feverishly on a parchment. He looked up and let out a huge gasp when he noticed the beautiful phoenix sitting beside him.

“Harry, what are you doing here?” he asked in concern.

Harry quickly transformed back and replied, “I just wanted to see if you were all right, Uncle Moony.”

“I’m as all right as one could be, and that’s thanks to you, Harry,” Remus replied, and Harry noticed worriedly that tears began to pour down from Remus’ eyes.

“What’s wrong, Uncle Moony?” he asked, looking up into the teacher’s brown eyes.

“Nothing is wrong, Harry; I’m just so happy,” Remus replied, pulling the child into a bear hug. “You obviously managed to unintentionally invent the wolves cure and healed me. I still can’t believe it,” he sobbed.

“Congratulations Uncle Moony; I’m very happy that we managed to cure you, even if it was only by chance.” Harry gave the man a fond smile.

“Now Harry, I believe that it’s time for you to flash back; your parents would be very worried if they happened to notice that you weren’t in your room,” Remus advised the child, releasing him from his embrace.

“I can take you with me, Uncle Moony,” Harry said eagerly.

“No Harry, as long as the full moon is still out, I’m going to stay here,” Remus replied firmly.

“All right; I’m going back to bed then,” Harry said, yawning, and transformed back into his phoenix form, so that he could flash away.

Back in his own room, Harry thought, 'I should tell Dad about this right now. He will be so happy!'

Harry ran over into his parents' room and climbed onto the bed between Minerva and Severus. He lightly shook Severus' shoulder and, in order not to disturb Minerva, he thought to the man, 'Dad, are you awake? I have to tell you something important.'

Severus lazily opened his eyes. "What's wrong, Harry?" he asked in concern, giving the child a piercing look.

"Dad, we did it. Remus didn't transform; he's still human," Harry whispered back, much too excited to notice that his father's brows narrowed and his face took on an extremely angry expression.

"How do you know that, Harry?" he asked sternly.

"Err... I flashed into the Shrieking Shack to check on Uncle Moony," Harry admitted in a small voice, backing up into Minerva's arm when he noticed the angry look Severus was giving him.

"What's wrong?" Minerva asked sleepily, lazily opening her eyes.

"Harry saw fit to flash into the Shrieking Shack to see if Remus had transformed into a werewolf in spite of my explicit orders to stay away from the Shrieking Shack," Severus told her in a livid voice.

"Harry, that was very irresponsible," Minerva told the boy, who was sobbing into her pyjamas.

"I'm sorry," Harry cried.

"Sorry is not good enough," Severus replied angrily. "You're too reckless, especially when it concerns your own safety. Now go to sleep, and we'll talk about your punishment in the morning."

Harry nestled deep into Minerva's embrace, but he couldn't go back to sleep. 'What does Dad mean with punishment?' he mused. 'Will he ground me for the rest of the holidays? But I'm invited to Neville today

for his birthday, and all my friends were going to come for my birthday party tomorrow.'

Harry finally fell into an exhausted sleep only as it turned light outside. He didn't even stir when his parents got up for breakfast.

The two teachers decided to have breakfast in their own quarters since neither of them wanted to leave Harry alone or wake him up. Both of them were glad that Harry was still asleep as it gave them the opportunity to discuss his punishment with each other. "I'm sorry Minerva, but I'd like to really punish him this time," Severus spoke up sternly, "otherwise, he'll never learn."

"That's true," Minerva replied softly. "As much as I feel sorry for Harry, I think you're right."

While they were still talking about the matter, Harry tiredly entered the room, mumbling, "Good morning," in a very small voice.

"Harry, do you want to speak about your punishment right now, or do you want to eat breakfast first?" Severus asked in a stern but gentle voice.

"Now please," Harry whispered hardly audibly, averting his eyes to the floor.

"You will be grounded for a week, which also means no birthday party with your friends. I know that it's a hard punishment, but we really need you to remember that you can't put yourself into danger all the time," Severus told him, before he pulled the child in an embrace, carefully rubbing his back in circles in order to calm him down.

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but I believe Dad is right. You will sit down and write letters to your friends straight after breakfast. You have to explain to them that you were extremely naughty and are not allowed to have your birthday party because of what you did," Minerva explained softly.

"Okay Mum," Harry replied sadly. "May I go and write my letters? I'm not hungry."

“Yes, you may go, and I wish to see them as soon as you’re finished,” Minerva replied, gently wiping an errand strand of hair from his forehead.

While Minerva stepped into the fireplace to pay Neville and his grandmother a short visit, explaining why Harry couldn’t attend Neville’s birthday party and handing over his present, Harry retired to his own room and threw himself onto his bed.

‘Ginny?’ Harry mind thought to his friend.

‘Harry!’ Ginny replied happily. ‘What’s wrong? You sound so sad.’

‘I’m very sad,’ Harry thought back and couldn’t hold the tears back anymore.

‘Are you crying?’ Ginny asked worriedly.

‘Ginny, I’m grounded for a week. I’m not allowed to have my birthday party, and I can’t go to Neville’s party either.’

‘Oh no! What did you do to receive such a huge punishment?’

‘That’s a long story. I put myself in danger, and Dad got very angry at me for being so reckless.’ He sighed. ‘Well, I flashed myself to a place where I knew a werewolf was, whom I know very well, and they were trying out a new potion, so that we hoped he hadn’t transformed. Even if he had, I’d have gotten away in my phoenix form immediately.’

‘Nevertheless, that was a very stupid and dangerous thing to do, Harry. Your parents are right to ground you,’ Ginny told him firmly.

‘Ok, thanks Ginny. I have to write letters to all of you now.’

‘Well, you don’t have to write to me; I already know, and I’ll send you my present by owl. Take care Harry, and don’t blame your parents. They’re only doing what they need to do, and are not trying to make you unhappy.’

Harry leaned back into his pillow and cried himself into an exhausted sleep, during which memories of his first birthdays that were completely ignored by the Dursleys flashed through his mind.

Minerva and Severus, who came to check on Harry every thirty minutes, noticed worriedly that he continued to cry even in his sleep.

"I feel really bad," Minerva told Severus, and the man saw that his wife was nearly crying as well.

"You don't have to, Minerva," Severus replied calmly. "I didn't expect Harry to take it so bad, but he really needs to be punished in order to learn not to put himself into danger so recklessly. I don't intend to let him stay alone in his room tomorrow. I thought that we could extend our plans for your birthday a bit. How's that?"

"That's a very good idea," Minerva replied, feeling very relieved.

"I'm going to put a charm on Harry that alerts us when he wakes up," Severus stated when he went to check on the child the next time.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, before the charm alerted them that Harry had finally woken up. Minerva and Severus hurried into the child's room just in time when Harry got sick all over himself.

After a series of nightmares about his time at the Dursleys, Harry woke up with a splitting headache. His stomach felt queasy, and he was shivering under his covers. When he lazily opened his eyes, he felt completely dizzy, and his stomach all of a sudden decided to get rid of its content.

Harry gratefully noticed that his parents were in his room and that Severus quickly cast a scourging spell on him and his bed. "Thank you, Dad," he mumbled hoarsely.

His parents sat down on the edge of his bed and Severus asked with concern lacing his voice, "Are you feeling better now, Harry?"

Harry lightly shook his head, mumbling, "My head hurts so much."

Minerva worriedly placed a hand on his forehead, noticing that he felt very warm. “Did you make yourself sick by crying so much, sweetie?” she asked softly, throwing Severus a helpless glance.

“I don’t know,” Harry mumbled miserably.

Severus waved his wand at the child, before he summoned two phials from his potions lab, spelling the contents into Harry’s stomach. Seeing that Harry fell asleep in the blink of an eye, Minerva threw Severus a questioning glance.

“That was a calming draught laced with a sip of a dreamless sleep potion as well as a pain relieving potion,” Severus explained softly. “He obviously made himself so upset that he became sick. I know that we have to speak with him about this, but as long as he has such a headache and is running a temperature, we can’t help him. That’s why I decided to let him sleep for a while first. I hope that he’ll be completely well when he wakes up. He’s already much better,” he added after waving his wand at the boy once more.

“All right,” Minerva agreed. “Thank you Severus.”

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While Severus engrossed himself with the planning of Harry’s and Minerva’s birthdays, Minerva floo-called the parents of Harry’s friends to cancel his birthday party. It took Minerva nearly two hours to contact them all, due to the fact that everyone took pity on Harry and enquired about the exact reason, only to finally express their understanding for the punishment.

“What are we going to do?” she asked Severus at dinnertime. “Harry still hasn’t eaten anything today. Shall we wake him up?”

“I can’t imagine that he wants to eat right now,” Severus replied after checking on Harry once more. “I’ll spell a nutrient potion into his stomach.”

Harry only woke up late in the evening, still feeling a bit queasy and sick. When he hesitantly opened his eyes, he saw his parents sitting on the edge of his bed, talking to each other in quiet voices.

"Mum, Dad," he whispered tiredly.

"Harry, are you feeling better?" Minerva asked in concern.

"A bit," Harry mumbled.

Severus, who was sitting right next to the child, quickly helped him to sit up and made him drink two potions. "Harry, if you feel a bit better now that you've taken the potions, we'd like you to join us in the living room, so that we can talk for a moment."

"All right," Harry agreed, following his parents out of the room.

"Harry, I'm really sorry that you took our punishment so badly, but I hope you understand why we had to punish you, even if it was quite harsh," Severus was the first to speak.

"Do you still love me even if I'm so stupid?" Harry asked back, feeling absolutely desperate.

"Of course we love you. If we didn't, we wouldn't bother grounding you. We do that, because we love you and don't want you to put yourself into danger," Minerva explained patiently.

"Dad, can you give me a sleeping potion again, so that I'll only wake up when my birthday is over?" Harry enquired, giving his father a distressed look.

"Why would I do that, Harry?" Severus asked astonished. "You don't want to miss your birthday, do you?"

"But I won't have a birthday, because I'm grounded; you said so, didn't you?"

"No Harry. We only told you that you're not allowed to have your birthday party. However, we will of course have your birthday tomorrow," Severus replied in total surprise.

"I thought you were going to ignore my birthday like the Dursleys did," Harry explained in a small voice, feeling incredibly stupid at the same time.

"Harry, neither Dad nor I would ever do that to you," Minerva said softly, putting both arms around her son, when he scrambled onto her lap.

"Are you hungry, Harry?" Severus asked after a while, handing the child a phial with a nutrient potion when he denied.

"All right then, I suggest that we go to bed," Minerva told Harry. "Since you're still not completely well, do you want to sleep in our bed?"

Harry gave her a grateful nod and climbed into his parents' bed. He slept peacefully between Minerva and Severus, and when he woke up in the morning, he felt much better.

"Harry, hold on," he heard his mother's voice as soon as he opened his eyes and unconsciously grabbed the inflatable yellow starfish, which Severus was holding out for the three of them. Seconds later, he felt a well-known pull behind his navel and wondered sleepily where they were going.

tbc...

Thanks to my kind reviewers for their invaluable encouragement and thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

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## 27 – HAVE YOU THOUGHT

Harry felt extremely relieved when the movement finally stopped. 'Where are we?' he thought, before he curiously opened his eyes.

"Here Harry," Severus said, gently helping Harry to get up from the floor.

Harry was happily surprised to notice that they had arrived in the living room of McGonagall Manor. Breakfast was already waiting on the table for them, and Harry saw a huge birthday cake in the form of a Snitch, which held ten huge candles that were placed on the cake to write out the number '10'.

With three small pops Margaret, Malcolm and Teddy arrived to greet them.

"Teddy!" Harry shouted happily, glad that at least one of his friends had been able to come for his birthday.

A few minutes later, Poppy and Godric stepped out of the fireplace. "I know that Harry was naughty and isn't allowed visitors," Poppy said sternly. "However, as you see, it's impossible to keep godparents away from their godchild." She walked over to the table, where Harry had just sat down next to Minerva, pulling the child into a bear hug. "Happy birthday, sweetie!"

"Thanks Aunt Poppy," Harry replied happily, leaning into her embrace.

"Happy birthday, little one," Godric echoed, as he gently tickled the boy's side.

"Thank you, Headmaster," Harry replied, giggling, causing the man to frown.

"Don't call me that, Harry; it makes me sound old."

"All right, Uncle Godric," Harry chuckled.

While Margaret and Malcolm firmly refused to sit at the table and have breakfast with the family, Teddy sat next to Harry and even ate a piece of Harry's birthday cake.

"Thanks Teddy; I'm really glad to have you here," Harry told the little elf, who was one of his best friends.

"Thank you and your parents for allowing me to participate as if I wasn't a house-elf," Teddy replied.

"You're not a house-elf; you're an elf, and you should be proud of it," Harry replied sternly. "Plus you go to school just like I do, so there is no reason why you shouldn't participate in my birthday breakfast."

After breakfast, which took more than two hours, because everyone was waiting for Harry to eat more than half a piece of cake, Severus took Harry aside.

"Harry, have you ever learned to swim?" he asked in his soft and silky voice.

Harry sadly shook his head. "No."

"Well, would you like to learn how to swim? I could teach you, if you wanted to," Severus suggested.

"Really, Dad?" Harry asked excitedly. "Yes please. I'd love to learn how to swim. Can we swim outside in the lake?"

"Yes, you may swim in the lake," Minerva replied, completely amused by her son's obvious excitement.

Ten minutes later, Severus and Harry were running down the small beach towards the lake, followed by Minerva and their guests, who preferred to sit down on the beach.

"Teddy, are you coming too?" Harry shouted eagerly, causing the small elf to follow him into the shallow water.

By the time they headed inside for a late lunch, Harry and Teddy were able to swim a few strokes, and Severus promised to take them swimming again later that afternoon.

After lunch, Harry was led into the living room, where a whole table with presents had appeared. To his great surprise, all of his friends had sent presents for him. He received many books and spent the afternoon sprawled out in the grass near the lake reading together with Teddy, who was as fond of books as Harry. Both of them were so engrossed in Harry's new books that Severus had to call them a few times to get their attention.

"Harry, Teddy, do you want to swim a bit more or not?" he asked for the third time, slowly getting impatient.

"Oh Dad, yes, of course," Harry replied, finally looking up absentmindedly.

"Yes please," Teddy agreed.

Minerva and Poppy quickly transfigured their outfits into swimming trunks, and Severus, Harry, and Teddy entered the lake and practised for another hour, before Malcolm arrived to call them for dinner.

"Oh no! Dad, can we swim again tomorrow, please?" Harry asked disappointed, glancing at Teddy, who nodded eagerly.

"Yes, we can do that," Severus promised. "and you're already very good, both of you."

They had just sat down in the dining room, when Margaret announced two visitors. Minerva left the room to return with Remus and Tonks, and Malcolm hurriedly prepared the table for two more guests.

"I'm sorry; we didn't intend to invite ourselves to dinner," Remus apologized profusely, while Tonks and he took their seats. We just wanted to congratulate Harry and give him a small present."

“I’m glad that you’re here, Uncle Moony,” Harry replied excitedly, throwing the two visitors a huge smile.

Margaret and Malcolm had prepared all of Harry’s favourites, and Harry ate more than he had eaten at all the meals he had eaten during the last two days put together. ‘Thank God that they didn’t really ground me. Even without my friends but Teddy here, it was a brilliant birthday, and I love being here a lot,’ Harry mused while he spooned another bit of ice cream into his already full belly.

“Harry, if you’re finished, I’d like to give you our present,” Remus called his attention just when Harry noticed that his belly was going to burst, if he put anymore of the delicious desert in it. Remus took a long, small present out of his robe pocket and touched it with his wand, causing the present to expand greatly until it reached the size of...

“A new broom!” Harry shouted in utmost excitement. During the last few weeks he had already regretted that his child’s broom was already getting too small and too slow for him. “Thanks Uncle Moony and Professor Tonks,” he cheered, only to ask without break, “Can we go flying?” He threw his parents a pleading glance.

“What broom is this?” Minerva asked astonished, looking at the sign saying ‘Nimbus 2000.’ “I didn’t know that Nimbus had already brought a new broom out.”

“Frankly speaking, it isn’t out yet. However, a good friend of mine is a director at Nimbus corporation, and I was able to buy this broom from him out of the first small production that was made for the sports journalists,” Tonks explained, causing everyone to look at the broom in awe.

“Officially, the broom will not be out until next summer,” Remus threw in.

“Cool!” Harry shouted and hurried out into the park.

Minerva quickly went to the broom cupboard and fetched a broom for Teddy, so that the two friends could fly together.

In the meantime, the adults sat at a table on the terrace, having tea. "In fact," Remus slowly spoke up, "our visit here has another reason. We'd like to ask Severus and Harry a favour."

"And what might that be?" Severus smirked.

"We'd like to ask you if you would perhaps be willing to publically announce your development of the wolves cure," Remus explained. "If you published the cure, I could ask the Ministry to clear myself from the werewolf registry, provided that one of you would be so kind and confirmed that I'm not a werewolf any longer..."

"And then we would be able to get married," Tonks interrupted her boyfriend.

Minerva and Poppy happily applauded to the young couple, and Minerva suggested, "I could speak with Minster Bagnold about it to see how you should proceed; Severus, what do you think?"

"That would be the best, Minerva," Severus replied thoughtfully. "It doesn't make much sense to publish the recipe, because the potion is difficult to brew and because the blood of a chameguise is needed, which is extremely rare. In fact, I'm quite sure that only three of them exist at the moment."

"And one of them definitely wouldn't give his blood for the cure," Poppy smirked, glancing at her stubborn husband.

"Therefore, we can only offer to brew the potion for the Ministry, and the Ministry has have to take the responsibility of administering it to the werewolves," Severus continued.

"Well, you won't offer the potion for free; you will sell it," Poppy contradicted. "However, the question is if the Ministry wants to deal with the werewolves, or if you have to make a deal with St. Mungo's. I suggest that we arrange a meeting with Minster Bagnold and Healer O'Brien, the Head Healer of St. Mungo's, whom I know quite well."

“All right, we’ll do that on the day after tomorrow when we’re back at Hogwarts,” Minerva replied.

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The next day was Minerva’s birthday, and in the afternoon, the whole Hogwarts staff except for Professors Trelawney and Binns came for tea. Most of the teachers even brought birthday presents for Harry, who was delighted to receive even more books.

Hagrid handed Harry a small bag with rock cakes, stating, “especially for you, Harry!”

“Thanks a lot,” Harry replied and politely popped a small piece into his mouth, although he didn’t like Hagrid’s rock cakes at all.

“Have some more, Harry; as I said I made them especially for you this morning, and I think they’re really good this time.”

“Thanks Hagrid, but I’m really full at the moment. I’ll eat them later on,” Harry lied hesitantly, putting the rest of the cakes away.

An hour later, while everyone was still having tea and Minerva’s birthday cake that was in the form of a huge cat, Harry suddenly felt his stomach churn. He quickly mumbled to Tonks, who was sitting next to him, “I’m going to be sick,” and ran out of the room, emptying his stomach into the toilet.

“Are you feeling better now?” Tonks asked, who had followed Harry in concern, giving the child an appraising look.

“No,” Harry replied and shivered violently, causing Tonks to worriedly feel his forehead.

“You’re burning up,” she stated horrified, and a horrible thought came up in her mind. “Harry, did you eat anything else than the birthday cake?”

“I only ate a piece of the rock cakes from Hagrid,” Harry admitted. “Do you think I’ve been poisoned again?”

“I’m not sure, Harry. Hold on a minute; I’m going to get your Aunt Poppy and your father.” She ran back to the living room and fetched Poppy and Severus.

“A rock cake from Hagrid?” Severus asked sternly. “Tonks, can you take Harry back to his room please? Poppy, wait a moment; I’ll get the antidote. Then I will deal with Hagrid.”

While Poppy hurried to Harry’s room, where Tonks had put him to bed, Severus strode back into the living room and asked Tom, Godric, and Hagrid to join him in the office for a moment.

“Is everything all right? Where is Harry?” Minerva asked in obvious concern, seeing that Severus headed back out.

“Everything is all right; sorry Minerva; we’ll be back in a few minutes,” he replied soothingly and led his colleagues into his wife’s office.

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“Harry has been poisoned again, and the only thing that he ate, which none of us ate, was a piece of the rock cakes from you, Hagrid. Therefore, I’m sorry, but I have to question you under Veritaserum, Hagrid,” Severus said sternly.

The half giant threw the Potions Master a horrified look and answered, “Of course, Severus, you know how much I love Harry and that I wouldn’t want any harm to come to him.”

Severus pulled a tiny phial out of his inner robe pocket and dropped five drops on Hagrid’s tongue, knowing that the normal amount of three drops wouldn’t be enough to question the half giant.

“What is your name?”

“Rubeus Hagrid.”

“Did you bake rock cakes for Harry?”

“Yes, I made them this morning.”

“Did you put any kind of poison into them?”

“Yes,” Hagrid replied, throwing Severus a horrified look.

“Did you want to poison my son?”

“No!” Hagrid answered firmly.

“Why did you poison Harry then?”

“Because Dumbledore put me under the Imperius curse; he brought the potion and told me to mix it into rock cakes for Harry’s birthday.”

Severus gave Tom and Godric a contented nod, before he pulled another tiny phial with the antidote to the Veritaserum out of his inner robe pocket and administered it to Hagrid.

An instant later, Tom and Godric nodded back in Severus’ direction and all three men waved their wands at Hagrid, simultaneously mumbling an incantation, and three beams of purple wand light simultaneously struck Hagrid in the chest.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

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## 28 – DUMBLEDORE?

Severus, Godric, and Tom put their wands away, and Severus explained to Hagrid, “We have placed a spell on you, which will prevent you from harming Harry in any way. The spell won’t do you any harm, and since we cast it together, even Dumbledore will not be able to break it.”

Hagrid sighed in relief. “Thank you so much, Severus, Tom, and Godric. I’m so glad that you believe me that I really don’t want to hurt Harry.”

“All right; now since I suspect that Minerva will be worried, I suggest that we return to the birthday party,” Severus concluded the short meeting, and the four men headed back to the living room.

“Severus, where is Harry? Is something wrong?” Minerva asked worriedly, having noticed that Harry, Poppy, and Tonks hadn’t returned yet.

Her husband sighed and calmly laid an arm around her shoulders. “It’s all right, Minerva. However, Hagrid was under the Imperius curse due to Dumbledore and poisoned Harry once again. Fortunately, Harry only ate a small bite of the rock cakes that contained the poison, and as you know I had the antidote ready, so that Poppy could administer it immediately. Tom, Godric, and I have put Hagrid under a spell, which will make it impossible for him to harm Harry again. Shall we go and look after Harry, Minerva? I’m sure your guests will excuse you for a few minutes.”

“Of course,” Professor Sprout spoke up. “Minerva, the child needs you. We’ll wait and proceed to the head of your cat cake.”

“Cat nose,” Rolanda Hooch threw in, “absolutely delicious.”

“Well, I’d like to have a cat eye,” Tom replied, while Minerva and Severus headed for the door.

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When they entered Harry's bedroom, Poppy and Tonks were sitting on the edge of his bed. Tonks was reading Harry's favourite story about two small dragons to Harry, while the child was resting his head on Poppy's lap.

"Mummy, Daddy!" Harry said gladly, seeing his parents enter his room, and tears started to well in his eyes.

"How are you sweetie?" Minerva asked, while she bent down to gently stroke his cheeks.

"It's all right," Harry replied in a small voice, causing Poppy to explain, "It wasn't so bad this time, because he only ingested only a minuscule amount of the poison. Nevertheless, he had to throw up five or six times, his stomach is still a bit queasy, and he is running a slight fever. I recommend that you stay here tonight and let him rest tomorrow until he feels completely well, before you return to Hogwarts."

"Mummy," Harry spoke up hesitantly, "you can go back to your birthday party. Aunt Poppy and Professor Tonks promised to stay with me until everyone goes home. You don't have to worry; I'm fine."

Seeing that Minerva opened her mouth to contradict, Poppy beat her to it and suggested, "Minnie, since his stomach seems to have calmed down a bit, you can take him with you to the living room, where he can rest on the sofa. He will go to sleep in a few minutes anyway."

"Do you want to come with us?" Minerva asked softly, and seeing that Harry gave his mother a small nod, Severus picked the child up and carried him downstairs, where all the teachers took turns sitting on the edge of the sofa and talked with him, until he drifted off to sleep half an hour later.

When Harry woke up the following morning, he found himself in his parents' bed between Minerva and Severus. Since he was not completely well yet, his parents decided to spend the morning in their bedroom, where Harry slept throughout the day while Minerva and

Severus played chess next to him. Just before dinner, the small family returned to Hogwarts.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

“Severus, shall I Floo-call the Minister concerning the wolves cure?” Minerva asked when they ate dinner in their quarters.

Severus raised an eyebrow. “I believe we need to speak with our son about the matter first, don’t we?”

Harry glanced from one to the other in confusion. “Harry, would you be willing to give drops of your blood, so that we could brew the wolves cure and sell it to the Ministry or to St. Mungo’s in order to help others like Remus to be cured?” Severus enquired, giving his son a questioning look.

“Of course,” Harry replied simply.

Severus smirked. “And would you also be willing to help with the brewing? I expect that the ministry will want a large amount of the potion, so that we will need to brew it as often as possible.”

“Of course, Dad, I just hope we can manage to cure all the werewolves.”

“All right, then I’m going to call the Minister,” Minerva said and stood up in determination.

“Hello Millicent,” she greeted the Minister. “I need to speak with you as soon as possible. My husband and my son found a cure for Lycanthropy.”

“They’ve done what?! May I come over?” the Minister asked excitedly.

Minerva nodded, laughed and stepped back, so that her old childhood friend could step through the Floo. Severus quickly explained everything about the cure, and the Minister listened intensely.

"That's absolutely brilliant," she finally spoke up. "And you are able to reproduce the potion?"

"Of course," Severus replied curtly.

"Minerva, may I call Healer O'Brien, the Head Healer of St. Mungo's? We can adjourn to your office if you want. I believe that O'Brien should be in charge of taking care of the matter."

"Of course, Millicent. In that case, I'd like to call our Healer, Madam Pomfrey, as well as Professor Lupin as well, since he is the first cured werewolf."

Ten minutes later, the meeting was resumed in Minerva's office under presence of the two Healers. Severus once again explained everything, and Poppy confirmed that Remus was indeed cured from Lycanthropy.

"How many doses can you brew for us each month?" O'Brien asked interestedly.

"That depends on my normal workload and on Harry's condition," Severus replied pensively. "However, I believe that we can assure you of at least twenty doses each month."

"Very well," the Healer replied. "I suggest that you approach all of the werewolves and always send twenty to us on a fixed date. If we have more doses, you can call those on the waiting list to come over earlier. We will administer the cure and keep the persons over the full moon in our werewolf cells in order to be sure that they are all cured. Of course I suggest that we administer the first doses to individuals that are at a health risk to transform again and to young children. I know for a fact that there are two individuals that are in immediate danger of transforming come the next full moon. We also have one young child that was bitten the last full moon that we could prevent from even going through his first transformation."

Everyone agreed with the Healer's suggestion, and the minister sighed happily, before she turned to Severus and Harry. "Professor Snape and Harry, I'd like you to brew at least twenty doses each

month. Considering that the normal Wolfsbane potion is sold for twenty-five Galleons the dose, the Ministry will pay you one thousand Galleons for each dose. Additionally, you will both receive the Order of Merlin first class. Would you be willing to brew the potion under these conditions?”

“Of course,” Severus replied, and Harry nodded in complete amazement.

ちょっとしたアイディア

Over the next year, Harry and Severus used every spare moment they had brewing the Wolfescure potion and earned a lot of well deserved money.

“We already received a million Galleons with the Order of Merlin,” Harry said incredulously. “Do we really need more money for the potion?”

Minerva laughed. “Be happy that you receive so much money. Even if you don’t need it yourself, maybe in the future there will be something, which you want to support by donating some money, or...”

Harry interrupted her excitedly. “Oh, Mummy, I know something. You know when I asked you why other elves can’t go to school like Teddy, even if they are free elves, you told me that they don’t have money to pay for the school fees. I could pay for them like you are paying for Teddy.”

“That’s a good idea, Harry; however, I suggest that you wait and let Teddy at least finish his first year at Hogwarts to see if he’ll be able to get along as well as in the primary school. I believe that he will, but I think it would be better to wait.”

“All right, Mummy,” Harry agreed, making a mental note to bring the matter up again in two years.

約一年後のこと

On his eleventh birthday, Harry was finally allowed to throw a huge party for all his classmates at McGonagall Manor. Harry and his friends had a lot of fun and became very excited at the thought that most of them would soon be first year students at the Hogwarts main school. During the next few weeks, Harry hardly spoke about anything else, although he was still busy helping his father to brew the Wolfscure potion.

However, on the day before the much awaited beginning of the school year, something happened that drew all the attention away from the school.

When Severus looked at the front page of the Daily Prophet in his hands on this morning of August 31st, he noticed a huge picture of Dumbledore right along with an extraordinary headline.

‘Albus Dumbledore dies choking on a lemon drop – Ministry enquires’

‘According to reliable sources, the previous Headmaster of Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore was found dead in his Manor, where he obviously choked on a lemon drop. The Ministry suspects that it was not an accident due to the fact that his house-elves were obliviated so that it appears that there must have been at least one visitor, who actually caused the hundred and fifty year old man to choke. Read the complete article on pages four and five.’

“Minerva!” Severus shouted very uncharacteristically, causing Harry to hurry towards their small kitchen to see what was wrong, knowing that his father normally didn’t shout if not at some stupid dunderheads during classes, mostly Gryffindor students.

“What’s wrong?” Minerva asked in exasperation, still pulling her hair up as she hurried towards her husband and son.

“Look at this!” Severus replied, holding the newspaper out for Minerva and Harry to see.

“Dumbledore choked on a lemon drop?” Minerva asked incredulously.  
“Severus, you didn’t have anything to do with that, do you?”

“Of course not,” Severus sighed in annoyance. “How do you expect me to get into Dumbledore Manor, Minerva? I can tell you, who could have been. There are only two persons except for our son, who would be able to enter the Manor without showing themselves and causing suspicion.”

When Minerva gave him an uncomprehending look, he continued, “I suspect Tom or Godric, because both of them are able to make themselves invisible in their Chameguise forms. They could even transform into the Minister of Magic to visit Dumbledore in his Manor.”

“Well, let’s invite all of them to a demise party tonight and ask them,” Minerva suggested. “I wanted to do that anyway, knowing that it’s our last quiet evening for the next ten months.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Twelve hours later, all the Hogwarts teachers assembled in the McGonagall-Snape quarters for a small party before the beginning of the new school year.

“Are you looking forward to becoming a student?” Professor Flitwick asked Harry, smiling.

“Yes, of course,” Harry cheered. “I’m just a bit anxious about the Sorting. I mean, I don’t mind what House I’m sorted into, but I’m afraid that my friends will all be in different Houses than me and that we won’t be able to keep up our friendship because of that.”

“Harry, your mother Lily and I were best friends, although she was in Gryffindor and I was in Slytherin,” Severus reminded him in his soft silky voice, causing Harry to sigh in relief.

“Also, you have your own room here in our quarters, which will still be your home, and you may come here anytime, even together with your friends,” Minerva added calmly.

“You’re the best parents anyone could wish for,” Harry replied, feeling extremely grateful towards his adoptive parents. He then asked

hesitantly, “May I come home anytime and for example stay overnight if I want?”

Minerva sighed. “You may do that at anytime, Harry. However, if you intend to stay at home overnight, you have to inform your Head of House as well as your roommates, so that they won’t worry about you.”

“Okay,” Harry happily agreed.

“Don’t worry, Harry, you’d fit in all Houses,” Tom entered the conversation, “and I’m sure you’ll have friends in all Houses as well.”

“Thanks Uncle Tom,” Harry replied gratefully, feeling very much reassured.

“Oh, by the way,” Minerva turned to Tom, “Do you and Godric know something about certain events at Dumbledore Manor yesterday?”

“Godric and I?” Tom asked with an extremely innocent expression on his face. Glancing around to confirm that nobody was looking or listening to them, he continued, “Well one of the advantages of being a Chameguise is that you can transform in any possible living being, for example a house-elf. It’s no problem to enter any Manor as a house-elf.”

“Ah, all right, and to obliviate certain other house-elves that were present was not a problem either I suppose,” Minerva replied dryly, causing Tom to give her a short nod.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the middle of the night, Severus noticed Harry scrambling into his and Minerva’s bed, lying down in the middle.

‘Harry, is everything all right?’ he thought to his son, afraid that he might be sick or have some other problem.

‘Yes Dad; it’s just that I’m so incredibly excited,’ Harry thought back. ‘I can’t sleep at all.’



‘It’s all right, Harry; you will do fine wherever you’re sorted. I’m very proud of you, son.’

‘Thanks Dad,’ Harry replied happily and closed his eyes, still not feeling sleepy at all.

After two hours of watching his son tossing and turning, unconsciously kicking himself or Minerva with his feet, Severus silently summoned a tiny phial of a light sleeping draught and spelled it into his son’s stomach, noticing with relief that Harry’s breathing evened out within seconds.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the morning, Severus apparated Harry to London, so that he could take the Hogwarts Express to the school together with all the other students. Harry shared a compartment with all of his former classmates, who were going to be students from today onwards, Neville, Draco, Blaise, Susan, Terry, Mandy, and Seamus. They spent the travel huddled close together in order to fit into the compartment, but nevertheless enjoyed the train ride tremendously. Harry was saddened that Teddy hadn’t been allowed to take the train, but at least Harry knew that his friend would be sorted tonight just like himself.

Harry smiled proudly at his mother, who greeted the first years and finally led them into the Great Hall for the Sorting. He watched impatiently as Susan was sorted into Hufflepuff, Terry and Mandy into Ravenclaw, Seamus into Gryffindor, Neville into Hufflepuff, and Draco into Slytherin, before his mother finally called out, “McGonagall-Snape, Harry.”

Harry felt his stomach become queasy and hesitantly stepped over to Minerva, noticing his father think to him, ‘Don’t worry, Harry; everything will be all right.’

“I love you, sweetie,” Minerva told him while she motioned him to sit down and put the Sorting Hat on his head.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing!

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## 29 – NO IT IS GRYFFINDOR

Harry sighed, noticing that his voice was getting hoarse from telling his children the long story of his childhood. 'Let's end it with the Sorting,' he thought.

"And the Sorting Hat couldn't decide where to place me and put me into two Houses, Gryffindor and Slytherin, where I was best friends with your Uncle Draco. Like I said Uncle Neville was in Hufflepuff, and Aunt Luna was sorted into Ravenclaw the year after me. Aunt Hermione and your Mummy were sorted into Gryffindor like the whole Weasley clan except for Uncle Ron, who attended Durmstrang."

"And Teddy?" his daughter asked eagerly.

Harry laughed. "Teddy was sorted into Ravenclaw."

He gave his children a piercing look. "Now have you understood everything? Can you tell me who the Stubborn Old Headmaster is?"

Lily looked in his green eyes and mouthed, "Dumbledore?"

James shook his head, shouting, "No, it is Gryffindor!"

Harry cuddled both of them close, saying, "Well, that was the story of the Stubborn old Headmaster. I hope you liked it!"

"No!" Lily and James shouted simultaneously. "We want to hear everything from your time as a Hogwarts student too!"

Harry sighed. "Ah, but I don't know. At least not today, otherwise I won't be able to talk at all tomorrow and Aunt Poppy will put me in the hospital wing."

"But that would be great," James blurted out, giving his sister a mischievous look. "Then you wouldn't be able to teach and had lots of time to tell us your story."

"Well, we'll see. Let me think about it," Harry replied, knowing that his children would hardly let him get away with a half finished story.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing and thanks to the people, who reviewed!

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## 30 - THEN I WAS SORTED

'Ah, it's you,' the Sorting Hat sighed. 'Frankly speaking I have no idea where to sort you. You'd fit well in all the Houses.'

'I'm afraid you'll have to decide. I've been waiting for this long enough,' Harry thought impatiently.

'My, aren't you rude to an old man like me. Let's make a deal. You may choose... let's say two Houses, as long as you promise not to tell the Headmaster about it.'

'I may choose two Houses?' Harry asked incredulously. 'All right then, can you tell me in which House you're going to sort Teddy into? I'd love to be in the same House as him.'

'No, I'm sorry, but I have to speak with him first before I know which house he will be in.'

'I'll choose my parents' Houses then, Gryffindor and Slytherin.'

"Gryffindor and Slytherin!" the Hat shouted aloud, and Harry sighed in relief when his mother took the crazy Hat off him.

"Just sit where you like, Harry, and come to see Dad and me after dinner, so that we can discuss what we are going to do about you being in two Houses," Minerva said gently, watching as Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table where the Weasley twins hurriedly made space, so that he could sit between them.

"Harry, how was that for a Sorting?" Fred asked half in surprise half teasingly.

"Looks like he couldn't decide with both of your parents as Heads of House," George added.

"Apparently this has never happened before, at least according to 'Hogwarts: A History'," a first year girl with bushy brown hair threw in, who was sitting opposite of them. "The Sorting Hat always chooses

ONE House for a student, because Godric Gryffindor has charmed it to do so.”

“Maybe it’s drunk...”

“... or sick...”

“... or just didn’t know...”

“... what to do with our Harry...” the twins chanted in a chorus.

“Have you read the whole ‘Hogwarts: A History’ book?” Harry asked in amazement. ‘Of course I’ve read it many times over the years, but she has to be Muggle born considering that I’ve never seen her before,’ he mused.

“I know it by heart,” the girl replied. “It’s my favourite book.”

“Shouldn’t the Hat have sorted you into Ravenclaw then?” Fred smirked.

“Well, it wanted to sort me into Ravenclaw, but I talked it out of it, because I wanted to be in Gryffindor.”

“And why might that be?” George enquired curiously.

“I liked the teacher, McGonagall, who brought us in, and somebody told me that she was Head of Gryffindor. Of course I’ve read about her in ‘Hogwarts: A History’, but I was confused since she seems to be much younger than I imagined her to be.”

Harry blushed deeply, and the twins quickly filled Hermione in about what had happened to Minerva a few years ago.

“Harry!” Seamus suddenly called from two seats down from Hermione. “Are you going to remain in Gryffindor?”

“That’s Seamus,” Harry introduced his friend from primary school to the new girl. He shrugged, “I have no idea. Mum told me to come to see her and Dad after dinner to talk about it.”

“I’m Hermione Granger by the way,” the girl introduced herself.

“Harry Potter,” Harry mumbled, “and these two are Hogwarts’ greatest mischief makers, Fred and George Weasley.”

“Well, I’m not so fond of mischief; I hope to be able to learn a lot while I’m here. I’ve only known that I’m a witch for a month,” Hermione replied. “And you are?” She raised an eyebrow at the boy next to her.

“Dean,” he answered. “Dean Thomas. My Dad is a Muggle, and my Mum is a witch.”

‘They all seem nice, but I still hope that I’ll be able to remain friends with my friends from the primary school,’ Harry mused, while he absentmindedly ate his dinner.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

After dinner Percy Weasley, the fifth year prefect, motioned the first years to follow him up to their common room, but Harry excused himself and headed over to the Head table to speak with his parents.

Tom addressed the boy, “Harry, please follow us in the staff room for a short meeting.”

“All right, Headmaster,” Harry replied and obediently followed the teachers to the staff room, where he took a seat between his parents.

“Harry, what exactly did the Sorting Hat talk to you about?” Tom enquired gently, not noticing that Harry slightly began to panic when the question was asked.

‘What am I going to do? The Sorting Hat made me promise not to tell the Headmaster,’ he mused. ‘Dad,’ he anxiously thought to Severus, ‘I’m not allowed to tell the Headmaster, so I’ll tell you. The Hat didn’t know where to sort me and made me choose two Houses.’

Severus gave Harry an astonished look, before he repeated aloud what the boy had told him.

“Ah,” Gryffindor sighed. “I think in this case, he means me when he said not to tell the ‘Headmaster’ and not Tom, because I was the one, who invented him and made a clear set of rules for him to follow. These rules state that he has to choose one House, which seems to suit the student the best. I have no idea why he couldn’t do that in your case, Harry.”

“Excuse me, but I know of another case where the Hat let a student choose. One of the Gryffindor first years told us the Hat wanted to sort her into Ravenclaw, but she begged him to put her in Gryffindor, and he complied,” Harry threw in with a small voice.

“Harry, do you have a suggestion how you’ll be able to live in two Houses at the same time?” Tom asked the child. “Do you want to spend each night in a different House, or do you want to spend a week in one House and the next week in the other?”

Harry looked around, terrified. “I have no idea,” he replied in a hardly audible voice.

“You can always stay at home, Harry,” Minerva threw in, “but you’d probably enjoy sleeping in a dormitory.”

“Can I just decide each day, where I’m going to stay?” Harry suggested.

“You may do that, Harry, with one condition. You have to name one of your classmates of each House that will know where you are, and you have to tell them at dinnertime, where you’re staying,” Severus replied sternly.

“All right, then I’ll pick Draco for Slytherin and Seamus for Gryffindor,” Harry replied, slightly relieved. ‘Such a pity that Teddy is in Ravenclaw,’ he thought.

“And at mealtimes you can just switch tables as you please,” Professor Sprout threw in.



“What are we going to do about classes?” Minerva asked pensively. “The lions have most of their classes with the snakes and a few with Ravenclaw. I suggest that we let Harry attend classes together with one house or the other rather than switching his schedule back and forth.”

“I’d prefer Gryffindor then, because I’d like having a few classes with Teddy,” Harry replied pleadingly, causing everyone to give him a sympathetic smile.

“All right, Harry,” Severus agreed. “Your mother will provide you with a time table tomorrow morning. Now Harry, I’m holding a welcome meeting in Slytherin right now. Are you going to accompany me? You could spend the first night in Slytherin.”

“Okay,” Harry replied, giving his mother a questioning glance.

“It’s all right, Harry; I’ll inform your Gryffindor roommates accordingly,” Minerva promised, and Harry followed Severus out of the room.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Over the next few days, Harry switched dormitories every night. It was not that he planned it that way, but he tried to change tables for dinner each day, and after dinner he automatically followed his Housemates to their common room and stayed for the night.

After a few days, his dorm mates agreed along with their Heads of House that it wasn’t necessary to inform anyone where he would be staying overnight since he was always spending the night in the House where he ate dinner.

However, Harry missed his old friends a lot. He hardly had a chance to do anything with Neville, who had been his best friend since they had been six, or with Teddy. One day at the beginning of the second week, he felt really depressed about it.

‘Maybe Mum and Dad can do something about it,’ he mused and remained in the Transfiguration classroom, when they had Transfiguration as their last afternoon class.

"Professor, may I speak to you for a moment?" he asked hesitantly, causing Minerva to throw him a comforting smile.

"Of course, Harry; let's go into my office," she replied warmly and led Harry into their private quarters. "Is something wrong, sweetie?" she asked, giving her son a piercing look.

Harry sighed. "It's just that I miss Neville and Teddy so badly, and I thought about something, but I don't know if it will be possible."

Seeing that Minerva was listening intensely, he continued, "Maybe Hogwarts could provide a study room or common room for each year separate from their Houses, where all the students from one year could meet and talk or study when they wanted. We could for example use empty classrooms, one for the first years on the first floor, one for the second years on the second floor, and so on."

Minerva gave Harry an amazed smile. "Harry, I believe that's a very good idea. Let me talk to your Uncle Tom and Dad about the matter. I'll inform you as soon as I know more."

"Thanks Mum," Harry replied, knowing that the Headmaster, most of the time, was willing to agree to Harry's suggestions. "Ah, it's good to be home," he blurted out and made himself comfortable on the sofa, leaning against his mother's shoulder.

"Is everything all right, Harry?" Minerva asked softly. "Do you get along with all your housemates?"

Harry gave her an eager nod. "Yes, they are extremely nice in both Houses. My best friends in Gryffindor are Seamus and Hermione and of course the Weasley twins as well, and in Slytherin Draco and Blaise. But it's more tiring with all the homework we get that we didn't get in the primary school."

"I believe that, Harry," Minerva told him, comfortingly stroking his cheeks. "All right, Harry, I'm going to see if Dad has time to accompany me to Uncle Tom's office. Are you going to stay here until dinner?"

“Yes,” Harry replied and headed over to his own room, where he sat at the desk and began his Transfiguration homework.

All of a sudden, Harry heard a faint ‘Pop’ and Teddy appeared at his side. “Hello Harry,” the small elf said smiling.

“Teddy!” Harry replied in absolute delight and jumped up to give his friend a hug. “It’s good to see you; I missed you so much. How are things in Ravenclaw, Teddy?”

Teddy threw him a happy smile. “Teddy is missing you as well. Everything is fine, Harry, except for the fact that we don’t have any classes together except for Herbology.”

Harry quickly told him what he had suggested to his mother. “I hope Professor Riddle will agree, so that we can always study together. Are the students nice in your House, and are you staying in your dormitory or with your parents at night?”

Teddy laughed. “The students are all very nice, of course I know Terry and Mandy best. We always study together. I stay in my dormitory until the others are asleep, and then, if I’m still awake, I pop to my parents. And we have a lot of homework that we have to do. I hope I’ll always be able to finish everything on time. It would be great if Professor Riddle agreed to your suggestion, Harry, so that we could study together. All right, I’ll better pop back to Ravenclaw. I have to go to dinner together with the others.”

“Okay, Teddy, thanks for visiting me. I hope to talk to you soon,” Harry replied, sighing.

Teddy popped away, and Harry put his quill and parchments back in his bag, looking longingly around his room. ‘Mum said I could come home anytime.’ he mused. ‘Maybe I should spend the weekend at home.’

Harry slowly left his parents quarters and quickly headed to Gryffindor in order to leave his book bag there, which was quite heavy in comparison to his time in primary school. ‘The others must have gone

to the Great Hall already,' he noticed slightly disappointed when he noticed that the common room was completely empty.

He hurried to the dormitory and back down all the stairs in the direction of the entrance hall, completely lost in thought about his idea with the study rooms for each year. 'I just hope Uncle Tom will agree,' he mused when he suddenly heard something that caused him to stop dead in his tracks.

From a shadowy alcove that lay completely in the dark he heard a voice, which he had been sure he would never have to hear again.

"Hello my boy; how nice to see you here again. Tell me, what House were you sorted? Are you a Gryffindor like I was in my school days?"

"I'm sorry, but I have to hurry to the Great Hall for dinner; they'll already be missing me since I'm running behind," Harry returned quickly, trying to keep his voice firm, and hurried away.

"I'll be here, and we'll have a talk the next time," he could hear Dumbledore's voice follow him through the empty halls as he quickly made his getaway.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 31 – IN SLYTHERIN AND GRYFFINDOR

Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table, finding that he had completely lost his appetite after his encounter. 'I have to speak with Mum and Dad,' he mused.

"What's wrong, Harry?" Hermione enquired after watching him pushing his food around for a few minutes.

"Nothing; I'm just not hungry," Harry replied uncomfortably, not willing to explain everything to the girl he had only known for a week. "I'll come to the common room a bit later tonight, because I need to speak with my parents for a moment."

"All right, Harry. Shall I wait for you before beginning the Charms essay?" Hermione asked gently.

"Oh that's a good idea. When I get back we can do it together," Harry agreed and stood up to speak with Minerva.

"Mum, can I speak to you and Dad for a moment?" he asked hesitantly, seeing that the teachers were still eating their desserts.

"Of course, Harry. Wait at home for us," Minerva replied, slightly surprised since she had just spoken to him at home just an hour ago.

"I'll wait at the Gryffindor table; I'd prefer for us to go together," Harry whispered, before he returned to his seat.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

"Dumbledore is still alive! He spoke to me just before I reached the Great Hall," Harry explained to his parents, who shot him incredulous looks.

"No Harry, that can't be," Severus resolutely replied, raising an eyebrow at his son.

"Harry, we're quite certain that he's dead; are you feeling all right?" Minerva enquired, giving him a sharp look.

“I’m not delirious if that’s what you mean. I couldn’t see him, because it was quite dark in the corridor, but I heard his voice. He asked me if I was in Gryffindor, and when I told him I had to hurry, because everyone was waiting for me, he said he’d be here and we could talk another time,” Harry insisted.

After a few thoughtful moments, Severus enquired, “Could he possibly been a ghost, Harry?”

‘A ghost!’ Harry thought, while images of a second Peeves penetrated his mind.

“He could have been; it was dark, and I only heard him, but it was definitely his voice.”

“Fawkes!” Severus called his familiar and asked him if Dumbledore was back at Hogwarts in any form.

#Yes; the old chick has returned as a ghost# Fawkes confirmed.

“Very well,” Severus sighed in relief. “At least he won’t be able to do you much harm, Harry.”

“All right,” Harry replied, feeling very reassured by his father’s words. “Thanks Mum and Dad. I should return to Gryffindor. I still have some homework to do.” He quickly hugged his parents and left, glad that he arrived in the common room without meeting the supposed-to-be ghost, again.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Over the next few weeks, Harry met the ghost several times. To his great relief, the ghost was always friendly to him and never tried to prank him like Peeves. Nevertheless, Harry felt extremely uncomfortable when he was alone in the halls, because he always feared that the ghost would try to harm him some way. Strangely, the ghost never appeared in front of other people and only showed himself to Harry if he was alone.

Seeing that Harry seemed to be very distressed regarding the matter, Minerva and Severus finally spoke to their colleagues in the staff meeting. Hearing the whole story, Tom offered immediately, "I can turn into Harry through my Chameguise form and see if he'll show himself to me. If so, I'm going to ask him what he wants."

"We can take turns trying to find him as Harry," Godric added. "However, Harry has to remain in his own room while either of us is in his form."

"That's not a problem. He can help me in my private lab. Albus would never dare set a foot into it, not even as a ghost," Severus replied.

Later that evening, Minerva spoke with Harry and asked him to come home for the weekend.

"Of course, Mum, I'd love to spend the weekend at home, but why? Is there any specific reason?" Harry asked astonished, and his eyes widened even more in surprise as Minerva told him the reason. "Are they really going to do that for me? Wow; that's absolutely brilliant," he replied in complete and grateful amazement.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On Friday evening, Tom and Godric began to take turns roaming the castle alone in Harry's form, and on Saturday morning all of a sudden Dumbledore's ghost appeared in front of Tom.

"Hello my boy," Dumbledore greeted the Headmaster, whom he thought to be Harry.

"Hello," Tom-Harry replied. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to chat with you my boy. Can you perhaps tell me who killed me and how I was killed?" the ghost enquired.

Tom-Harry sighed. "I can only tell you what my parents told me. As far as I know Professors Gryffindor and Riddle, who are both Chameguise Animagi like me, transformed into Hogwarts house elves and popped themselves into Dumbledore Manor. They stunned your

elves, transformed into them, and exchanged your lemon drops all over the house with their own, poisoned ones, which Professor Riddle had brewed. Then they obliviated your house elves and returned to Hogwarts. Apparently, it took them the whole night to search the Manor for lemon drops and they found nearly five hundred of them.”

“Ah, I see. Did they tell you why they killed me?”

Tom-Harry raised an eyebrow. “I guess that was because you were always trying to kill me. May I enquire why you wanted to kill me, sir?”

“Ah, my boy, but I didn’t want to kill you. If I had really wanted to kill you, I wouldn’t have relied on Hagrid but killed you with the killing curse. I just wanted to get my revenge on Professors McGonagall and Snape, because they took you away from me. I wanted to have you all to myself without interference, because I wanted you to help me against Voldemort, now Tom Riddle. He was pure evil, but he changed completely thanks to you...”

“If you wanted to have your revenge on my parents, why didn’t you try to kill them instead of me?” Tom-Harry interrupted the ghost unbelievably.

The ghost chuckled. “They love you as if you were their own child. Therefore, it was much worse for them to see you suffer than if I had attacked them directly. As I said I didn’t want to kill you; I merely wanted to make your parents suffer; therefore hurting you was the best way to achieve that goal.”

“I see. All right, sir; thanks for the interesting conversation. My parents will already be worried where I am, so I need to go,” Tom-Harry told the ghost and headed up the huge staircase towards the McGonagall-Snape quarters to tell Harry and his parents about the conversation he just had with Dumbledore’s ghost.

Tom put the memory of the conversation into the Pensieve, and Minerva, Severus, and Harry watched the whole exchange with interest.



“Oh thank God I didn’t have to talk to him,” Harry blurted out in relief when they left the Pensieve. “Thanks a lot, Uncle Tom.”

“You’re welcome, Harry. I’m glad that he’s only a ghost and can’t harm you anymore. The worst he can do is play pranks,” Tom replied gently.

“I already spoke with the Bloody Baron, and he promised to keep an eye on Dumbledore like he already does with Peeves,” Severus said dryly. “He won’t try to prank anyone more than once.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In spite of knowing that he could return to Gryffindor or Slytherin for the remainder of the weekend, Harry decided to stay home until Monday morning. He spent a lot of time brewing potions with Severus and playing wizard’s chess with Minerva, but they also frequently sat in the living room just talking like any other family would.

On Sunday evening, Minerva, Severus, and Harry were again sitting in the living room having tea. “Harry,” Minerva said softly, “Dad and I would like to tell you something, but we’d like you to keep it for yourself for a while.”

“All right,” Harry replied, throwing his parents a curious look.

“Next summer, you will have a baby brother, Harry,” Minerva told him, gently cuddling him close.

“A baby brother?!” Harry nearly choked in surprise. “Really?”

“Do you think we’d joke about something like that?” Severus replied incredulously.

“No, it’s just... I mean... that’s absolutely brilliant!” Harry cheered. “I’m so happy!” He remained thoughtful for a moment, before he asked, “May I babysit him?”

“Of course, Harry. He’ll be born at the beginning of the summer holidays, and I hope that you’ll help your Mum as much as possible,” Severus said calmly.

Harry’s thoughts went haywire. “I’ll still be your son, right?” he asked in a small voice.

Minerva cuddled him closer and said softly, “Harry, you’ll always be our first born son, and we’re going to love this baby just as much as we love you, no more and no less, and he’ll be proud to have such a fine big brother.”

“He will be very grateful to have you as a big brother,” Severus added dryly. “If you hadn’t de-aged your Mum, we wouldn’t have married and we wouldn’t be having another child.”

“That’s true,” Harry laughed, giving his father a happy glance. “It’s a pity that I have to wait so long before I’ll be able to meet my little brother.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

A few weeks later, the winter holidays began and nearly all of Harry’s friends returned home to spend Christmas with their families. However, one of Harry’s best friends, Neville, was stuck in the hospital wing with a bad case of the wizard’s flu. To Harry’s great chagrin he wasn’t allowed to visit Neville because it was very contagious. However, on Sunday afternoon, Harry made a decision. He called Teddy and asked him to remain at home or in Ravenclaw tower because he wanted to use Teddy’s form for an hour.

“Okay! I will of course do that, but tell me what kind of mischief are you planning this time?” Teddy asked in annoyance.

Harry chuckled. “I’m sorry Teddy, but I want to visit Neville, and I know for a fact that Aunt Poppy and Aunt Rolanda are visiting Mum for tea, and when those three get together they forget about everything else. So this is my chance to visit Neville.”

Teddy agreed, chuckling, and popped away, while Harry transformed to look like Teddy and popped into the hospital wing. He walked over to his friend and stood next to Neville's bed, noticing that his cheeks were deeply flushed and he had dark rings under his glassy eyes.

"Teddy?" Neville croaked in surprise.

"No," Harry whispered, "sorry, but I'm not Teddy, I'm Harry. How are you?"

"I'm already a bit better, but Madam Pomfrey won't let me go home yet. She says because my Granny is so old it could be dangerous for her if she caught the wizard's flu. So I'll have to stay here for a few more days, but I hope they'll let me go home for Christmas. I always visit my parents on Christmas day."

"Oh Neville," Harry said sadly. "I hope very much that Aunt Poppy lets you go." 'I doubt that he's already better though,' Harry thought, noticing that his friend could hardly keep his eyes open. "Sleep for a while, Neville; that's the best you can do," he said gently.

Neville let out a deep sigh. "I'm afraid to sleep, Harry. I've been having nightmares, due to the fever, and I always see my parents and how they were tortured. It's so horrible, Harry."

Harry gently stroked his friend's hot cheeks. "Don't worry, Neville. I'll stay with you for a while and if I notice that you are having a nightmare, I'll wake you up," he promised in a soft voice.

"You shouldn't be here, Harry; I don't want you to get sick too," Neville replied hoarsely.

"I won't, and you're my best friend, aren't you?" Harry whispered. "Don't worry and try to get some sleep."

With that Neville relaxed and fell asleep within seconds, and Harry remained seated on the edge of his bed thinking about what he was going to teach his small brother when he was born. 'Only a bit more than five months,' he thought happily. 'I wonder what Mum and Dad are going to name him.'

Suddenly, Harry was pulled out of his thoughts when Neville began to moan, obviously caught in a nightmare. However, before Harry could wake his friend up, Godric entered the hospital wing and hurried over to Neville's bed, astonished to see Teddy sitting with him.

"Did my wife allow you to visit Neville?" he enquired sternly.

"No, Uncle Godric; it's me, Harry," Harry confessed. "Uncle Godric, we have to do something to help him. He told me he has been having nightmares about the night his parents were tortured."

"Tortured?" Godric asked frowning. "What happened to them?"

Harry gently shook Neville's shoulders to wake him up, before he whispered to Godric, "They were tortured with the Cruciatus curse, and since then they've been in St. Mungo's because they're insane and don't even recognize Neville."

Godric remained pensive for a moment, before he told Harry, "Let's go and ask Salazar. If I remember correctly, there was something that could be done in case someone was insane to that extent. Of course we didn't know the Cruciatus curse, but there were other curses that would drive people mad."

Seeing that Neville was now sleeping peacefully, Harry transformed back into his own form and called Kori. His phoenix familiar appeared in the blink of an eye.

"Kori, could you please take us to the Founders' lair?" Harry asked gently, causing the phoenix to hover in front of them, so that Godric and Harry could easily grab her tail feathers, before she flashed them into the Founders' lair.

tbc...

Thanks for your kind reviews, and thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 32 – I HAD MANY FRIENDS

“Harry! Godric!” Rowena and Helga shouted excitedly, immediately leaving their portraits when the two men arrived in the Founder’s lair. “Good that you finally remembered to visit us; you haven’t even shown up once since you brought Helga back,” Rowena complained.

“I’m sorry; we were very busy,” Godric replied, “and I’m married now, so I don’t have as much free time as I did before.”

“You’re what?” Salazar exclaimed unbelievably, coming out of his portrait. “I hope she’s young and pretty?”

Harry couldn’t help letting out a small chuckle.

“Ah well, since Harry gave her a de-aging potion she’s forty-five, and I don’t know if she’s pretty by your standard, but I think she is and more importantly I love her.” Godric all of a sudden blushed, slightly annoyed by his old friends’ questioning. “You can ask Helga about her if you like; she knows Poppy, don’t you?”

“Poppy, the Healer?” Helga enquired in surprise. “Oh, she’s a very nice woman. Congratulations Godric.” Turning to her friend, she mumbled, “No need to get jealous, Rowena. You’ll always be special to Godric, and as you see he comes to visit us even if it takes a while.”

Godric sighed. “Well, in fact we came to see Salazar. We need you to teach us how to brew a potion that seems to be lost in this time.”

“And what might that be?” Salazar enquired, raising an eyebrow at the man, causing Harry to laugh.

‘Exactly like Dad. It’s so obvious that they are related somehow,’ he thought, while Godric explained to Salazar what they wanted to know.

“Now, Harry, listen! Can you take the notes that we need please?” Godric instructed the boy, while he conjured parchment and a quill for him.

“Yes of course,” Harry replied startled and began to feverishly scribble down every detail that was dictated by Salazar.

“You have to be careful though; it’s not easy to brew, and I don’t think you’d manage, Godric. You better ask the Potions Master; I forgot his name...”

“My Dad is the Potions Master; Severus Snape,” Harry threw in.

“Well, you better ask him to brew the potion for you,” Salazar instructed his old friend.

“Thanks a lot, Salazar,” Godric replied, rolling his eyes.

“Thank you, sir,” Harry echoed and said good-bye to the other Founders, before he grabbed Kori’s tail feathers and asked her to take Godric and him straight to Severus.

“Harry, be sure to visit us again soon,” Harry heard Rowena and Helga shout right before Kori flashed away.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

“Dad, I’m sorry to disturb you,” Harry told Severus, who was sitting in his office grading the tests that he had given his students just before the holidays. “We’d like you to brew a potion for us. I’ll help you and prepare the ingredients,” he offered in the same breath.

“And what might that be?” Severus asked, raising an eyebrow at his son.

“Just like Salazar,” Harry giggled to Godric, who smiled and nodded, before he explained everything to Severus.

“Show me the recipe please,” Severus demanded, holding out his hand, and threw a glance at the ingredients, nodding contentedly. “Thank God, we only need ingredients, which are available in our time. All right, let’s brew the potion.”

Harry and Godric prepared the ingredients, whereby Harry worked hard and Godric more or less supervised him, while Severus brewed the potion. Late in the evening, the potion was ready.

“When did you intend to give the Longbottoms the potion?” Severus enquired, giving Godric a questioning look.

Godric sighed. “Any time would be good I suppose.”

“Why don’t we go early on Christmas morning?” Harry suggested. “Neville always goes to see his parents on Christmas day, and perhaps we could go early in the morning and give the potion to them as a surprise for him, for Christmas.”

“That’s a good idea, Harry, but please don’t get your hopes up too much,” Severus replied sternly. “The potion is merely a potion for insaneness, but we don’t know yet if it works for people affected by the Cruciatus curse. Tomorrow I’ll run a few tests with rats, and then we’ll know. In case it works, I’ll talk to some of my colleagues and Head Healer O’Brien at St. Mungo’s, so that they arrange for me to administer the potion the day after tomorrow, which is Christmas morning.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Severus’ tests with the rats went well and Healer O’Brien promised to arrange everything, so that the situation seemed to be promising when Severus, Godric, and Harry travelled to St. Mungo’s along with Neville, whom Madam Pomfrey had released just in time, knowing what her husband, Severus, and Harry had planned.

“Why are you all accompanying me?” Neville asked in surprise when they walked through the still empty halls of the hospital.

“It’s a Christmas surprise for you,” Harry replied mischievously, following his father up to ward 49, where Neville’s parents’ room was located. Healer O’Brien and the Healer, who was responsible for Frank and Alice Longbottom’s care, were waiting in front of the room and greeted them excitedly.



“You do not cease surprising us, Professor Snape,” Healer O’Brien said appraising.

“I didn’t invent the potion this time, but Professor Gryffindor remembered this particular potion from the past. I merely brewed the potion along with my son and assistant Harry,” Severus explained, before he asked, “May I administer the potion immediately?”

“Harry,” Neville whispered urgently. “What are they doing? What’s going on?”

“They are going to try a potion on your parents and hope to cure them, but don’t get your hopes up,” Harry whispered back. “We don’t know if it’ll work yet.”

Together they watched as the Healers helped Severus administer Alice Longbottom the potion. She was very confused but obediently swallowed the strange liquid. An instant later, her features became a bit clearer and she looked around in confusion.

“Excuse me, but where am I? Where are Frank and Neville?”

“I’m here, Mum,” Neville croaked, feverishly trying to hold back the tears that threatened to spill from the corners of his eyes.

“Neville!? But...” She looked at the eleven-year-old in confusion. “You’re my baby? Neville? The last thing that I remember is that you were only a year old.” She looked around, seeing that Severus was the only person she knew and turned to him. “Severus, what happened? Can you please give me an explanation?”

Severus sighed and began to tell her what happened in his soft, silky voice. “We still have to give Frank the potion. I’m sorry that it took us ten years to figure out how to help you,” he added, causing Alice to pull Neville in a bear hug.

Now that she seemed to have understood what had happened, Healer O’Brien introduced himself and his colleagues as well as Godric and Harry. “Here is where you spent the last ten years, but I believe that we’ll be able to release you today, provided that you

spend the next few days either with your mother-in-law or at Hogwarts, where your family or your friends can help you to adjust to your new life.”

“Augusta? Where is she?” Alice asked, surprised not to see the old lady among the visitors.

“She doesn’t know what Professor Snape is doing here; I was supposed to meet her here. We always visit you on Christmas day, but today I came from Hogwarts and not from home with her. I suppose, she’ll be here in a few minutes,” Neville explained softly.

While Severus and the Healers went over to Frank, Alice reached out for Harry. “Harry? Are you Harry Potter?”

“Yes and no,” Harry smiled. “Professors McGonagall and Snape adopted me; so I’m Harry McGonagall-Snape now, but I’m Neville’s best friend, and we have played and studied together since we were six.” ‘Neville’s Mum seems really nice; I’m so glad that we could help her,’ he mused happily.

“Oh that’s good my boy; I don’t know if you know this, but I’m your godmother, Harry,” Alice told him, pulling him in a gentle embrace.

“Yes, I know,” Harry smiled, not exactly sure if Minerva had added new godparents to the old ones or overwritten the old ones. ‘Well, it doesn’t matter anyway. I love having a big family.’

“Mrs. Longbottom,” Healer O’Brien called Alice, who went over to her husband and excitedly explained what Severus had told her a few minutes earlier.

“Professor Snape and Neville or Harry,” the Longbottoms’ Healer turned to address them, “would you please wait outside in order to inform the old Mrs. Longbottom what happened here. I’m afraid she’d collapse if she entered the room unprepared.”

“Of course,” Severus replied and pulled Harry out of the room, while Neville was cuddling with his parents and hadn’t even heard the Healer’s request.

While they were sitting in the hall in front of the room waiting for Neville's grandmother, Harry suddenly noticed that his throat was getting sore. 'Oh no; I just hope I didn't catch the flu from Neville,' he thought horrified. 'I'd better confess to Dad that I visited him on Sunday,' he decided and said, "Dad, I know that I wasn't supposed to visit Neville in the hospital wing, but I felt so bad for him being all alone and I went to see him on Sunday."

"You went to see him against our explicit instructions?" Severus asked sternly. "Harry, if we forbid you something, we do so for a reason. In this case the reason is that we didn't want you to get sick, especially as it would endanger your Mum and the baby. If you catch the flu and give it to your Mum, I won't be able to give her a potion for it, because it would be dangerous for the baby. But without a potion, Mum would be very sick for a several weeks."

"I'm sorry, Dad, I didn't think about that," Harry began to sob. "Dad, what can we do? I think I caught the flu from Neville, because my throat is getting sore and my head hurts."

At that moment, Augusta Longbottom arrived, very surprised to see Harry and Severus waiting for her. "Did something happen to Neville? Didn't Madam Pomfrey release him today?" she asked in concern.

"She did, Mrs. Longbottom," Severus replied gently. "In fact we have very good news for you, but the Healers asked us to tell you the news before you enter the room and see your children. Harry told our Professor Gryffindor about Neville's parents and he remembered a cure from the past, which we brewed for them. This morning, we administered the potion to Alice and Frank, and they are completely healed, and Head Healer O'Brien told us that they would be able to leave the hospital today, provided they'd stay with you or at Hogwarts, since they are going to need help adjusting to their new lives."

"Do you think the Headmaster would let us stay at Hogwarts for a few days? I think that I'm too old and Neville is too young to properly help them," the old lady admitted to Severus.

"I'm sure that won't be a problem," Severus replied gently and escorted the woman into her children's room and quickly exchanged a few words with Godric about taking the Longbottoms to Hogwarts, before he excused himself and ushered Harry to the fireplace to return to his office at Hogwarts.

"Harry, what are we going to do with you?" he mused aloud in exasperation.

"I'm sorry, Dad," Harry replied, nearly beginning to cry again. "Maybe I should spend the holidays in the hospital wing," he suggested in a small voice.

"Do you feel very sick, Harry? Maybe it isn't the flu at all," Severus replied thoughtfully. "Let's go and see Aunt Poppy. Maybe she'll have an idea what to do."

Pomfrey threw Harry an angry glance, before she went into Healer mode and thoroughly checked on the child. "Yes, it's the beginning of the wizard's flu," she stated, sighing.

"Can I stay here with you, Aunt Poppy?" Harry asked terrified. "I don't want to hurt Mum or the baby."

"I could put you under a Spell that prevents you from passing the illness to others," Poppy said slowly. "The problem is that the flu potion won't work as well as normal if I apply the Spell. That's why I didn't do it in Neville's case," she said pensively, giving Severus a questioning look.

"Please put me under the Spell, Aunt Poppy," Harry replied immediately. "Otherwise, I'll stay here. It's my own fault anyway."

"That's true, Poppy. Please apply the Spell and let me take Harry with me to our quarters."

The Healer gave him an understanding nod and waved her wand at Harry, before she slid a wrist band over his left hand and told him that he would become very ill and feverish over the next few days and would have to stay in bed if he became any worse.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Severus and Harry returned to their quarters, they met the Longbottoms in the hall, where the Headmaster had just assigned them one of the guest suites that was near the McGonagall-Snape quarters.

“Why don’t you come with us?” Severus suggested gently, knowing that it wouldn’t be too pleasant to spend Christmas completely unprepared in the guest quarters. “Let’s have Christmas together. You can either return to your guest quarters later tonight or just stay in the guest rooms of our own quarters. Neville often stays overnight in Harry’s room anyway.”

“Oh Granny, can we spend Christmas with Harry and his family please?” Neville begged his grandmother, knowing that he’d feel much better having his best friend with him.

‘I can imagine that it must be awkward to suddenly have your parents back that were insane as long as you could remember,’ Harry mused, giving his friend an encouraging smile.

“Severus, are you sure that Minerva won’t mind?” Mrs. Longbottom asked worriedly.

“Of course not,” Severus replied, leading the group to their quarters, where Minerva hugged the Longbottoms tightly, congratulating them profusely.

In the end, the Longbottoms remained in the teachers’ guest quarters throughout the remainder of the holidays, extremely relieved and grateful that Minerva and Severus were able to help them adjust to a normal life once again. The Headmaster offered Alice the position of librarian since Madam Pince had already announced that she’d like to retire at the end of the school year, and Frank gladly agreed to take over the position of Ancient Runes professor beginning September the first.

Neville was over the moon with joy and couldn't thank Severus, Godric, and Harry enough. Harry was very happy for his friend and enjoyed having him in his room through the holidays, although he was very ill the whole time. Only when school began and the Longbottoms moved into their own quarters at the beginning of January, Poppy grudgingly allowed Harry out of bed but insisted that he had to spend the evenings after classes and nights at home for the next week, so that his father could keep an eye on him.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

On the first day of classes when Harry just returned from his last afternoon class, Godric cornered him. "Harry, I'm glad that our attempt to help the Longbottoms was such a huge success, and I think we should go and thank Salazar for the recipe; without his help we'd never been able to brew that potion."

"Of course," Harry replied excitedly, "let's go. I'll just tell my parents. Do you want to flash, or shall I call Kori again?"

"Call Kori please," Godric replied, grabbing the tail feathers of the beautiful white phoenix as soon as she arrived with Harry in tow, trilling happily.

"Salazar, we'd like to thank you. Due to your recipe, we managed to save the parents of Harry's best friend, who have been insane for the last ten years. Now they're able to have a normal life and even took on teaching positions at the school. Thanks a lot, old boy," Godric told his friend, before Salazar could even leave his picture.

"Thanks a lot, sir," Harry added, blushing deeply when Rowena and Helga pulled him into hugs.

"Harry, please come with me; your real father, James, told me that he wants to ask a favour of you. He'll be glad that you came again so soon," Helga told him softly, pulling him along the hall to Lily's and James' portraits.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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### 33 – AMONG THE STUDENTS

“Harry!” Lily shouted happily upon seeing her son.

James then asked, while fidgeting nervously in his picture, “Harry, would you do me a favour?”

“Of course, Dad; what can I do for you?” Harry laughed at his father’s nervous attitude.

James sighed and gave Harry a piercing look. “You know Severus Snape, don’t you; I mean, sorry, of course you know him, he’s your new Dad, isn’t he?”

“James, just get on with it, you’re just delaying with your rambling,” Lily threw in, rolling her eyes.

“Oh okay, anyway, my friends and I, especially Sirius and I, we didn’t treat Severus very well when we were students here at Hogwarts. Would you please tell your new father that I’m ashamed of how we acted when we were younger and that I’m sorry.”

‘Wow,’ Harry thought. ‘Uncle Sirius would never apologize to Severus.’ Feeling very proud of his birth father he replied, “Yes Dad, I will tell him that you want to apologize, and I’m sure he’ll be very glad to hear it.”

Harry spent nearly two hours talking to his parents. His mother, who had been best friends with Alice, Neville’s mother, was very happy to hear that Harry, Severus, and Godric had been able to cure the Longbottoms.

“Please fetch Godric for me, Harry; I want to thank him too for helping our friends,” Lily instructed her son, thanking the founder profusely once Harry had him come over to visit their portraits.

“You’re welcome; I’m glad I could help; in fact I didn’t do anything,” Godric replied. “Harry took the notes that Salazar gave us and prepared the ingredients, and Severus brewed the potion.



“Very good, thanks a lot, Harry,” Lily said proudly. “By the way, Harry, I’m glad to have you here, but won’t Minerva and Severus be worried when they can’t find you?”

“They will, especially since Harry has just barely recovered from a bad case of the wizard’s flu and isn’t yet allowed back into his house dormitories,” Godric replied, causing Harry to roll his eyes.

He sighed. “Well, we have to return now, but I’ll try to come back soon. Oh by the way, I nearly forgot to tell you, I’m going to have a baby brother at the end of the school year. Isn’t that brilliant? All right, bye Mum, bye Dad.” Harry hurriedly followed Godric grabbing Kori’s tail feathers, finding himself back at the entrance door of their quarters in the blink of an eye.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Harry entered the living room he found his parents pensively sitting on the sofa. “Is everything all right?” he asked, slightly worried because of the silence in the room.

“Yes of course, sweetie, but we were worried because you missed dinner. Are you all right?” Minerva asked in concern, motioning him to sit between them. She gently felt his forehead and gave him a piercing look. “You’re still a bit warm, Harry. Maybe you shouldn’t attend classes just yet.”

“No, it’s all right, Mum,” Harry replied thoughtfully. “Um... err... Would it be possible if I only missed Defence? Today, everything was all right, but Uncle Sirius made me practise with the others even when I told him that I wasn’t feeling well enough yet. He told me if I wasn’t well enough to participate in my classes, I should have stayed in bed,” Harry explained sadly.

“I’m going to ask Tom to talk to him right now,” Severus said angrily. “Harry, you’ll be exempt from Defence class for the rest of the week.”

“Dad, wait a moment please,” Harry replied quickly and hurriedly relayed what James had asked him to tell Severus.

“Thanks Harry. When you get to see him the next time, please tell him that I have already forgiven him and that I’m proud of being his son’s new father.” To Minerva he said, “I’ll be back soon. Why don’t you ask Harry, if he has an idea that we can use? And Harry still needs to eat dinner.” He kissed Minerva and Harry, before he stepped into the fireplace, shouting, “Headmaster’s office.”

“Harry, we were trying to think of a name for the baby. Do you have a suggestion?” Minerva asked gently.

Harry sighed in surprise. “Have you come up with any ideas yet?” he asked curiously.

“The only name, which we both like so far, is Alexander.”

“What about Felix?” Harry suggested. “As far as I remember from the Latin that Uncle Moony taught me, Felix means happy in Latin, and I think he will be very happy to be born into a family with three people, who already love him.”

“Oh Harry, you’re so sweet,” Minerva smiled, pulling her son into a bear hug. “I like Felix. Let’s see what Dad says.”

Once Severus returned and was given Harry’s suggestion he replied, “Why not? We can always save Alexander for the next child,” with a smirk, causing Minerva to groan and Harry to laugh.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Felix Severus McGonagall-Snape was born during the second week of the summer holidays.

When Harry woke up in the morning, his godmother Alice was sitting on the edge of his bed. “Good morning, sweetie. Did you sleep well?”

“Good morning,” Harry replied in sudden concern. “Is something wrong with my parents?”

“No Harry, but you’re going to become a big brother very soon,” Alice said softly. “Your father had to take your Mum to the hospital wing

very early this morning, and your parents asked me to keep you company, because they didn't want you to wake up alone. Why don't you get dressed and come with me to our quarters? Your father will come and get you as soon as the baby is born."

Neville, Harry, and Teddy spent the morning talking in Neville's room, and Harry's two friends did their best to distract Harry, who was very excited and couldn't wait to see his baby brother.

"I miss playing Quidditch with our team from primary class," Harry said all of a sudden. "I won't even be able to join one of the Hogwarts House teams, because I don't belong to just one House."

"That's really a pity, especially because I'm sure the team captains would kill to have you as Seeker. You're better than anyone else," Neville replied firmly.

"Maybe you could play for both teams," Teddy replied thoughtfully and then suggested, "and when Gryffindor has to play Slytherin they have to use someone else."

"No," Harry laughed suddenly. "I have a much better idea. Listen, we could..."

Alice interrupted him, before he could explain his thoughts to Neville and Teddy, "Harry, your father is here."

"Harry, you're a big brother now," Severus told him, smiling happily at his oldest son. "Do you want to visit Felix?"

"Did you really name him Felix?" Harry asked in surprise.

"Yes Harry, we named him Felix. We both like the name, and we thought it was a good idea to let you name your brother."

"I love that." Harry replied excitedly. 'Wow; I got to name my baby brother. That's so cool.'

"Once Felix is old enough we'll tell him that it was you, who came up with his name and why, once he hears it he'll be very proud to have

such a brilliant big brother.” Severus laid an arm around Harry’s shoulders and slowly walked with him into the hospital wing to the small extra room, where Minerva had given birth to Felix.

“Oh, he’s so tiny!” Harry exclaimed in complete amazement.

“Sit down, Harry, and then you may hold him,” Minerva said gently, carefully putting the baby into her oldest son’s arms.

“Hey little one, I’m glad to finally meet you. I’m Harry, your brother. You have to grow up a bit, and then we can do lots of things together,” he whispered into the baby’s ears, while he watched amusedly as the small baby hand gripped his finger.

Felix had black hair and green eyes just like Harry. ‘He looks adorable,’ Harry thought, gently stroking the baby’s soft cheeks.

All of a sudden, Felix began to wail and Harry quickly gave him back to Minerva, who laid him on her stomach and began to breast feed him, causing Harry to chuckle. ‘He’s like a little monkey when he’s hungry,’ he mused, watching his brother drink greedily, ‘or maybe more like a tiger cub?’

“When are you going to come home?” he asked hesitantly, giving Minerva an enquiring look.

“I hope any minute now,” Minerva replied, looking at her husband questioningly.

Severus sighed. “Poppy said she wants to keep you and Felix until this evening,” he explained.

As if she had been called the Healer entered the room and shooed Severus and Harry out. “You may come back right before dinner and take your family home. Until then I want them to sleep.”

Severus and Harry left the hospital wing heading down the stairs to the entrance hall. “Harry, what are we going to do? This will probably be our last quiet afternoon for quite a while. Shall we go to the zoo?”

“Really?” Harry asked excitedly. “I’d love that, Dad.” He remained pensive for a moment, before he corrected himself, “No Dad. Can we go to Hogsmeade? I’d like to buy a present for Felix, you know like my green dragon, the one Mum gave me when I was little.”

“That’s a good idea,” Severus said warmly, glad that Harry didn’t seem to be jealous of his little brother so far.

Together the two wizards walked down the street to Hogsmeade, heading to the toy shop first. There were so many toys that Harry had a hard time deciding what to get his little brother. It took him more than an hour, before he finally decided on a colourful teddy bear that played a soothing melody if one looked into its eyes.

Harry proudly carried the bag containing the teddy bear and happily followed his father to the bookshop, to the apothecary, to Honeydukes, and finally to The Three Broomsticks, where they enjoyed a Butterbeer.

“Oh, that’s delicious,” Harry said, licking his lips.

“So none of the older students gave you Butterbeer to drink?” Severus asked in surprise, inwardly regretting that he couldn’t award House points to all Houses during the summer.

“Do you think Felix will like the teddy I picked out for him?” Harry asked worriedly while they walked back to the castle.

“Of course, Harry; I’m sure he’ll love it,” Severus replied firmly, smiling at his enthusiastic son, who had enjoyed the afternoon with his father greatly and was beaming with joy when he thought about how happy the baby would be when he received the teddy.

Even if Felix wasn’t yet able to cuddle his teddy he quietened down immensely at the sound of the melody, and Minerva thanked Harry profusely for being so considerate to buy his small brother a cuddly toy.

Over the next few weeks, Felix slept most of the day. He only woke up when he was hungry, and Harry was a bit disappointed that he

didn't have the opportunity to entertain his brother. During the last week of the holidays, Felix finally was remaining awake for longer times during the day, and Harry spent a lot of time sitting with him and reading to him from his books and telling him stories.

"Mum, Dad?" Harry hesitantly addressed his parents in the evening before the beginning of the new school year. "Would it be possible if I stayed at home this year? I mean... I'd like to return here after dinner and stay overnight, so that I can spend some more time with Felix and help Mum look after him," he explained, giving his parents a pleading look.

"Of course you may do that, Harry. It's fairly easy to decide since we're your Heads of House anyway," Severus replied gently, and Minerva nodded her agreement, handing Felix to Harry, so that he could make him burp over his shoulder.

"Thanks," Harry replied in relief, trying to make the baby burp. "Um... There's also something else I'd like to speak with you about. I miss playing Quidditch a lot, and I've thought about something. Like the tournament between the Houses we could have a Quidditch tournament for one student team from all Houses, a teacher team, and a primary school team."

"I think that's a brilliant idea, Harry," Minerva replied gently. "Severus, do you think we'd be able to gather a teachers' team together?"

"Of course; that's no problem," Severus said firmly. "Let me tell Tom and Godric about Harry's idea; I think it's absolutely brilliant, and a teachers' team is long overdue."

Severus headed to the fireplace, and Harry and Minerva took Felix into the bathroom to prepare him for the night.

"I'm glad to have such a fine big boy to help me," Minerva said proudly, remembering the first evenings on which she had tried to bathe an abused Harry six years ago.

"I'm glad that I can help," Harry replied, smiling. "Felix is just too cute. May I take him into the Houses when he's a bit older like the students took me sometimes?"

Minerva laughed. "Yes, sweetie, you may do that when he's older. You were at least six years old when the students first babysat you in their common rooms."

They had just put a peacefully sleeping Felix into his crib when Severus returned, with an angry expression painted on his face.

"What's wrong, Severus?" Minerva asked in concern.

"Ah, Tom agreed to everything, and then he called Godric, and he said, 'No, why should we have another tournament; we've enough Quidditch matches going on as it is.'"

"What?" Harry blurted out. "Why wouldn't he allow the tournament?"

"Because he is too stubborn," Severus replied, looking ready to kill.

"No," Minerva contradicted gently, "he's worried that it would cause more accidents, because Poppy already has too much work. I think Harry should speak with Godric directly. He hardly denies Harry anything that he suggests, especially if you explain about your problem about not being able to play on a House team."

"All right," Harry spoke up eagerly. "May I go right now?"

Minerva sighed. "It's already a bit late considering that it's the last evening of the holidays, but if you promise to show Aunt Poppy the scratch on your arm, you may go."

"What scratch?" Severus asked astonished, giving Harry a piercing look.

"Ah, it's nothing. I fell to the ground when I landed the other day after flying with Teddy, and I got a few scratches."

“It is not nothing, Mr. McGonagall-Snape,” Minerva countered sternly. “The scratch on your left arm doesn’t seem to be healing at all. Show it to your Dad.”

Harry groaned, holding out his arm to his father.

“Of course it’s not healing; it’s infected,” Severus said sternly. “I will accompany you to Aunt Poppy.” He grabbed a disinfection salve and a healing cream from his lab and took Harry to the hospital wing.

While Poppy dealt with Harry’s arm, lightly scolding him because he didn’t come earlier, Harry explained everything about his idea to Godric, who finally agreed on the new Quidditch tournament.

“Thanks a lot, Uncle Godric,” Harry said gratefully, watching as Poppy wrapped his arm in a bandage.

“If you don’t take better care of yourself, I won’t allow you to play any Quidditch at all,” Poppy said sternly. “Didn’t you notice that your arm had become infected and that you were running a temperature?”

“No Aunt Poppy, I’m sorry,” Harry replied in a small voice, averting his eyes to the floor.

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Severus and Harry had just returned to their quarters when Margaret and Malcolm appeared with a pop.

“We is sorry to disturb, Mistress Minerva, Master Severus and Master Harry, but ghosts Peeves and Dumbledore is trying to destroys Gryffindor tower, and we needs help,” Margaret explained, looking very distressed.

“Harry, can you please stay here with Felix, while we handle this,” Severus ordered him gently and, seeing Harry nod, he followed his wife out of their quarters.

tbc...



Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 34 – AND TEACHERS

When Minerva and Severus entered the Gryffindor tower, they noticed immediately that Peeves and Dumbledore were making a chaos not only in the common room but also in each of the dormitories.

Severus hurried to the fireplace and called the Headmaster. “Tom, could you please floo over into the Gryffindor common room and transform into the Bloody Baron to teach these menacing ghosts a lesson?”

“Of course,” Tom replied, smirking, and did as he was asked, until two very subdued ghosts left through the Gryffindor portrait with Peeves moving faster than anyone had ever seen before.

“I won’t ask what you said or did to them, but thanks a lot, Tom,” Severus grinned. “Maybe the Bloody Baron could take lessons from you.”

Tom laughed. “At least you have seen Ghost Dumbledore this time. It was your first time, wasn’t it?”

Minerva sighed. “Yes it was, but let me tell you it was completely unnecessary.”

For the rest of the evening, the three teachers helped the house elves return the Gryffindor tower to its original state.

When Minerva and Severus returned home, they found Harry fast asleep in Minerva’s bed right next to Felix’s crib.

“Just leave him here, Severus; I’ll push him further to the middle when I go to bed,” Minerva said softly, causing her husband to nod in understanding.

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From the Slytherin table, Harry watched the Sorting with interest. ‘Thank God we have the study rooms,’ he mused in relief when he

saw Ginny being sorted into Gryffindor and Luna into Ravenclaw. 'Oh no, they have to use the first years' study room,' he realized. 'Maybe I'll just have to ask my friends to visit me in my room at home.'

When everyone had finished their dinner, the Headmaster rose from his seat to make an announcement before the dessert was served. "Dear students, we have decided to set up three new Quidditch teams apart from the House teams, one Hogwarts team for students from all Houses, one Primary school team, and one Teachers' team. These three teams will of course not participate in the House cup, but they will have their own competition against each other."

After a huge applause from the students had died down, the Headmaster continued, "Since this was the idea of Harry McGonagall-Snape, who was sad that he was unable to play on a House team due to the fact that he belongs to two Houses, I decided to make Harry captain and Seeker of the Hogwarts team. He will work along with the four current Quidditch captains of the House teams, and he is going to hold tryouts during the next couple of weeks, provided that he can't set up a team in accordance with the four captains."

'Tom, could you please ask the four House team captains to meet with me here at the Slytherin table tomorrow right after dinner?' Harry quickly thought to the Headmaster.

Tom cleared his throat and ended his speech with Harry's request.

After dinner, Harry accompanied his father to the Slytherin common room for the traditional welcoming House meeting, before he hurried back to his parents' quarters and helped his mother to bathe and get Felix ready for bed.

When Felix was fast asleep, the small family met in the living room for tea. For a few minutes, Harry played with a biscuit, before he sighed and asked hesitantly, "Mum, Dad, what do you think? I'd like to make Teddy my Co-captain. Would that be all right?"

"If you intend to let the Hogwarts team play against other schools, they'll certainly be astonished to see a house elf play Quidditch,"

Severus replied thoughtfully. "However, that shouldn't prevent you from doing so. You should ask Teddy first though, before you speak to anyone else about the matter."

"I think it's a very good idea, and I really like it. Teddy is a very nice person, and he plays extremely well," Minerva agreed.

"You mean we should play against other magical schools?" Harry asked, eyeing Severus with excitement. "But how can we arrange something like that? I don't even know what other magical schools there are."

"The two largest European schools are Beauxbatons in France and Durmstrang in Bulgaria. Then there is Königsforst in Germany," Minerva listed up thoughtfully.

"Oh, I think that's already enough. Three other schools would be great. Do you believe I could just write to them and invite them to come to Hogwarts for a match?" Harry asked, absolutely thrilled by the idea.

"No sweetie, you have to speak with Uncle Tom, or one of us can talk to him if you wish. And then Uncle Tom will write a letter to the respective Headmasters and ask them, if they agree to participate in a Quidditch tournament and whom you should contact to set up the dates," Minerva explained gently. "You'll have to do all the coordination work though, which won't be too easy since you need six matches if you play against three other schools."

Harry noticed quickly that his mother had been right. It was indeed hard work to arrange everything. While he was still communicating with his three contact persons at the other magical schools, he already set up the dates for the matches between the students, the primary school pupils, and the teachers, choosing weekends, on which certainly no other games would occur. The first game between the students and the teachers took place at the end of September, nearly two months before the beginning of the normal Hogwarts Quidditch season.

Harry had asked Mr. Weasley, Ginny's father, to referee the game, and the man had happily accepted, glad to be able to watch the twins participate in a Quidditch match.

"Welcome to the first game of the Hogwarts Quidditch Team in their match against the Hogwarts Teachers' Team," he greeted everyone and introduced the players.

"Here come the players of the students' team: Marcus Flint (Slytherin, Keeper), Fred Weasley (Gryffindor, Beater), George Weasley (Gryffindor, Beater), Draco Malfoy (Slytherin, Chaser), Cedric Diggory (Hufflepuff, Chaser), Teddy McGonagall (Ravenclaw, Chaser and Deputy Captain) and Harry McGonagall-Snape (Gryffindor and Slytherin, Seeker and Team Captain)."

Under huge applause from all sides of the tribunes, the team flew onto the Quidditch pitch, and Mr. Weasley waited a moment, before the noise ebbed away.

"And here are your teachers: Tom Riddle (Keeper), Pomona Sprout (Beater), Sirius Black (Beater), Rolanda Hooch (Chaser and Deputy Captain), Minerva McGonagall (Chaser and Team Captain), Poppy Pomfrey (Chaser) and Severus Snape (Seeker). I wish both teams good luck and hope for a fair and nice Quidditch game."

With that, Mr. Weasley released the Snitch and the game began. Harry soon noticed that the teachers played better than he had expected, considered that they had merely formed their team two weeks ago. An hour into the game, the score was 200 – 40, and Harry was just heading to the other side of the pitch, where he saw the Snitch a few seconds ago, when he became aware of the score, groaning in frustration. 'No, I can't catch it now. We have to score first,' he mused, knowing that he had to keep the score in mind before catching the Snitch, but he also had to keep his father from finding the golden ball before he caught it. He circled over the game, heading in the opposite direction than before and went into a sudden dive, only pulling up again two metres above the ground, noticing contentedly that his father had followed him into the dive.

‘I won’t be able to fool Dad very often,’ Harry thought, while he feverishly looked for the Snitch and worriedly watched the score. Fortunately, the students were able to score twice in quick succession, and twenty minutes later, Harry took another dive, only to pull up with the Snitch tightly clutched in his hand. He made his way to the ground and proudly showed the struggling ball to Mr. Weasley.

“Mr. McGonagall-Snape caught the Snitch, and the students win 210 – 200 against the teachers. Congratulations students,” Mr. Weasley announced, while the stands erupted in applause.

During the huge victory party that took place in the Great Hall the Headmaster announced, “The students against the Primary pupils match is going to take place on the last Sunday before the Christmas holidays. Please note that it is on a Sunday, because the Saturday is already reserved for a Hogsmeade visit. The Primary pupils against the teachers match is planned for the first Saturday in June since neither the children nor the teachers are affected by the end of year tests and it gives all of you the chance to interrupt your studies for a short while to watch the match.”

The Hogwarts team practised every Sunday morning, and Harry had set up a reserve team as well with Ginny as the reserve Seeker. He had invited the Quidditch teams of the three other schools over the Halloween weekend. The guests arrived on Friday evening, and each of the Hogwarts dormitories from second year onwards received one foreign guest, for whom the dorm mates had to entertain for the whole weekend. On Saturday morning, Hogwarts played against Durmstrang, and Harry was very anxious after hearing that their Seeker, Viktor Krum, was playing on the Bulgarian national team. Nevertheless, Harry managed to catch the Snitch an hour into the game, allowing Hogwarts to win over the Bulgarians 280 – 170.

Harry decided to attend the Halloween party, which took the place of the victory party right after the match, in form of a unicorn. ‘Well, I won’t be able to speak with anyone, but I already did enough with all the organization work, and I just want to relax and watch today,’ he mused while he used his Chameguise form to transform into a white unicorn, knowing that his parents and his best friends would be able to recognize him by his green eyes. ‘Maybe I should transform into an

penguin later on; I'm taking too much space in this form,' he pondered, while he entered the Great Hall.

"Harry, how're you going to eat?" Hermione cornered him as he was quietly walking around the hall, watching the others, who were clearly having fun, in amusement.

Harry looked at his friend and transformed into Teddy's house elf form. "You're right; maybe I should keep Teddy company," he smirked.

"Harry, is that you?" Tom approached him, sighing contentedly when Hermione gave him a confirming nod. "Harry, Rita Skeeter from the Daily Prophet would like to have an interview with you concerning the Quidditch tournament and the fact that you have Teddy playing on the team. Would you be willing to give her an interview?"

'Well, that would be a good opportunity to announce what I'm planning concerning the elves,' Harry mused and replied, "Uncle Tom, would it be possible that you or Dad were with me? I don't want to be on my own with someone I don't know."

"Of course, Harry. Come with me, and we'll ask your Dad on our way," Tom replied, leading the child, who had quickly transformed back into his human form, to the Head table.

A few minutes later, Harry, Severus, and Rita Skeeter got together in a small side room to the Hall. 'Thanks Dad for coming with me,' Harry thought to his father, who threw him a comforting smile.

"Mr. Potter," Skeeter began but was interrupted immediately.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Skeeter, but my name is Harry McGonagall-Snape."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. err... McGonagall-Snape," Skeeter giggled. "You never cease to surprise us. First you cure the werewolves along with your father, now you invent an international school Quidditch tournament, and on top of everything you have a house-elf playing on your team. How did you get the idea of setting up a school team to play against other schools?"

Harry quickly explained that he couldn't play on the House teams because of being sorted into two Houses, frowning as Skeeter used what seemed to be a magical quill, which moved on its own as soon as he opened his mouth.

Apparently satisfied by his answer, Skeeter asked, "Mr. McGonagall-Snape, why is a house-elf playing on your team?"

"Just call me Harry please, Ms. Skeeter. Teddy is playing on the team, because he is a normal student and a good Quidditch player. He has played Quidditch with us since he began on the primary school team," Harry replied, feeling extremely unnerved by the woman's behaviour. 'She gives me the impression as if she were only waiting for me to say something wrong,' he mused, missing the next question.

"How did it come to be that a house-elf attends Hogwarts in the first place?" Skeeter repeated her question.

"Teddy is the son of my mother's house-elves, and he was bond to me as a toddler. When he told me that he'd love to study with me, my mother decided to pay the school fees for him, so that he could attend Hogwarts Primary school and now Hogwarts along with me. He's very intelligent and is sorted into Ravenclaw. He's one of the best students in our year. I think only Hermione Granger had better marks than him."

"Don't you think it's strange that a house-elf attends a magical school for wizards though?" Skeeter asked, smiling in a false way that annoyed Harry immensely.

"No, I don't think so," he replied firmly. "Elves are very intelligent and powerful magical beings just like human wizards and witches. Unfortunately, the humans have made slaves out of them, so that they don't own enough money to pay for the school fees. As you know, my father and I cured the werewolves, and I earned a lot of money by selling our potion to the Ministry. I intend to use this money to set up a foundation for elves, who wish to attend Hogwarts, so that they can attend school for free. I've already been planning this for a



year now, but my parents think that I should at least be fourteen and finish my first three Hogwarts years, before I set up a foundation.”

“How old are you now? When do you think you’ll be ready for the elves to apply for the money?”

“I’m twelve, so...” ‘When? What shall I say?’ he quickly thought to Severus.

‘It should be safe to say ‘in two years’,’ his father thought back.

“May in the summer in two years’ time,” Harry replied. “If you don’t mind, I’ll contact you as soon as I set up the foundation, so that you could print a short notice about it. Then we can only hope that many of the elves see the announcement in the newspaper and apply.”

“We don’t know how many elves will be accepted to Hogwarts each year though, because we’re still discussing the topic with the Headmaster,” Severus threw in.

“Professor Snape, does Professor Riddle agree with Harry’s plan to invite elves to study at Hogwarts?”

“Yes, all of my colleagues agree, especially after seeing Teddy’s marks at the end of his first year here at Hogwarts.”

“Harry, do you think your friend Teddy would be available for an interview in a few weeks’ time?”

“I’m not sure; I’d have to ask him. Teddy is a very private person,” Harry replied thoughtfully. “Perhaps if my Dad and I were with him, he might agree.”

With that, Skeeter thanked Harry and Severus and left the room. “Do you think the interview will be printed in the newspaper tomorrow, Dad?” Harry asked anxiously.

“Probably,” Severus smirked. “Shall we go and see if we can help your mother with Felix?” he suggested, and the two Snapes headed out of the small room in search of the rest of their family.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In the morning, a photo of Harry in his human form along side of Teddy graced the front page of the Daily Prophet together with the eye-catching headline, 'Inventor of the werewolves' cure Harry McGonagall-Snape fights for elves rights'.

Noticing that Teddy seemed to feel a bit uncomfortable with all the attention directed at him, Harry transformed into a house elf and took a seat next to his friend at the Ravenclaw table. 'It's all right, Teddy,' he thought to the small elf. 'Wait an hour and all everyone thinks about is the Quidditch match.'

In the Quidditch match Königsforst against Beauxbatons the Germans beat the French 180 – 50, and the Headmaster once again invited everyone to the Great Hall for a huge party.

Harry had just taken Felix from his mother and sat down at the Slytherin table with his baby brother over his shoulder to make him burp, when a group of five Ravenclaw second years approached him in utter excitement.

"Harry, three men we don't know came and took Teddy away with them."

"Teddy? Where did they go?" Harry asked bewildered.

"I don't know, Harry," Mandy replied. "They ran into the direction of Hogsmeade, probably to apparate away. We tried to follow them, but they were adults and too fast for us to keep up with them."

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Thank you so much for your kind reviews and thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 35 – ALL OVER HOGWARTS

“Let’s tell Professors Riddle and Snape,” Blaise replied, “quickly.”

“You tell them and I flash to Teddy and rescue him; otherwise it might be too late,” Harry replied, transformed into his phoenix form, focusing on an image of Teddy, and flashed away.

He found himself in a small stone room that looked to be a dungeon. ‘Where is Teddy?’ he mused, feverishly looking around, before he noticed his friend hanging from the wall in chains. ‘Oh no,’ Harry groaned terrified. ‘How can I get him out of those chains?’ He transformed back into his human form and stood right in front of Teddy.

“Hold on, Teddy. I’ll try to get you out of here,” he whispered, before he waved his wand at the chains, trying several spells that he knew in vain.

“Oh, little Harry Baby has come to the rescue,” he suddenly heard a high babyish voice and spun around to see a witch with long, black hair, who laughed an evil smile and pointed her wand at him.

The witch cast the Cruciatus curse at him, before he knew what was happening, and Harry fell to the floor, thrashing around in pain. It seemed to take ages, before the curse was lifted when a different voice cast an Expelliarmus spell.

“Harry, are you all right?” he heard his father’s worried voice.

“Yes,” he whispered, pointing to Teddy.

Severus pointed his wand at Teddy, making the chains vanish in the blink of an eye, while Tom threw different spells at an unmoving Bellatrix Lestrange, who remained on the floor.

“Harry, do you think you can flash back home?” Tom asked urgently, causing Harry to nod.

“No, he can’t,” Severus contradicted firmly. “He was under the Cruciatus curse for who knows how long. I’m going to apparate him to Hogsmeade, provided that it’s possible to apparate out of here. Maybe you could come and take Harry home from there.” He scooped the child up into his arms and tried to apparate to no avail.

“They put Apparition wards up,” Tom realized. “I’ll flash you all.”

While Tom transformed into his phoenix form, Harry thought to him, ‘Uncle Tom, take Dad and Teddy, I’ll flash myself to my room.’ He transformed as well and flashed straight into his own room at Hogwarts. An instant later, the three others arrived next to him.

“Wait a moment,” Severus told them and hurriedly left the room, only to return two minutes later with several phials in his hands. He held a phial to Harry’s lips, motioning for him to swallow, before he turned to Teddy and gently applied a healing salve on the sore spots, where the chain had cut into his skin.

“Are you all right?” Harry asked in concern, causing Teddy to throw him a grateful smile.

“Yes, Harry, thank you so much for rescuing me.”

“Well, you have to thank Dad and Uncle Tom. I couldn’t get the chains off you,” Harry replied. “Thanks for coming after us, Dad and Uncle Tom.”

“I’m glad Lestrage only used the Cruciatus on you and not the killing curse,” Severus replied dryly. “Harry and Teddy, are you feeling well enough to return to the Great Hall? I believe that everyone, who got to know about your little adventure, will be anxiously awaiting your return.”

“All right,” Harry and Teddy replied simultaneously, and the four hurried down to the Great Hall.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Fortunately, the attack on Teddy seemed to be an isolated incident, and even by the time Harry set up the foundation to enable elves to attend school in the summer, everything remained peaceful. Harry agreed with the Headmasters of Hogwarts and the Primary school that for the next few years, two elves each year should be allowed to enter the primary school, from where they would automatically move to Hogwarts just like their magical human classmates. However, the rules, which Harry set up with Minerva's, Severus', and Tom's help stated that the elves, who wished to enrol at Hogwarts, had to attend the primary school before being admitted to the Hogwarts main school. On one hand, they wanted to ensure that the elves had a certain amount of knowledge when they became first years, and on the other hand, their human classmates would probably have lesser prejudices against elves and more at ease to accept them the younger they were.

Tonks, who was teaching the youngest students at the Primary school that autumn, informed her colleagues that the two elves, Max and Dora, were her most diligent students just like Teddy had been. As small as he was, Max even made the Primary school's Quidditch team.

Harry once more organized the internal Hogwarts tournament between the teachers' team, the students' team, and the primary school team as well as the international school tournament with the three other schools. It was decided that in the matches against the primary school team only very soft fake Bludgers would be used. Everyone agreed to his suggestion, due to the students being such smaller players on the team.

Like in the previous year, the Hogwarts team managed to win all the games against the foreign schools. However, the teachers won the internal tournament. Before Harry had even spotted the Snitch for the first time in the match against the teachers, they were already leading with more than one hundred and fifty points. Harry waited as long as he could but the students weren't able to catch up, so that he finally had to grudgingly catch the Snitch seconds before his father could grab it, knowing that they'd lose the game nonetheless.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Felix's second birthday was soon after the beginning of the summer holidays. His parents grudgingly allowed Harry to give his two-year-old brother a toy broom for his birthday, which he had purchased during the last Hogsmeade visit of the school year, hoping that his parents would agree and allow him to teach Felix to fly.

Before Felix could even look at any of his other presents, Harry showed him the broom, causing a huge smile to appear on his little brother's face.

"Boo," Felix shouted in absolute delight, happily throwing his small arms around Harry's legs to hug his brother, who still held the broom in his hands.

Knowing that Madam Hooch had diligently inspected the broom and put all possible safety charms on it to restrict the broom's speed and height, Harry turned to his parents. "May we go flying? I'll be really careful with Felix."

"You can fly over there, sweetie," Minerva replied softly, pointing to a part of the Great Hall that was laid out with thick, soft mattresses.

"I'll come with you, Harry, and I'll show you how to apply a sticking charm on Felix, so that he can't fall from the broom," Severus explained and kissed Minerva, before he stood up to accompany his sons to the other end of the Great Hall.

"Fewi Hawwy fwy," Felix shouted excitedly, running ahead on his small feet.

Just like Harry, Felix loved to fly. Harry, Neville, and Teddy, who were the only students remaining at Hogwarts during the holidays since their families lived in the castle, often took the little tyke flying, and the teachers gladly decided to leave the flying corner in the Great Hall over the summer, so they could watch over Felix as he flew his broom.

Minerva and Severus were grateful that Harry spent so much time with Felix. After breakfast, Harry, Neville, and Teddy always went to

the study room or to either Harry's or Neville's room to work on their summer assignments. However, after lunch, they always took Felix along with them, and Minerva knew that Harry was always very careful with the little tyke. Sometimes, when Felix wouldn't calm down and cry for an unknown reason, Harry always brought him back to Minerva, afraid that he could be ill or somehow harmed.

One day, Harry, Neville, and Teddy decided to go flying on the Quidditch pitch for the first time in weeks, and Harry set up Felix' playpen, asking him to remain in his playpen and play or watch them while they went flying. However, Felix didn't want to watch. He wanted to fly with his adored big brother.

"Fewi no pway, Fewi fwy wif Hawwy," he demanded, throwing both arms into the air for Harry to pick him up, while huge tears ran down his cheeks.

"Felix, it's too dangerous," Harry replied softly. "I fly much higher than you, and you'd be afraid because my broom is so fast," he explained, gently stroking his brothers' cheeks, hoping to be able to calm him down.

"No, Fewi no fwaid, fwy wif Hawwy!" the child insisted and with a bout of accidental magic threw himself out of his playpen and into Harry's arms.

"You could hold him close and put a sticking charm on him," Neville suggested, and Teddy nodded affirmatively.

"All right, I just hope my parents won't kill me if they find out," Harry replied and hesitantly sat Felix on the broom in front of himself, applying the sticking charm.

Harry tried his best to fly slowly, and Felix enjoyed their flight very much, cheering the whole time.

All of a sudden, Severus' angered voice penetrated Harry's ears. He hurriedly turned around, seeing his father standing on the Quidditch pitch. Due to the shock of seeing his angry face and to the fast



movement he made to turn, Harry completely lost the grip on his broom and fell, causing Neville and Teddy to let out terrified shouts.

Harry hurriedly transformed into his phoenix form and grabbed his little brother with his beak, noticing that Felix was continuing his flight on Harry's broom, to which he was stuck. After a short struggle against Felix, who was obviously flying the broom with accidental magic, phoenix Harry carried the boy on the broom down to the ground, placing him in his father's arms.

Harry landed in front of them and transformed back, feeling his legs turn into jelly in anticipation of his father's wrath.

Severus, who in the meantime had confirmed that Felix was unharmed, turned to Harry, trying to keep his voice calm. "Harry, are you aware of how dangerous that was?" he asked in a dangerously quiet voice.

"I'm sorry, Dad. He absolutely wanted to come with me and even threw himself into my arms with accidental magic," Harry replied in a small voice, followed by an even quieter, "I'm sorry, Dad," before he silently began to cry and ran away from the Quidditch pitch and into the castle, unable to bear his father's disappointed and angry look any longer.

Without looking left or right, Harry stormed into the castle, until he was completely lost in unknown corridors without windows that could help him to orientate himself so he could find his way back. He tiredly leaned against the stone wall and let himself sink onto the floor, closing his eyes in exhaustion, not noticing the ghost that was hovering in front of him.

Suddenly, strange sounds penetrated Harry's ears and his eyes flew open in fright. However, he couldn't see anything. He could only hear a faint voice telling him, "That was very bold of you, my boy. Your little brother could have broken his bones, become very ill, or even die, and it would have been no one's fault but your own. Your parents have all reason to be very disappointed in you."

“Who’s there?” Harry asked anxiously, beginning to sob fiercely as the voice’s words sank in.

However, faint laughter was the only answer he received, and Harry shuddered inwardly. All of a sudden, his father’s voice penetrated his mind.

‘Harry, where are you? Please come home immediately. We’re very worried about you.’

‘I’m so sorry, Dad,’ Harry thought back, still crying.

‘Harry, that’s all right. Where are you?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘Can you transform into your phoenix form and flash to your room, please?’

‘I’ll try,’ Harry replied and transformed. He flashed back straight onto his bed, where he changed back into his human form, burying his face in the pillow.

Severus sat down on the edge of Harry’s bed, quietly rubbing circles on the boy’s back. “Harry, what’s wrong?” he asked in his soft, silky voice that always managed to calm the child.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” Harry sobbed, slowly turning his face to view his father.

“Harry, you already apologized at least three times, and it’s all right. You were very reckless, but nothing happened, and I trust that you won’t do it again. We know that you normally take very good care of Felix, and I haven’t told your Mum about what happened, because I don’t want to upset her. Now Harry, please go and wash your face. We need to have an early dinner tonight. Mum and Felix are already waiting for us.”

Harry complied and followed his father into the living room, where the house elves had served dinner for them. “Harry, I’m sorry, but could

you please watch Felix tonight, bathe him, and put him to bed? We have to attend a teachers' meeting right after dinner," Severus told him when they had finished their meal.

"Of course, Dad," Harry replied in a still subdued voice, causing Minerva to throw him a worried look.

"Harry, are you all right?" she asked in concern, before she felt his forehead, sighing in relief as it felt normal.

"I'm fine," Harry replied, before he turned to Felix. "All right, Felix. Let's take a bath. Do you want to sleep in my bed tonight?"

Felix' eyes lit with joy. "Yeah, Fewi seep wif Hawwy," he shouted happily, toddling after his adored big brother.

Harry had just carefully lowered Felix into the bathtub, when Minerva entered the room. "Good night, my boys. We'll be back around curfew. Harry, if you have any problems, just mind think to Dad, and one of us will come back." She kissed each of her sons and left the room.

Harry gently bathed and dried Felix, before he put a clean nappy and fresh pyjamas on him, making him giggle as he tickled his tiny toes. Finally, he put him down on the floor, expecting the little tyke to run into Harry's room faster than his small feet could carry him. However, Felix just turned back to Harry, raising both arms to be picked up.

"Are you tired?" Harry asked in surprise, carrying his brother into his room, where he laid him onto his own bed and gently tucked him in, before he proceeded to read him a bedtime story.

"Hawwy," Felix whined when Harry put the book away, causing Harry to frown.

"Wait a moment, little one. I'll just put my pyjamas on, and then I'll join you," Harry promised. Lying down next to his brother, he noticed that Felix was shivering violently. "Felix, what's wrong? Are you cold?" he asked in concern, causing the small boy to whimper. Harry worriedly felt his forehead, which seemed very hot. 'Oh no, don't let him get ill like the voice predicted. It's all my fault,' he mused, horrified, and

quickly got up to fetch a thermometer from the bathroom to take his temperature.

“Felix, I’m going to call Mum and Dad,” he told his brother in a soothing voice, before he thought to Severus, ‘Dad, I’m sorry, but you must come home immediately. Felix has a very high fever.’

When Minerva, Severus, and Poppy entered Harry’s room a few minutes later, Felix had drifted off to sleep, feeling a bit better since Harry had put a cold cloth on his forehead and cuddled him into sleep. However, Harry was nowhere to be seen.

tbc...

Thanks to the readers, who reviewed, for their kind words.  
Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 36 – AND EVEN THE STUBBORN OLD HEADMASTER

‘Harry, where are you?’ Severus mind thought to Harry.

‘I’m so sorry, Dad,’ Harry thought back, trying hard not to make a sound. ‘It’s all my fault.’

‘What is your fault?’ Severus asked in genuine surprise.

‘That Felix is sick. A voice told me that it could happen, but I didn’t want that, and I’m so sorry.’

‘Harry, Felix being sick is not your fault. Please come here and talk to me. Felix only has a cold, which happens to small children all the time, and it’s not your fault. It has nothing to do with what happened this afternoon.’

‘You’re sure it isn’t my fault?’ Harry asked hopefully.

‘I’m not sure, I’m positive Felix’s cold is not your fault,’ Severus replied firmly, sighing in relief as Harry slowly made himself visible right next to Felix.

“Harry, what are you doing? Do you think it’s the right time to play making yourself invisible?” Minerva asked incredulously, causing Harry’s eyes to fill with tears.

“Harry seems to believe that it’s his fault that Felix has a cold, which of course isn’t,” Severus quietly explained to his wife. “Minerva, do you want to take Felix with you into your bed?” he queried, knowing that she always let the boys sleep in the parents’ bed if they were sick.

“Well yes, but on the other hand, he’s in such good hands here with Harry,” Minerva replied hesitantly, sensing that her oldest son needed the reassurance as a full family member and older brother. “Harry, don’t you mind having your brother here?”

“Of course not,” Harry gave back, feeling very reassured at the trust his mother seemed to have in him. He lay back, sighing in relief.

“Harry, in that case I want you to take a dose of Pepperup potion to be sure that you won’t get sick as well,” Severus spoke up in his soft silky voice, handing the boy a small phial, glad when Harry gulped it down without making a fuss.

“All right, sweetie, sleep well and call for us if you need to,” Minerva said as she tucked Harry in and placed a kiss on his forehead, before she gently wiped Felix’ flushed face with the cold cloth Harry had provided for the little tyke.

“Minerva, I’ll follow you in a couple of minutes, I’d like to have a few words with Harry,” Severus quickly filled her in, before she left the room, nodding her agreement.

“Harry, would you like to show me the memory of the voice that spoke to you?” the Potions Master queried, carefully casting the Legilimens spell when Harry nodded and turned his eyes to look straight into his father’s. “That was Dumbledore,” he told his son, pulling back out of his mind a minute later. “You know better than to listen to that old fool, Harry,” he said softly, gently brushing an errand strand of hair from the boy’s forehead.

“Thank you, Dad,” Harry whispered. “Good night.”

“Good night, son,” Severus gave back, observing in relief that a small smile played on Harry’s lips as his breathing evened out.

“Why in the world is Harry so quick to believe everything is his fault,” Severus mused aloud as he lay down in his own bed next to his wife.

Minerva let out a long sigh. “It’s probably still the after effect of his time with the Dursleys’ combined with those of Dumbledore’s attacks. He always felt guilty because he thought he’d endanger all of us,” she replied softly, nestling into her husband’s arm.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

A few weeks later, Harry was just helping Felix complete a huge floor puzzle of Hogwarts, when his parents announced they had to speak with him about something.

“Harry, this is still a secret, and you may not mention it to any of your friends, what we’re going to tell you now. Can you promise to keep the secret?” Severus queried in a stern voice, causing Harry to nod anxiously.

“Of course, Dad.”

“In the past, Howarts often held the Triwizard Tournament. It is a tournament between Hogwarts and two other magical schools, Beauxbatons and Durmstrang. In the tournament each of the schools’ champion will compete against each other. However, these tournaments often were so dangerous that students died or were otherwise harmed, and therefore, they were terminated more than a hundred years ago. Only now, the Headmasters of the three schools have agreed to revive the tradition and hold a Triwizard Tournament at Hogwarts during the upcoming school year,” Minerva explained to a stunned Harry.

“Wow, that sounds interesting. How many students of each school are going to participate?” Harry queried with obvious interest.

Severus let out a sigh. “Harry, there’ll be only one champion for each school, and there is an age restriction, because the participation is so dangerous. The champions have to be seventeen years old. However, I believe that it will be interesting for all students to watch the champions compete and to support their own school’s champion.”

“Sure it will. I wonder, who’ll become the Hogwarts champion,” Harry said excitedly.

“The so-called Goblet of Fire will choose the champions from those, who chose to enter their name,” Minerva informed him.

“Now Harry, there is a reason for us telling you this now instead of along with the rest of the school,” Severus carefully began to relent the news to his son, of which he knew that he wouldn’t approve it at all. “Because of the tournament, all the Quidditch activities will be cancelled this school year. There won’t be a Quidditch cup this year,

nor will you be able to carry out your Quidditch tournament within Hogwarts and with the three other schools.”

“Ah all right,” Harry sadly accepted the news, absentmindedly putting the clock tower into Felix’ puzzle. “That’s a pity, but well, we can’t do anything about it, and I’m looking forward to the tournament.”

Actually, Harry didn’t have much time to miss the Quidditch tournament, because the Triwizard Tournament was indeed a lot fun, and the school year passed in a blur. The students got along well with their foreign classmates, and even the teachers were able to make friends with their colleagues. To everyone’s complete amazement, Hagrid announced his engagement with Professor Maxime, the Headmistress of Beauxbatons, at the end of the school year.

Cedric Diggory, who was the champion for Hogwarts and received all of his schoolmates’ support, won the tournament to the school’s absolute delight.

“I can’t believe that the school year is already over,” Harry groaned between two bites of his dinner at the Leaving feast. “Next year, we have to study for our OWLs; that won’t be so much fun.”

“The OWLs are harmless, Harry. What do you expect us to say?” Fred queried, raising an eyebrow at his younger friend.

“Exactly, we’ll have to take our NEWTs next year,” George added.

“Maybe you should begin to study for once,” Hermione stated coolly, throwing her friend a comforting look. “Don’t worry, Harry, if you consider that those two managed to pass their OWLs, we’ll certainly be able to do so as well.”

“That’s true,” Harry gave back, chuckling.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

One day during the summer holidays, Charlie Weasley and his soon to be seventh years twin brothers joined the teachers for dinner.



“Hagrid has an announcement to make,” Tom told the others, who were just beginning to eat, surprised as to why they were having guests in the middle of the summer holidays.

Hagrid cleared his throat. “As you all know, Professor Maxime and I are going to marry in a few weeks’ time. We decided that from now on we want to live together with my little brother Grawp in the forest.” Trying to fight back the large tears that were welling in his eyes, he continued, “Charlie Weasley will take over my position as Care of Magical Creatures Professor, while Olympe and I have plans to build up a magical circus.”

Ignoring his colleagues’ surprised gasp, he explained, “The Headmaster just agreed to allow us to use the Hogwarts grounds for four weeks each summer in order to conduct shows, which all the magical world will be able to watch. We’re going to have our first show next summer, and if everything goes well, Fred and George have already promised to join our staff next summer after they finish school, in order to train with the animals.”

“What kind of animals are you going to train?” Sprout enquired kindly.

“Unicorns, hippogriffs, thestrals, owls, phoenixes if there are any...”

“I’ll ask Fawkes if he would like to help,” Severus smirked.

“Perhaps I could participate in my phoenix form as well,” Harry threw in excitedly, causing Gryffindor to smirk.

“Tom, Harry, and I could have a show together either in our Chameguise forms or some other form,” Gryffindor suggested, causing Hagrid to sigh in relief.

“Thank you so much, Headmasters and Harry. I’m sure we’ll be able to set something up with your help,” he said gratefully, while huge tears began to run down his cheeks. “We’ll also have one dragon, which Charlie promised to help with,” he mumbled in a hardly understandable teary voice.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In spite of not being as eventful as the previous school year, for Harry his fifth year was an extremely busy school year. Every evening, he met with his friends in their study room, only leaving for a few minutes for Felix' bed time in order to read his three-year-old brother a bedtime story, before he would once again return to the fifth year's study room to join his friends until curfew.

One day, Harry was extremely tired. After curfew the evening before, he had still spent two hours organizing the Quidditch tournament, discussing the dates with the Headmaster and writing letters to the responsible persons at the other three participating schools. When he was sitting at breakfast, tiredly pushing his food around the plate, all of a sudden Ginny's voice penetrated his thoughts.

'Harry, what's wrong? Are you ill?'

'Good morning, Ginny,' he thought to the girl, who was sitting a few seats down the Gryffindor table. 'No, I'm fine; I'm just a bit tired. I was up too late organizing the Quidditch tournament.'

'Harry, is there anything that I could help you with?' the girl queried. 'Since I'm on the reserve team, I could assist you as well, if there's anything I could do.'

'Would you really do that?' Harry replied thoughtfully, feeling too tired to resist the offered help. 'Last night, I decided on all the dates for the internal and external Quidditch matches, and I need to make announcements and put them on the walls in all the common rooms and study rooms. Could you perhaps...'

Noticing that Harry hesitated, Ginny offered, 'Shall I make the announcements and put them up for you, Harry?'

'Maybe I should ask Teddy first, because he is my Co-captain, but he's a fifth year as well and won't have any more time to spare than I do,' Harry mused, before he replied, 'I'd appreciate that very much. If you don't mind helping with that, I'll give you the dates at lunch break.'

Over the next few weeks, Ginny did most of the organisational work concerning the Quidditch tournament, and with Teddy's agreement Harry made the fourth year their second Co-captain.

During the winter holidays when most of his friends had gone home, Harry all of a sudden noticed just how much he always enjoyed the red head girl's company. 'Well, at least we can mind think to each other,' he tried to console himself, glad that Ginny was not as shy as himself and often initialized their silent conversations.

'Hello Harry, and Merry Christmas,' Ginny's voice penetrated his mind late on Christmas Eve when Harry had just retired to bed.

'Hello Ginny. Merry Christmas to you too,' he replied, feeling very happy to hear his friend's thoughts. 'Are you having a good time at home?'

Ginny sighed. 'Yes, although I'm always fighting with Ron. He's horrible. Can you imagine that he is jealous of everyone? He's still jealous of you because you're my friend, jealous of Charlie because he's a teacher at Hogwarts now, and jealous of the twins, because they're spending their holidays in the forest with Hagrid and his wife, working on the circus with them.'

'Oh right that's right, I met with them on Sunday afternoon. We went to visit them, and they put on a little show for us, demonstrating how far they already got with their training of the magical animals. It was really interesting,' Harry replied excitedly.

They talked for a few more minutes, before Harry suddenly had an idea. 'Ginny, would you perhaps be willing to go on a date to Hogsmeade with me on our next Hogsmeade weekend?' he queried hesitantly, causing the girl to smile.

'Yes Harry, I'd love to go on a date with you,' she replied softly. 'Do you already know when the next Hogsmeade visit will be?'

'No, I've no idea, but I'll ask my parents. They may have already set the date for the next visit and I will let you know when it is,' Harry replied happily.

"The next Hogsmeade visit will be on Valentine's Day," Minerva informed her son when he questioned his parents at breakfast the next day, as he excitedly told them that Ginny had agreed to go on a date with him.

"Congratulations Harry, I'm glad you have a date with such a nice girl," Minerva acknowledged the fact, throwing her oldest son a proud smile.

Unfortunately, Harry's happiness about his first date didn't last much longer than a week. Right after the Welcoming feast at the beginning of January, which Harry spent sitting at the Slytherin table between Blaise and Draco, Draco took him aside. "Harry, I urgently need to speak with you. Can I come with you to your room for a moment? In fact, I'd love to have your father there as well."

Harry shrugged. "Well, my father probably won't come home until after his House meeting. Let's run after him and ask him quickly."

"Is whatever you wish to tell us important, Draco?" Severus asked, slightly impatiently, and, seeing his godson nod, led the two boys in the small chamber beside the Great Hall, throwing a silencing spell at the door after they all entered.

"My father told me that he and Rodolphus Lestrange plan to attack Harry and the elves that attend Hogwarts on the next Hogsmeade visit, and he instructed me to inform him of the date as soon as it was announced. My father intends to or has already founded a league against the elf rights and is trying to convince people in the Ministry that elves shouldn't be allowed to attend Hogwarts. I made him believe that I was on his side, which I'm of course not. I'll inform you as soon as I have any other news."

"Oh no," Harry groaned, "and Uncle Tom just announced the next Hogsmeade weekend for Valentine's Day. Dad, what are we going to do?"

tbc...

Thank you so much for your kind reviews!

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## 37 – COULDN'T RESIST ME

Severus cleared his throat. "We'll just let everyone believe the next Hogsmeade visit to be on Valentine's Day, but in fact, we're going to hold it on a different day, which we'll announce at breakfast the morning of the visit on the respective day, this way no one will know in time to make any plans."

On a sunny Saturday morning, exactly one week before Valentine's Day, Tom announced at breakfast that the students from third year onwards were allowed to spend the day in Hogsmeade. With that, the Great Hall erupted in an excited babbling as hundreds of students began to plan their days for the surprise announcement of the Hogsmeade visit a week earlier than expected.

From the corner of his eyes, Harry saw how Severus stepped over to Draco and firmly led the boy out of the hall.

'Dad?' Harry hesitantly thought to his father. 'Where are you taking Draco?'

'Easy, Harry, everything is all right. I'm going to take Draco with me to the Potions classroom. I know that he promised not to betray you, but I decided I won't even give him the opportunity to. Instead I will have him serve a fake detention with me, so his father won't get suspicious of him in case he heard of the Hogsmeade visit date change later on and think Draco purposely did not notify him of the date change,' Severus replied calmly, causing Harry to relax.

'Ok, thank you, Dad,' he thought back, and turned to Ginny, who was sitting opposite of him at the Gryffindor table. 'Ginny, shall we go on our date today?' he queried, hesitantly turning his eyes to the girl. 'She is so pretty,' he mused, smiling as her eager 'Of course' penetrated his mind.

Harry hurriedly ate his breakfast and after a short detour to the Head table to inform his mother and brother that he was going into Hogsmeade with Ginny, he returned to his room to get ready. Half an hour later, he headed to the entrance hall to meet with Ginny, feeling

very happy but extremely excited to go on a first date completely alone with his beautiful girlfriend.

Just a few metres before he reached the entrance hall, he could hear Dumbledore's voice speaking to him from a shadowy alcove. "Have fun, my boy," the annoying ghost's voice told him.

"Thank you," Harry replied quickly as he hurried away, not eager to further communicate with the ghost.

"Hi Harry," Ginny smiled when he arrived in the entrance hall.

"Hello," Harry replied, suddenly feeling a bit excited. 'It's nothing special. It's only Ginny, my second Co-captain of the Quidditch team,' he mused as he gently pulled her into the line of the students, who were patiently waiting for his mother to check their names off the list of students with permission slips for the Hogsmeade visits.

"Harry, are you not coming with us?" Hermione suddenly queried, already stepping down the steps along with Neville, Mandy, Susan, and Teddy.

"No, I'm going with Ginny today," Harry replied, uncomfortably noticing that heat crept into his cheeks, causing the girls to giggle. "Let's meet for lunch at The Three Broomsticks," he shouted after his friends, just when his mother checked their names off the list.

"Be very careful, sweetie," she said quietly, throwing him a sharp look.

"Of course, Mum. May I bring home some chocolate frogs for Felix?" Harry replied, causing Minerva to nod and smile at her oldest son.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry and Ginny headed to Zonko's first, although Harry had a hard time hiding his surprise at Ginny's choice.

"You know, my brothers would love to open their own joke shop," Ginny explained in a small voice. "That's why they were helping with Hagrid's circus over the holidays, so they could earn some money,

even if Hagrid couldn't pay them much. They have invented enough joke items to sell them, but they don't have enough start-up money to open a shop. At the moment, they're having a huge fight with my parents, because they are wanting to work at the circus until they've enough money for the shop, so they really seem intent on opening one. That's why I'd like to study Zonko's as intensely as possible. Maybe I could help them later on."

'Ginny, you know that I have more money than I could ever use due to the wolfscure potion. I'd love to give Fred and George the money they need to open a joke shop. We can all use a good laugh, and they really make me laugh. Please ask them to open their own account at Gringotts if they don't have one yet, and I'll transfer some money into their account,' Harry promised, thinking to the girl as they had just entered Zonko's, which was extremely crowded.

'I'm not sure if they'd accept your money, Harry, but thank you very much for offering,' Ginny thought back as they made their way through the shop.

"Ah, fresh air!" Harry let out a relieved sigh as they stepped back onto the main street, causing Ginny to laugh.

"Yes, I'm sorry for dragging you in there. Where do you want to head next?"

"The bookshop?" Harry suggested, causing the girl to nod enthusiastically.

Fortunately, Flourish and Blotts was not crowded at all. Merely Hermione and Blaise were skimming the bookshelves, excitedly pointing out interesting books to each other.

'Are they on a date as well?' Harry mused as he followed Ginny, who led him to the Healing section.

"I'd love to become a Healer or at least a Mediwitch after taking my NEWTs," Ginny whispered, "but don't tell anyone yet. I'm also interested in psychology, so I'd love to buy a book about that."



“That’s a good idea,” Harry replied thoughtfully. “I’m sure you’d make a great psychologist or Healer. You still have three years to decide though.”

“Yes, of course, although I thought maybe I’d be able to begin taking classes after my OWLs next year, either at St. Mungo’s or with Madam Pomfrey. I don’t know if it’s possible, but in order to enquire if there is a possibility I have to decide exactly on what I want to do.”

Together they skimmed the bookshelf of the Healing Arts section and chose a few books, out of which Ginny tried to decide on one she wanted the most. ‘I intended to buy her a ring or something, but I’m not sure about that and it maybe just a bit early for that anyway, considering this is our first date, so I could buy the books for her instead,’ Harry thought, seeing that Ginny was having a hard time choosing which to buy.

“Let’s get them all,” he said gently, taking the books from her, and headed to the cash desk. “Please take the money from my vault,” he instructed the clerk.

“Thank you so much, Harry,” Ginny said with genuine excitement as they left the shop.

‘She looks even more beautiful when she blushes,’ Harry thought as he replied, “You’re welcome, Ginny.”

Glancing at his wrist watch, Harry noticed that it was already time for lunch and led his date to The Three Broomsticks, where the rest of their friends were already drinking butterbeer, waiting for them.

Harry ordered two Chicken Teriyaki sandwiches and two butterbeers for Ginny and himself and quietly listened to his friends’ excited babbling, exchanging a few thoughts with Ginny every now and then. ‘We still need to go to Honeydukes. I have to buy chocolate frogs for my brother,’ he just thought to Ginny, when a loud voice penetrated their ears, making them shudder at the sound.

“Elves are low creatures and only exist to serve wizards,” the voice shouted, and suddenly, the world around the friends turned black.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Harry's mind slowly returned to consciousness, he found himself alone on a cold stone floor in a completely dark room. His whole body was in pain, and he had no idea where he was, what time it was, and where his friends were. 'I have to transform and flash to Ginny,' he mused, but the pain that shot through his body at the slightest movement prevented him from transforming into his phoenix form.

'Ginny?' he urgently thought as he began to panic.

'Harry, are you awake? Thank God,' Ginny replied, sounding very relieved. 'Now, listen, Harry. They can't know that you're awake, do you understand me? They're keeping you asleep so you can't transform and flash away.'

'Okay,' Harry replied, trying to grasp the meaning behind her words. 'Where are we, and what is happening?'

'I don't know where they're keeping you and Teddy, but I think we're at Malfoy Manor, because Lucius Malfoy and a few of his friends are keeping us here. Except for the two of you, we're all together in a small cellar room. They've been torturing Teddy and you in front of us for a week now.'

'A week?' Harry queried, terrified.

'Yes, but don't worry. I'm in contact with your father, and the teachers and the Aurors are already outside, trying to get into the Manor. I think Draco is helping them. Talk to your father; he is very worried about you.'

'Okay,' Harry replied and concentrated on Severus. 'Dad?'

'Harry! Thank God; are you all right, son?' Severus' concerned thoughts penetrated his mind.

'I'm fine,' Harry lied, causing Severus to snort.

‘Don’t lie to me, son. Ginny told me about the torture, and she was frightened enough to tell me the truth. You have to hold on for a bit longer. We’re just fighting against Lucius Malfoy and his gang, but...’

‘Dad?’ Harry queried as Severus quieted. ‘Dad? What’s wrong? What’s happening?’ He felt his body explode in pain and a wave of heat overcome him as he panicked.

‘Easy, Harry, it’s all right. Tom just got rid of Lucius,’ Severus replied, sounding slightly shaken. ‘You aren’t able to transform and flash, considering your injuries, are you?’

‘No.’

‘Okay, now with Lucius Malfoy gone, Draco as the heir of Malfoy Manor will be able to get inside, even if it might still be warded against us. Hold on, son.’

‘Tell Ginny,’ Harry thought back, before he succumbed to his injuries and the world turned black once more.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

When Harry became conscious again and blearily opened his eyes, he found himself in the hospital wing at Hogwarts. Noticing a small sting in his hand, he glanced to his right side, seeing that he was connected to an I.V. ‘How annoying,’ he thought, before he remembered the pain he had been in the last time he was awake.

Slowly turning his head to his other side, he noticed his brother, who was sleeping peacefully on his left arm, while his mother was sitting in a chair beside his bed, grading parchments.

“Mum,” Harry whispered, causing Minerva to look up and sigh in relief.

“Harry! Thank God you’re conscious. How are you feeling? Are you in pain?” she asked in concern.

“No, I’m fine. What happened, and where are the others? Is everyone all right?”

“Your friends are fine and were released a week ago, except for Teddy, who is in the bed next to you, and he is still unconscious, but like you he will be fine with time.”

Harry glanced over to the next bed, seeing Teddy’s parents sitting with the small elf.

“Felix has been staying here with you ever since you were rescued two weeks ago,” Minerva continued. “Fortunately, Poppy was kind enough to keep an eye on him all the time. During the week you were away, he made himself sick. He refused to eat at all, and he spiked a high fever, with no other reason than worry about you.”

Harry threw his four-year-old brother a loving smile, before he turned his eyes back to Minerva. “I’m sorry, Mum.”

Minerva laughed. “You don’t have to be sorry, sweetie. I’m glad you get along so well, and I know you’ve always been Felix’s number one priority.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

It was already the end of March before Harry and Teddy were finally released from the hospital wing, due to the grave internal injuries they sustained during their captivity.

“Mum, Dad, how am I supposed to catch up with the others?” Harry asked worriedly. “I missed six weeks of classes, and the OWLs are going to take place in two months.”

Severus sighed. “Well, Harry, your mother and I already discussed this potential problem, and we suggest you spend the evenings in our quarters at least during the next few weeks, so we can teach you and Teddy what you missed in most of your subjects. You can still spend some time with your friends in the study room between the last afternoon class and dinner.”

“I suppose that would be the best,” Harry replied thoughtfully. “Thank you, Mum and Dad, for offering to teach Teddy and me.”

“In fact, we’d also like to keep an eye on you, so you don’t overexert yourself. Since your internal injuries are not entirely healed yet, you’re not allowed to play Quidditch or transform into your Animagus forms until the end of the school year,” Minerva said quietly.

“I’m fine; otherwise, Aunt Poppy wouldn’t have released me,” Harry replied, feeling slightly annoyed by his parents’ over protectiveness, although a small voice at the back of his mind told him, ‘Be glad to have parents, who worry about you, and you’ve been very ill for more than a month.’

During the following two months, Harry and Teddy were very busy catching up with their classmates and reviewing for their OWLs, but due to Harry’s parents’ efforts to teach them in all their subjects, both fifth-years managed to take their tests with ease.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

The week before the summer holidays, Hogwarts’ main topic changed abruptly from the OWLs and NEWTs to the circus that was scheduled to take place on the Hogwarts grounds each afternoon from the first of July to the thirtieth of August.

Harry, Neville and Teddy, who were staying at the castle through the summer holidays, received a season ticket from Hagrid that allowed them to come and watch the circus whenever they wanted to, and Felix kept begging Harry to take him to “watch the amals” nearly every day. Harry, who had not forgotten how Felix had clung to him while he was sick, couldn’t resist his brother’s pleading look and took the small boy to the tent beside the lake every afternoon.

Originally, Godric, Tom and Harry had planned to practise their own number for the circus in their phoenix forms; however, knowing that his body had not completely recovered from his severe injuries yet, Poppy vehemently forbade him to transform into any form, just as she made her husband promise to hold off the plan to be part of the circus until the following summer.

One day, Harry remembered something, while he sat on the floor in the living room, playing with Felix with his Hogwarts Express train set.

“Mum, Dad,” he spoke up quietly. “I didn’t think about this before, but how could Lucius Malfoy and his friends know that we had our Hogsmeade day the day we were kidnapped when the date had been changed unexpectedly? Did Dumbledore somehow manage to contact them?”

tbc...

Thank you so much for your kind reviews!

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

All recognizable characters belong to J. K. Rowling, and I am not earning anything by writing this story.

## 38 – EVEN AS A TEACHER

Severus sighed. “Apparently, the Dumbledore ghost talked to the portrait of Eileen Blair, who is a relative of the Malfoys and has a portrait at Malfoy Manor. She told Lucius about our Hogsmeade visit.”

“Where is that portrait?” Harry queried, trying to keep the anger out of his voice, causing Minerva to snort.

“Your friends, Hermione and Ginny, already took care of the portrait,” Severus explained, smirking. “They burnt the portrait including the witch down mere hours after they were released from the hospital wing back in February.”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

The new school year began with lots of homework, and Harry and his classmates groaned as all the teachers held monologues to them about what to expect being a sixth year and in the NEWT level classes. A few weeks into the new school year, Harry thought, ‘We really need some fun. I have to think about something.’ However, as much as he thought about it, he couldn’t come up with a good idea, especially as he was very busy with his homework besides Quidditch practice and spending time at home playing with his brother every evening.

To his great amusement it was his brother who finally gave him an idea. The five-year-old was still talking about the circus that had intrigued him so much, especially since he liked animals a lot. One day, he said to Harry, “Harry, I know what I want to be come when I’m big and finish Hogwarts.” Seeing his adored big brother give him a curious look, he continued, “I want to become an Animal Healer, you know like Hagrid is helping animals, but I want to be a Healer, who can really cure them if they’re sick.”

“That sounds like a great idea, Felix! I’m sure you will make a great animal healer,” Harry replied in surprise and amazement at his brother’s choice.

"You think so?" Felix asked, excitedly jumping up and down with both legs. "Then I can also help the animals in the circus, and I'll have lots of money to watch the circus every day."

"That's a brilliant idea," Harry agreed, "and that reminds me of something. Uncle Godric, Uncle Tom and I should slowly begin practising if we want to participate in the circus in our Animagus forms next summer."

"Yay!" Felix shouted in excitement. "And I go and watch every day! Can I also watch your practice?"

Harry couldn't help laughing at his brother's enthusiasm. "I think so, but first of all I have to come up with an idea of what we are going to do. We have to plan everything out, before we can practise, don't we?"

Felix rolled his eyes. "That's easy. Uncle Godric is a unicorn or a dragon, something big anyway. Uncle Tom and you ride on it. Then all three of you transform into something else. That will be so funny!"

"What's going on here?" Minerva asked curiously, looking into Felix's room as she heard the boys giggling and chuckling.

Harry quickly filled her in on Felix's plan, causing the professor to smile as well. "I believe the idea is not bad, and at least it doesn't sound too dangerous. Maybe you could make use of the winter holidays to begin practising?"

"Yeah, I'll ask Uncle Tom and Uncle Godric later on," Harry said thoughtfully as another idea crossed his mind. 'Well, it's going to be a tad more dangerous than just riding on the back of Uncle Godric, of course,' he mused, absently listening to his mother telling Felix to go and get ready for bed.

"Harry? Harry! Harry, are you listening at all?" Minerva's voice suddenly penetrated his mind, and his mother was looking at him in exasperation.



“Oh, sorry Mum, I was thinking about the circus. I really like Felix’s idea,” Harry apologized quickly.

“Yes, it sounds interesting; however, please don’t forget to be careful. Your safety is the most important thing,” Minerva said softly as she stepped over to her oldest son and gently laid her arm around his shoulders. “Harry, are you feeling all right?” she asked worriedly. “You’re very pale.”

“Of course, I’m fine.” Harry threw his adoptive mother an astonished look. “I’ve just been really busy lately, you know with lots of homework and such.”

“All right, sweetie; nevertheless, your father and I would like you to remain here tonight. We hardly had time to speak with you outside of class the past few weeks, even if you came here to play with Felix every day.”

“Okay,” Harry agreed and skimmed his brother’s bookshelf for a bedtime story, while his mother tucked his brother in bed.

Harry chose one of Felix’s favourite animal stories, knowing from his experience that his brother, who looked very tired from his earlier excitement, would fall asleep within the first two pages. Grinning to himself as he observed his brother’s breathing even out, Harry quietly placed the book back into the bookshelf and headed out into the living room, stretching out on the sofa, while he waited for his parents to return.

When Minerva and Severus entered the living room ten minutes later, Harry was fast asleep as well.

“Severus, do you think Harry is all right?” Minerva asked as she sat on the edge of the sofa, observing the boy in concern.

“What makes you believe he isn’t?” Severus queried, quirking an eyebrow.

“He looks so pale, and he seems to be tired all the time. Even Poppy noticed and asked me if he was getting enough fresh air and sleep.”

Severus remained pensive for a moment, studying his older son's face, before he replied, "I believe that he's just fine, Minerva. He is just very busy with studying, Quidditch and still taking the time to play with Felix every night. You know the pressure we're putting on our sixth year students."

"Yes, well, but not all of them look outright ill like Harry does."

"I believe, and Poppy shares my opinion, that Harry's health condition is still weak because of the injuries he suffered this past spring," Severus said thoughtfully. "They have probably taken a toll on his immune system. Why don't you suggest to him spending the weekends at home, so we can watch him more closely?"

"I'd feel much better if he stayed here over the weekends," Minerva replied. "Would you be willing to suggest it to him though? If I ask him, he'll think I'm overreacting."

Severus chuckled. "He won't, but, yes, I'll speak with him in the morning." Looking at Harry's sleeping figure, he sighed. "I believe he's already sleeping for the night. Let me put him to bed." With that he gently scooped the boy into his arms and carried him to his room.

"Is he all right?" Minerva queried, noticing that Severus cast a quick diagnostic spell on Harry after placing him onto his bed and tucking him in.

"Yes, my dear; he is fine. Now let me make sure you're fine too," Severus replied, smirking as he gently pulled Minerva out of their son's room and into their own bedroom.

In the morning, Severus spoke with Harry, and although the boy felt slightly annoyed at his parents' over protectiveness, he agreed to spend the weekends at home. Even if he mostly gave in to please his parents, he knew deep down that he wasn't as healthy as his classmates due to the incidents earlier in the year, and he was glad to have such a caring family.

Needless to say that Felix was over the moon with joy when he heard that Harry was going to spend the weekends at home again, and he immediately invented a new game, in which Harry should transform into an animal that was sick, and Felix would play the animal Healer trying to cure the animal of whatever imaginary illness or injury the poor animal was suffering from. He even asked Poppy to teach him a few Healing spells, which were likely to work on animals and practised them with a toy wand the Weasley twins had given to him for his fifth birthday. Soon, the whole school knew that Felix wanted to become an Animal Healer after his NEWTs thirteen years into the future.

“What’s so funny?” Severus queried as he heard a few of his colleagues laugh about his small son already saying he wanted to be an Animal Healer. “When I was three, I knew exactly what I wanted, and that was to become a Potions Master. Why wouldn’t Felix know what he wants to do?”

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Godric and Tom were all in for Harry’s and Felix’s ideas concerning the circus, and the three wizards spent a huge part of their winter holidays practising for the circus. While they could practise the first part anywhere, they needed a larger room for the second part.

“We could use the Room of Requirement,” Harry suggested, “and we also need someone, oh well, at least six people, to help us. Perhaps we could ask Teddy and five of the other elf students or just friends of Teddy if they’d be willing to assist.”

“That’s a great idea,” Tom agreed. “This way, we won’t involve any humans, only animals and elves in our act...”

“Which is good, because we want the people to acknowledge that elves can do the same things as humans,” Harry quickly interrupted the Headmaster, “especially since I believe it’s time to allow more than two elves in each class to attend Hogwarts.”

“Just leave it to Harry to continue his fight for the elf rights at any time, including a circus,” Godric chuckled. “Very well then, ask your elf friends.”

Harry called Teddy right away, and as was to be expected his friend was enthusiastic about the idea of helping with the circus. Teddy quickly gathered six friends, and the elves spent two evenings a week with the three wizards, secretly practising for the second part of their act.

Since Felix was allowed to watch the practice for the first part and enthusiastically told everyone about it, the whole Hogwarts staff as well as Harry’s friends knew what the three wizards were planning; however, they managed to keep the second part a complete secret.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

For Harry, with school work, Quidditch, play time with his brother, practice for the circus and dates with his girlfriend, on heavily guarded Hogsmeade visits, the school year flew by, and before he really became aware of the fact, the summer holidays had begun.

During the first weeks of the summer holidays, Harry, Godric and Tom intensified their practice, and as soon as the huge circus tent was put up on the Hogwarts grounds, they proceeded to practise in the tent where they’d put the act on when the circus opened.

Felix was very disappointed not to be allowed to watch any of the practices that were held within the tent, but Hagrid and Harry made it very clear that no one except for the participants were allowed into the tent before the first of July.

“But if one of the animals gets hurt during practice, they’ll need an animal Healer,” he pouted, proudly waving his yellow toy wand at his brother.

“Well, in case we need a Healer for one of the animals, I’ll make sure to call you, sweetie,” Harry promised, scooping the boy up and setting him on his shoulders. “Let’s go to the lake and see if you remember how to throw stones.”

Although Felix couldn't wait for the day to come, the first of July arrived, much too soon for Harry's liking, and the circus opened to the magical world. Over the last few days, the circus and the participation of three wizards and six elves from Hogwarts had been the main topic among the Hogwarts staff, and everyone, who had remained in the castle over the holidays, was expectantly sitting in the tent on this sunny summer afternoon, waiting for the show to begin.

"When are they going to begin?" Felix queried for the umpteenth time, causing everyone around him to laugh, while Minerva sighed in exasperation.

"Felix, I'm sure it's going to commence soon," she repeated to her son for the umpteenth time.

"The tent is completely full," Severus whispered, "and Hagrid told me that the circus is completely booked for the whole season. Thank God he gave us tickets for Felix and two adults in advance."

"Ah, but that's fantastic," Minerva replied in amazement. "I'm really happy for Hagrid."

"Shh, be quiet; it's going to start," Felix impatiently interrupted his parents' hushed conversation.

The circus began with Hagrid's show of magical animals, and the people watched in growing amazement how unicorns, hippogriffs and grindylows performed their intriguing shows.

While Hagrid and Madame Maxime took turns leading through the show, the Weasley twins acted as clowns, performing a small part between acts.

"They're hilarious," Minerva laughed, and even Felix enjoyed the twins' performance, for an instant forgetting about the fact that he was impatiently waiting for his brother to appear.

Finally, it was Godric's, Tom's and Harry's turn to perform their first act. Godric strolled into the arena in form of a small dinosaur with two griffins sitting on his back. Under huge applause, the griffins jumped down onto the floor and transformed into a lion and a tiger. The two animals ran around the arena for a moment, before they performed a mystical dance around the ring. The three animals continued changing their forms a few times, before the smaller animals turned into chameleons, and the third animal now transformed into an elephant that used its proboscis to carefully pick them up and place them onto its back, where the two chameleons blended in with the elephant's tough gray skin. Finally, all three animals transformed into phoenixes and under huge applause left the arena by flashing away in a bright flash of fire.

Again, the Weasley twins performed a few tricks, before Hagrid once more led several kinds of magical animals into the arena. Only towards the end of the whole show, seven elves in rainbow coloured clothing entered the arena. The elves conjured three large rings that were completely surrounded by flames. Each ring was held by two elves, who positioned themselves in equal distances apart around the arena, while the seventh elf stood in the centre of the arena and whistled.

On the elf's sign, three griffins came running into the arena, higgledy-piggledy running around between the elves, until the elf once more whistled, causing the three griffins to jump into the air a few times. Each time, they jumped a bit higher, and it was apparent to the spectators that they were preparing to fly through the flaming hoops.

Neither Minerva nor Severus noticed Felix leave his seat between them. Only when the small boy stumbled into the arena, shouting, "Harry! No!" did everyone notice the small child, and Harry, who was just half-way through the hoop, looked downwards at his brother's panicked voice, causing him to lose his concentration and stumble on the ring of fire.

tbc...

Thank you so much for your kind reviews!

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 39 – EVERYONE LOVED ME

Harry couldn't prevent himself from tumbling downwards, slightly burning his paws as they came in contact with the hot rings of the hoops that had already had the flames extinguished by the quick-witted elves. 'Ouch, at least the flames were out and it doesn't hurt that bad,' he thought as he hurriedly transformed into an ice phoenix just before he would have hit the unrelenting ground.

"Is yous all right?" the elves asked in concern, causing the phoenix to nod and flap his beautiful emerald wings.

Flying over to Felix, Harry changed into his human form. "Everything is all right, sweetie," he softly whispered into the child's ears, while he nodded soothingly at his parents who were standing just outside the arena, apparently unsure whether or not if they should fetch Felix from the arena. He picked the child up and handed him to the elf in the centre of the arena, whispering, "Could you hold him for me, please?"

"Of course," the elf replied, gently taking the child from Harry. While Harry transformed back into his griffin form and took into the air once again, the elf talked with Felix in a soothing voice, causing an anxious smile to spread over the boy's face as he observed the three griffins continuing their routine fly through the flaming hoops.

Amidst a huge applause, the three griffins finished their show, and Harry flew by the elf to pick up his brother, before he followed Godric and Tom out of the arena, flying with his brother, who happily sat on his back and enjoyed being in the arena for once.

Shortly later, the show ended, but before Harry could take Felix and head back to his parents, Hagrid kept him back. "Harry, I'm sorry, but there are reporters from the Daily Prophet that are here and want an interview with you. Since you transformed into your human form, I can't make them believe you were just another one of the animals in the show anymore."

"That's all right," Harry replied and pulled Felix out of the tent with him, thinking, 'This is the best opportunity we could ever hope for.'



Concentrating on his father, he relayed the thought, 'Dad, please come behind the tent. Skeeter wants an interview with me.'

'All right. Stay calm,' his father replied immediately.

As soon as Harry headed outside, he saw the reporter, who always managed to annoy him to no end.

"Mr. Potter, how nice..." Skeeter began but found herself rudely interrupted.

"My name is McGonagall-Snape," Harry growled, "but you may still call me Harry."

"Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. McGonagall-Snape. Tell me, how many different types of animals can you transform?"

"That is for me to know, and for the rest of the magical world to hopefully never find out. May I tell you my thoughts about today's performance?"

"Of course," Skeeter agreed with her false smile on her lips that Harry hated so much. "What do you want to tell the magical world, sweetie?"

"I wish everyone to know that the elves, who were holding the flaming hoop for me to fly through, saved my life by extinguishing the flames before I could get hurt too bad. I want to thank them profusely for their fast thinking and quick response to the incident, and I want to say that I'm glad we chose to work together with elves, because they're just amazing."

Looking over the crowd that was gathering behind them, Harry increased his voice as he repeated, "A huge thanks to the elves for preventing me from getting hurt badly today. I also wish to use this opportunity to announce something. So far, two elves for each class have been permitted to attend Hogwarts. This number has been increased to five elves each class beginning this coming school year onwards."

“Thank you for the information, Mr. McGonagall-Snape. Let me just ask one question. If I’m informed correctly, you’re going to take your NEWTs next summer. What do you intend to do afterwards?”

Harry chuckled. “Oh, there are so many possibilities. I could imagine working at the Weasley twins’ joke shop, Weasleys Wizzarding Wheezes, which has my full support. I could also work at the circus all year round, or I could continue to study.”

“If you chose the third path, what would you want to study?” Skeeter asked curiously.

“That was one question too much,” Harry muttered in a small voice, before he replied, “How to efficiently get rid of a menacing ghost.”

“Thank you, Mr. McGonagall-Snape. Please allow me to ask your adoptive brother one question.”

“No,” Harry growled. “Leave my brother out of this.”

“Why not?” Felix objected indignantly. “I want to say something too.”

“Did you like the performance today at the circus?” Skeeter queried.

“Yes, I loved it. I like animals, and I want to become an Animal Healer when I finish Hogwarts. My brother is absolutely amazing, and I like that he tries to help the elves. My two bestest friends are elves, and we’re going to attend the Hogwarts primary school together. I can’t wait for school to begin in September,” Felix cheered, causing the crowd of people to laugh at the enthusiastic expression on his face.

Needless to say that Harry and Felix made the front page of the Daily Prophet the following morning.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry’s seventh Hogwarts year passed uneventfully, until the Minister of Magic was poisoned by an unknown person or persons and, among all the speculations as to what might have happened, Tom

Riddle was appointed the new Minister of Magic at the beginning of May.

A few days after the announcement of the new Minister, Minerva and Severus kept Harry back after he brought Felix to bed. "Harry, we know that you want to return to your study room as soon as possible; however, we have something important to discuss with you, which we want to discuss today instead of waiting for the weekend," Severus informed him.

"No problem," Harry replied in surprise at his father's stern voice. 'I hope it's not anything bad. They both have their no-nonsense expression on their faces,' he mused but couldn't recall having done anything bad. He followed his parents into the living room, noticing that a new photo was decorating one of the walls. It was a photo of himself and Felix. They were cuddling on the sofa, waving happily into the room. 'That's a great photo,' he thought, smiling. 'I can imagine why Mum loves it so much.'

"Harry," Severus began to speak as soon as they had all made themselves comfortable in the living room. "Your mother has been appointed the new Headmistress..."

"Wow, that's so cool," Harry blurted out. "Congratulations Mum."

"Thank you, sweetie," Minerva replied, smiling at her oldest son. "In fact, I didn't necessarily want the post. On the other hand, I am the only one of the teachers fulfilling the conditions to become Headmistress, except for your father, but he vehemently refused."

"Conditions?" Harry queried, throwing his parents a questioning look.

"The Headmaster or Headmistress has to have been Head of House before, and this regulation excludes all the other teachers except for the four current Heads and Uncle Godric," Severus continued. "The candidate also has to suggest a successor for both, the teacher's and the Head's position, and none of us had a valuable suggestion except for your mother, who recommended you. Of course, I could have recommended you as my successor as well, but I wouldn't want to change positions, because I prefer brewing potions over the

Headmaster position. Now we only need to know if you'd be willing to accept the posts."

"I... what?" Harry blurted out, looking at his parents in shocked surprise.

Minerva laughed at his dim-witted expression. "Harry, I'd love you to become my successor as Transfiguration professor and Gryffindor Head of House."

"This is very sudden," he stammered, "but I'd like the idea."

Minerva loudly exhaled the air she hadn't noticed she had been holding it. "Thank God, Harry. I wouldn't want anyone else to take over my posts."

"Um... Does it have any conditions?" Harry asked hesitantly. "I mean do I need to get an O in my Transfiguration NEWT or such a thing? And do you believe I'm good enough to teach at all?"

Minerva let out a snort. "Yes, sweetie, you will be able to teach, and no, you don't need an O in your NEWT, although I wouldn't mind you achieve one. Concerning the matter of being young and having no teaching experience, I'll tell you something, which has to remain a secret for the time being."

"I'll keep it a secret," Harry promised. "What is it?"

"I'm going to suggest teaching positions to three of your classmates as well. However, I haven't spoken with them yet, and I don't know if they'll accept. I'll tell you as soon as I know more."

"Okay," Harry replied dully, wondering whom his mother would choose for which position. 'I don't know of any positions becoming vacant except for Transfiguration,' he wondered. "Um... May I tell Ginny that I'm going to become your successor?" he asked hesitantly.

"Yes, of course, Harry. We will ask our colleagues to keep the matter to themselves until the beginning of the holidays, but you will need to speak with Ms. Weasley anyway," Minerva replied gently.

“Anyway? Why?”

Severus sighed. “At Hogwarts, relationships between teachers and students are frowned upon. Therefore, you either have to spend the year until she finishes Hogwarts in a normal student – teacher relationship, or you have to propose to her before the beginning of the school year. It should be all right if she was your fiancé,” he explained in a soft voice.

“Oh, but that’s stupid. I mean everyone knows that we’ve been together for more than a year.”

“I’m sorry, Harry, but these are the rules,” Minerva replied gently.

“Why don’t you just speak with Ms. Weasley; I’m sure she’ll understand, hmm?” Severus suggested, quirked an eyebrow.

“Hmm,” Harry made thoughtfully, bringing both hands to his forehead to rub his temples against the headache that had already been pestering him for a few hours now. ‘Ginny,’ he thought to his girlfriend, ‘I need to ask you something urgently. I know it’s not at all romantic, but I’m going to become a teacher from September onwards, and we can’t be girlfriend and boyfriend while you’re still a student. We can either let our relationship pause for a year, or you need to become my fiancée. What do you think?’

‘The second choice,’ Ginny replied immediately. ‘Thank you for asking, and yes, it’s very romantic. I’m just writing my essay about the contraception potion for your father.’

Harry let out a snort. ‘Thank you, Ginny. I’ll be in the common room in a few minutes.’ “Ginny agreed to become my fiancé,” he told his parents, who were eyeing him in concern.

“Now that was fast, Harry,” Minerva laughed.

“Yeah, but I promised to return to the common room in a few minutes,” Harry replied, suddenly feeling very tired and unnerved by his headache. “Dad, can I have a headache potion?”

“You may,” Severus said, noticing that his son’s face was scrunched in pain, “but if it doesn’t clear up, I want to see you in the morning.”

Harry agreed and gratefully gulped down the potion, before he kissed his parents good night and returned to the Gryffindor common room.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Back in the common room, Harry let himself sink next to Ginny onto the sofa in front of the fireplace, glancing around at all the commotion in the crowded room. ‘In a few months’ time, I’m going to be their Head of House,’ he mused, unconsciously rubbing his forehead again.

‘Harry, are you feeling all right? You seem very tired tonight,’ Ginny’s voice in his head interrupted his thoughts.

‘Oh sorry, yes, I’m very tired and I still have a headache in spite of the potion my father gave me a few minutes ago. I’m sorry for asking you in such an unromantic way, but...’

‘Harry, that’s fine. I’m glad you asked me. Nevertheless, you should go to bed and get some sleep. The last few weeks were very hard for you with all the Quidditch matches and the guests from the other schools, as well as your preparations for the NEWTs. You must be exhausted, and you need to be well rested when the NEWTs begin in two weeks’ time. I’m going to finish this stupid essay, and then I’ll go to bed too.’

‘All right; thank you, Ginny,’ Harry thought back and pulled his girlfriend into a long kiss, before he finally retreated to his dormitory. ‘I still have to properly propose to her, and I must ask Dad if I need to talk to Mr. Weasley and ask for her hand in marriage,’ Harry thought as he slowly drifted off to sleep.

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The following two weeks passed in a blur. Harry didn't feel overly well, not really sick either though, so he dragged himself through his classes, trying to review for the exams as much as he could and spent the evenings in his parents' quarters. He often fell asleep on the sofa in the living room, causing his parents to throw him worried looks and take him to his own room instead of waking him up to make him return to his dormitories.

Finally, the test week began, and Harry noticed in relief that the exams were slightly easier than he had expected.

It was on the morning of his Potions NEWT that Harry returned to his dormitory in Gryffindor using the shortcut through his mother's office to fetch his school bag from the dormitory, since he had not originally planned to stay the night at home. On his way from the Gryffindor tower down to the Great Hall he took another shortcut, knowing that he was already late for breakfast. The small and mostly unused passage led straight from the tower to the back of the Great Hall, and only the teachers and their families knew about it. However, on the passage just before reaching the entrance doors to the Great Hall he noticed something strange. A small bucket was suspended down from the ceiling. 'What's that?' he mused, but his thoughts were soon diverted by Dumbledore's cackling voice.

"Still having your NEWTs? What a pity! Oh, how I love potions!" the ghost screeched, seconds before the bucket fell down. It hit Harry on the head full force, and a cold liquid ran over his face.

"What's that?" Harry exclaimed in disgust, causing the ghost to chuckle and float away.

tbc...

Thank you so much for your kind reviews – my muse appreciates them greatly!

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 40 – AND I HAVE SURVIVED

'I just hope that wasn't poison,' Harry mused tiredly as he hurried to the nearest washing room to carefully wash the potion from his face. A glance on his wrist watch showed him that he didn't have time for breakfast anymore, so he rushed to the Potions classroom, where his friends worriedly greeted him.

"Why did you miss breakfast?" Hermione asked reproachfully, causing Draco to nod eagerly.

"Dumbledore attacked me," Harry replied in a small voice and just finished his explanation when they were allowed into the classroom.

Fortunately, the theoretical Potions test was fairly easy for Harry, considering that he often helped his father in his potions lab and had knowledge far above that needed for the Potions NEWT. The practical exam took place in the afternoon, and Harry sighed in relief as he read the name of the potion he was supposed to brew. It was a fifth year potion, the remedy for the Grindylow pox, a rare magical disease. Just by chance, Harry had assisted Severus brew this particular potion a week earlier when Hagrid had caught the Grindylow pox.

"Thank God that's over," Harry sighed in relief, when the seventh years headed out to the lake together following their test.

"Yeah, and only History of Magic and Divination left for tomorrow, oh joy," Draco added, groaning theatrically.

"Well, let's meet in the study room to review a bit, at least for History of Magic. I still have my Arithmancy test this afternoon," Hermione said, yawning.

"I won't study anymore today. Both of the tests are unimportant to me, and I'm too tired. I'm going to spend the evening with Felix," Harry said tiredly, feeling even more exhausted than he had been feeling over the last few weeks. Deciding to skip dinner in spite of his friends' protests, he flashed himself back to his own room and stretched out

on his bed, leaving his door wide open so his brother would find him if he returned from dinner and wanted to play.

However, by the time his parents and Felix came home, Harry was already fast asleep.

“Harry!” Felix shouted happily, running into his adored brother’s room, before Severus pulled him back.

“Shh, Felix, leave Harry alone to rest. I think he is very tired from his exams,” Severus explained in his soft, silky voice.

“Severus, are you sure that Harry is all right? He is always tired; that’s not normal behaviour for a sixteen-year-old,” Minerva spoke up in concern.

Severus sighed. “Actually, I forgot to tell you, but a few days ago I had a discussion with Poppy about Harry. I was worried too, especially since I couldn’t find anything wrong with him when running my diagnostic spells. She told me that she assumes all the attacks on his health, including the torture last year, have probably damaged his immune system, and that’s the reason why he is always tired. He even might get sick easier than other wizards, although he fortunately hasn’t had too many problems with that so far. I’ve already begun to invent a potion for him that’ll hopefully get rid of his problems, and it should be completed by tomorrow or the day after.”

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However, when Felix woke Harry up early in the morning, Harry felt outright sick. He soon noticed that he might as well have skipped the History of Magic test, since he couldn’t concentrate on it at all. His head, throat and chest felt incredibly sore. ‘All the spots are where the strange potion hit me yesterday,’ he realised. He wrote a small essay about the Founders of Hogwarts, recalling some information Godric and his friends in the Founders Lair had provided him with. ‘The Founders Lair,’ he mused. ‘I should go and visit the Founders.’ Realising that he couldn’t focus on the exam anyway, he finished his test early and dragged himself into an empty corridor, where he called Kori and asked her to flash him into the Founders Lair.

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“Hello Harry,” the Founders greeted him happily, before Helga threw him a concerned look.

“Harry, what happened? You look sick.”

“I feel sick,” Harry admitted in a small voice and told the Founders about Dumbledore’s potions attack, before he allowed the ancient Healer to check on him.

“Harry, you have caught pneumonia,” Helga diagnosed, deep in thoughts. “I suppose that the potion Dumbledore used was a mixture of the pneumonia potion with Murtlap, because that combination can cause a person to contract pneumonia.”

“All right,” Harry replied absently, resolving to find a method to get rid of the ghost.

Realising that Harry wasn’t listening properly, Helga scribbled a note for Poppy, while Salazar wrote something for Severus, instructing Harry to flash home and hand both letters to his father.

“Okay, thank you,” Harry replied, before he turned to Rowena and asked her about a present he could give to Ginny.

Rowena smiled and advised him to ask Kori for a phoenix familiar for his fiancé, before she told him to listen to Helga and Salazar and flash back home.

#Don’t worry Harry, I’ll find a baby phoenix for you to give her,# Kori promised, turning her tail feathers to Harry.

“Harry!” Godric called him back as he was just about to grab her feathers. “Come back soon. I’ll think about what you can do against that annoying ghost.”

“Thank you,” Harry replied in relief, before he allowed Kori to flash him home.

As soon as Severus returned from his classes, he brewed the antidote for Harry and gave him the freshly invented potion, causing Harry to let out a relieved sigh. "Oh Dad, that potion is absolutely brilliant. I feel better than I can remember having ever felt before. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome, Harry. I'm glad it helped," Severus replied evenly.

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The morning of the last day of classes before the summer holidays, Kori showed up with a light pink egg. "It'll take another two or three weeks, before the baby phoenix will hatch. You have to tell Ginny to keep it warm at all times" she instructed Harry.

Harry happily thanked his familiar and mind thought to Ginny to meet him out on the grounds before breakfast.

"Will we be able to see each other during the holidays?" Ginny asked softly, before Harry gently captured her mouth with his lips, holding his hands behind his back.

"Of course, you can come here and visit me at any time," Harry replied when he finally released her from the kiss. "I have something for you, which might help with that in the future," he added, carefully unwrapping the egg, before he pressed it into her hands. "Kori found her for you. It's a phoenix egg, and she's supposed to hatch in about two weeks' time. You must keep her warm."

"I will, Harry. Thank you so much," Ginny replied, staring at the beautiful egg in amazement. "Will she be pink like the egg?"

"Probably yes," Harry laughed. "Kori said she would be a fire phoenix like Fawkes, Dad's familiar, but since she is a girl, her colour will be more pink than red. She won't be able to flash though for a few weeks or even months, especially with a passenger."

“That’s all right, Harry. What a wonderful present,” Ginny said happily, giving him another kiss in thanks for the wonderful present.

## ハリーと頑固な校長先生

Harry and Ginny were able to spend several weeks of the holidays together. Considering that Harry had refused to move into his own teacher’s quarters, insisting that he wanted to continue living with his family, his parents allowed his fiancée to stay in their guest quarters, while she was visiting Harry over the summer.

During the last few weeks of the holidays, Harry intensely concentrated on preparing his classes, feeling extremely gratefully to his adoptive mother, who had left him her office including all the books, parchments and lesson plans she had collected over the decades of teaching Transfiguration at Hogwarts.

To his huge surprise and great joy, he found out that Hermione was going to teach Muggle studies, Teddy became the professor for the new founded subject ‘Elf Sciences’, while Neville replaced Professor Sprout as Herbology professor and Head of Hufflepuff. At the same time, Godric took over the position of professor for History of Magic and Remus became the new Headmaster of the primary school.

‘I think I’m going to handle the Head of House task very differently from Mum,’ Harry mused as he stepped into the common room with Felix in tow to check that everything was ready for the students’ arrival.

“Everything looks a bit naked, don’t you think, Harry?” seven-year-old Felix spoke up at the sight of the empty common room.

“Wait until the students are here, and it’ll look chaotic,” Harry replied, laughing.

“Oh, well, right,” Felix replied, blushing as he remembered the tirade his mother had held upon entering his own room that very morning. “No, I meant perhaps we should collect some flowers or you could conjure some chocolate frogs for everyone.”

"You can't conjure food, Felix, but you're right. Let's go to Honeydukes and buy a chocolate frog for everyone," Harry decided. "Hold on tightly," he instructed his brother, before he transformed into his phoenix form and flashed to Hogsmeade. A few minutes later, the two brothers busied themselves placing chocolate frogs on the night tables in each of the dormitories.

"Oh, there is one left," Felix noticed when they were back in the common room.

"What a coincidence," Harry replied, smirking as he handed the last frog to his brother.

Later that same evening, Harry held his first House meeting, for which he motioned the students to sit in a half circle on the floor in the common room.

"I expect you to study in small groups here in the common room or in the study rooms of your year. Feel free to study together with the students of other Houses in the study rooms. If you have questions, the older students will be here to help you. In return, I expect the younger students to do small chores for the fifth and seventh year students, who are busy studying for their exams."

Seeing that everyone was listening with interest, he continued, "I'm also considering inventing a House internal point system, which means that you can earn good points in form of lions or bad points in form of rats, for example if you lose House points or receive a detention with any other professor. My father is conducting such a system in Slytherin, and I'd like to try it out here as well. I put all the information concerning the rules, lions, rats, awards and punishment on the board over there. Follow the rules, and you won't have any problems.

"Independent from the school's curfew, Gryffindor has its own curfew. For all students from first through fourth year curfew is at nine o'clock; for the fifth, sixth and seventh years curfew is at ten o'clock. Bedtime and lights out is eleven o'clock for everyone with no exceptions. If you couldn't manage to finish your homework by then, you may come to my office before your bed time and speak with me. Furthermore, I

expect you to be on time. You have to attend breakfast, lunch and dinner in the Great Hall on time, and of course you must be in your classrooms punctually. If you are unable to be on time, you must come and tell me the reason; if you're ill, Madam Pomfrey will inform me. I will spend at least thirty minutes in the common room every night. Feel free to speak with me about school matters or even private topics.

"Every Friday evening after dinner, we're going to hold a House meeting here in the common room. Everyone has to attend. No excuses, except for being in Madam Pomfrey's care in the hospital wing. Now I would like the first years to introduce themselves to the House."

When the first years finished their introduction, Harry ended the House meeting and returned to his parents' quarters, wondering where his little brother would be sorted in four years' time.

'Harry, that was fantastic. You're going to make a brilliant Head of House,' Ginny's voice penetrated his mind as he stepped into the living room.

'Thank you, Ginny,' he thought back, feeling very reassured by her kind words.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

In spite of all his worries about teaching, Harry's first year as a professor passed fairly uneventfully. Before he even realised how fast the time passed, Ginny finished her NEWTs and the summer holidays began. On one hand, Harry felt sad, because as her Head of House he had been able to see Ginny every night in the common room; however, on the other hand he was glad that she wasn't his student anymore, so that he wouldn't only be able to see her but could kiss and cuddle with her as much as they wanted.

Ginny had decided to study Healing and psychology at St. Mungo's, while Madam Pomfrey had offered her a part-time post as her assistant at the same time. The Mediwitch even arranged for the girl to have her own room just next to the hospital wing with a connecting

door to her office, which was equipped with a fireplace that held a Floo connection directly to St. Mungo's, so that Ginny could easily travel to the hospital and back every day.

During the three years of Ginny's education at the hospital, Harry and Ginny made plans for their wedding that was going to take place right after Felix' eleventh birthday.

'Before the wedding, I have to find a way to get rid of Dumbledore,' Harry mused after the ghost had attacked him again.

"Harry, I have an idea," Teddy told him one day when the two friends were playing wizard's chess in Harry's room. "I spoke with the other elves about the annoying ghost, and three of the elder elves told me they know a spell, which they can use to vanquish a human ghost. Do you want to speak with them?"

"Of course," Harry replied eagerly, throwing his friend a hopeful look.

"Well, I'll fetch them then," Teddy promised and popped away, only to return a few minutes later with three older elves in tow, whom he introduced as Darfin, Eldar and Fenian.

"Good afternoon, Master Harry, sir," Darfin, the oldest elf greeted Harry, and all three elves bowed deeply.

"Please don't bow and just call me Harry," Harry replied firmly, motioning the elves to take a seat.

"It's all right, just sit down," Teddy reassured them as he made himself comfortable on the chair he had vacated earlier.

"Teddy told me you were able to get rid of a human ghost?" Harry queried, looking at the elves in expectation.

"Yes, that's no problem. We'll be glad to be able to help you, Master Harry, sir. We have heard what Master Harry has been doing for the elves. Is it the ghost of old Master Albus you wish us to get rid of?"



“Yes please. How can I help you?”

“You cans not helps, but you cans comes with Teddy to watch. We’ll gos right away,” Darfin decided and the three elves popped away. Teddy instructed Harry to turn himself invisible, before he popped with Harry in tow, making them appear next to the three elder elves.

From the corner of his eyes Harry saw a golden stream head from the elves’ hands towards Dumbledore, before he heard Dumbledore’s evil laugh and groaned in annoyance, hurriedly closing his eyes when an extremely bright light filled the small alcove.

tbc...

Thanks to Mushcorn for her brilliant beta-ing!

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## 41 – THE STUBBORN OLD GHOST

“That’s it,” all of a sudden Darfin’s voice penetrated Harry’s ears, and he anxiously opened his eyes again, noticing that the annoying ghost was gone.

Darfin held out a small, golden ball with small openings that reminded Harry of Neville’s Remembrall. “Here, only his spirit is lefts, but you can get rid of him with the Scourgify spell,” he instructed Harry.

“Really?” Harry queried, pointing his wand at the ball. Seeing the elves nod, he quickly cast the spell, causing the white mist inside the ball to vanish completely.

With a wave of Teddy’s hand the ball was gone as well.

“Thank you so much,” Harry said, sighing in relief at the prospect of never having to see or hear the annoying ghost ever again.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

‘Thank God that ghost is gone,’ Harry mused on the morning of his wedding. It was a bright summer day, and only the Weasley family as well as Harry’s family and the complete Hogwarts staff were assembled when Godric Gryffindor wed Ginny and Harry.

Two months later, Felix was sorted into Gryffindor. The boy was extremely happy to be in the House, of which his adored big brother was the Head, and he became very proud when he became an uncle and godfather to the small twins Lily and James ten months later.

ハリーと頑固な校長先生

“Oh well, I think that was all I have to tell you about my history and the stubborn old Headmaster,” Harry sighed as he finished telling the story to his children Lily and James. “Next week, you’re going to be sorted, and we’ll see how your own story develops. Now please go and play and let me work on my lesson plans.”

## Epilogue

"Harry, you have to come down to the Great Hall," Ginny said imploringly, shaking her husband's shoulder. "Your mother has threatened to allow all of our grand children and great grand children into our bed room if you don't show up within ten minutes. Everyone is waiting for you."

"Oh no," Harry groaned, knowing that Minerva would make good on her threat. On the day after his seventy-fifth birthday, she had assigned him the position as Headmaster of the main school, so that she would be able to care for her many great grand children and great great grand children. Harry and Ginny had five grand children and fifteen great grand children, which consisted of human children, elves children and a mix of both, since their daughter Lily was married to Vincent, an elf, whom Minerva had freed so he would be able to marry Lily. Through Felix, Minerva and Severus had another dozen great great grand children, and all the kids were growing up together at Hogwarts and were like siblings.

Harry grudgingly put his book aside and scrambled out of his bed, muttering something about not even being able to get any peace on his one hundredth birthday, causing Ginny to smile and wave her wand at her husband, changing his pyjamas into green dress robes.

'Thank God it's still in the middle of the summer holidays,' Harry mused as he strode towards the door to the Great Hall, expecting his family to be seated in the Hall, impatiently waiting for breakfast to begin. However, when he opened the door, he stopped dead in his tracks. The four House tables were full of students, the younger children were running around the Hall, and an enormous birthday cake, which kept switching between the forms of a large Snitch, a life size person looking like himself and the number 100, stood on a table between the House tables and the Head table.

"Good luck cutting the cake," Teddy laughed, pressing a huge knife into Harry's hand, while everyone else began to sing 'Happy Birthday'.

'How am I supposed to cut a cake that keeps changing forms?' Harry mused, throwing his wife a help-searching glance.

'Are you a professor or not?' his father's voice suddenly penetrated his mind. 'Why don't you just stun the cake when it's in the form you can cut the easiest, hmm?'

'Oh right,' Harry thought back in relief. 'Thank you, Dad.' With that, he pointed his wand at the cake and stunned it, forcing it to remain in the form of the Snitch, before he cut two pieces, handing one to Felix and the knife back to Teddy.

"Teddy, please ask the house-elves to cut the cake for everyone," he asked his friend, before he turned to his brother. "Felix, herewith I'm going to retire and pass over the position of the Headmaster to you. Good luck."

The End

Thank you so much for your kind support throughout this story!

Thanks to Mushcorn for her absolutely brilliant beta-ing! You're a wonderful beta, Marsha!

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